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LARRY KING INTERVIEW

THE KING OF TALK MOUTHS OFF

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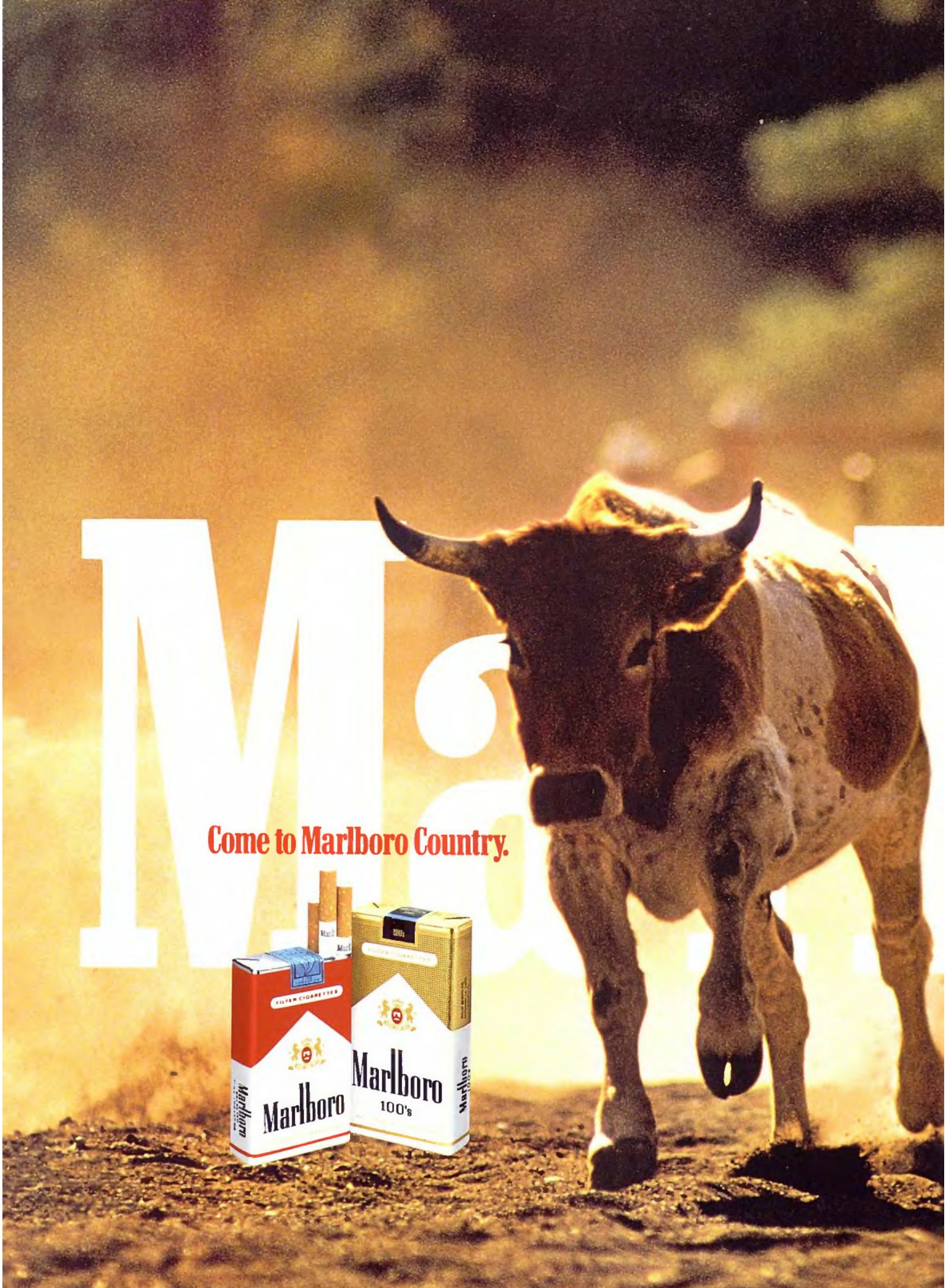
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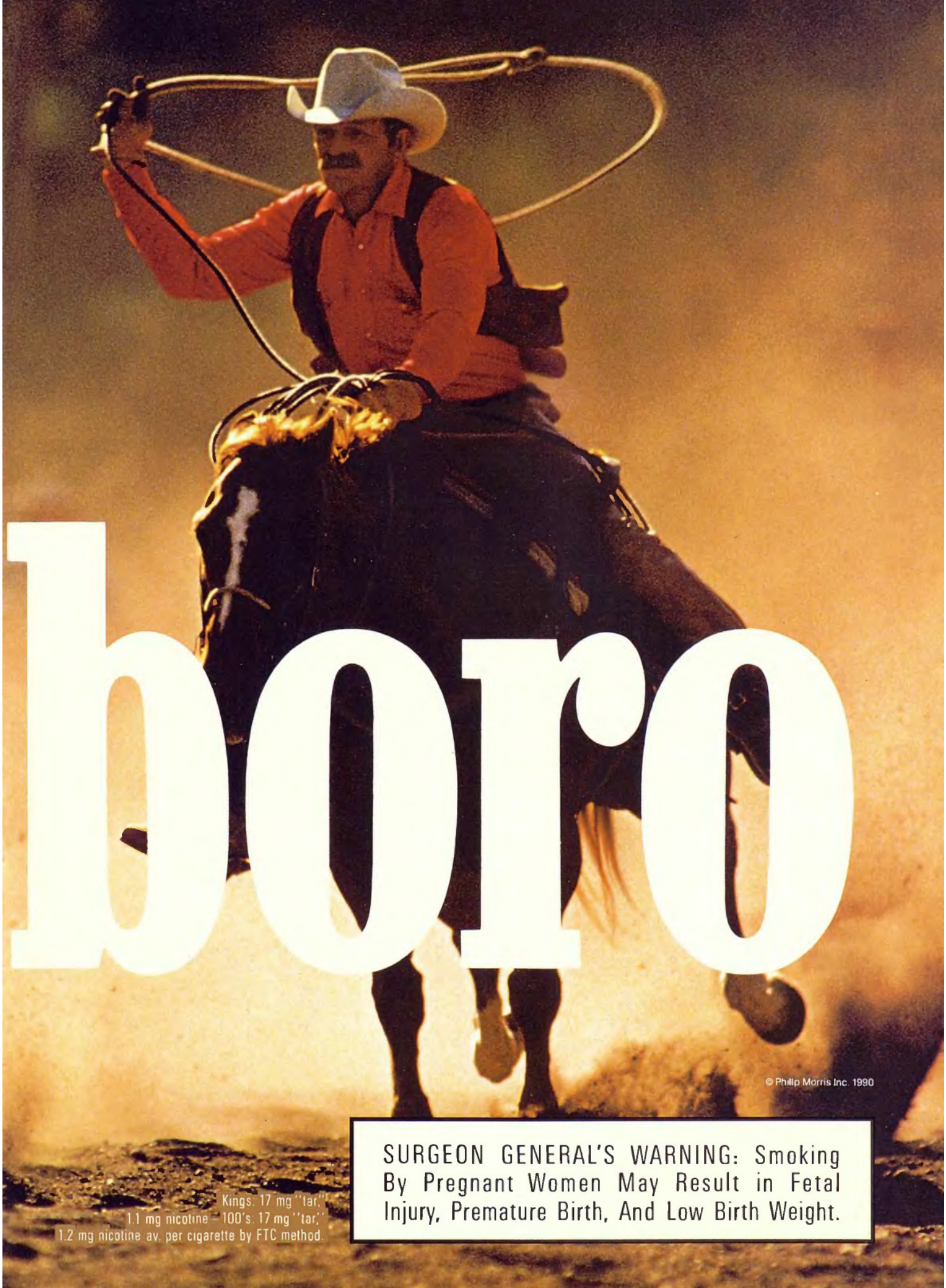

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SUMMERTIME, and the living is just the way we like it. The sight and scent of scantily clad hard bodies on beaches from Malibu to Maine . . . the crack of bat against ball . . . the roar and gasp of the watching crowd . . . and somewhere in a cool apartment high above a twilit city, the tinkle of ice in a glass and the soft rustle of—— But enough, you cry, play on!

If baseball's your summer passion, we have a double-header. First up is St. Louis Cardinals manager **Whitey Herzog,** the brilliant, blustery *Autocrat of Astroturf* who somehow keeps his Redbirds in the running each year. **Thomas Boswell,** sports scribe at *The Washington Post*, wrote the *Playboy Profile*. Then, if you're one of the 40,000,000 fanatics who love mashing a tater into unsuspecting picnickers, don't miss *A Salute to Softball*. It's America's most popular team sport. **Paul Dickson,** author of *The Dickson Baseball Dictionary*, helped wrap a package that includes everything from diamond etiquette to tips on the ultimate swing.

From hardball to hard bodies brings us to our spectacular August pictorial *Girls of Canada*—a return to territory we first explored a decade ago—which reveals as only we can just what it is that makes our northern neighbors so alluring. Hef knows. Last year he married one of them, 1989 Playmate of the Year **Kimberley Conrad.** MTV writer **Mike Armstrong,** a native of the Great White North, supplies an appreciation of the girls next door.

Back on the home front, Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda** reacquaints us with Miss July 1989, **Erika Eleniak.** After making a splash here, Erika went on to make even bigger waves as a beach babe on NBC's *Baywatch*.

There's more body talk, this time in words, not pictures, from one of *Playboy*'s favorite authors, **Harry Crews,** who brings us an excerpt from his new novel, *Body*, due from Poseidon Press in September. The subject: female bodybuilders. The artwork is by **Blair Drawson.**

Now that we have your hormones raging with bats and bods, let's get down to some serious talk with the King of Conversation, the Yoda of Chat, **Larry King.** In a revealing *Playboy Interview*, Contributing Editor **David Rensin** turns the tables on King.

Another media star this month is *Saturday Night Live*'s wicked funnyman **Dana Carvey,** who gives *20 Questions* writer **Warren Kalbacker** a private glimpse of some of *his* naughty bits—including the always-popular, Satanophobic Church Lady and Hans, the Austrian *Fitnessführer*. Our West Coast laughs come from *Playboy*'s **Stephen Randall,** who hooked up with **Jerry Seinfeld** for a profile of the country's slowest fast-rising stand-up comic—and the only one without a hook. Is that a gimmick or what? The illustration is by **Alan Reingold.**

On a much more serious note, we offer *Wounded Country*, a gripping account of the Colombian crisis and the brutal toll it takes on the city of Bogotá. Journalist **Jonathan Silvers** spent months preparing this eloquent eyewitness account, and **Jeff Lipschutz** provided the illustration.

Just as serious—well, OK, it's pretty hilarious, too—is the treatment writer **Joe Domanick** gives to **Edwin Meese, Charles Keating,** the **James** gang **(Swaggart** and **Bakker)** and other big-time hypocrites who came to a sticky end. Artist **Steve Brodner** roasted—er, toasted—them in his own inimitable fashion, which leaves us just one thing to say about that sorry crew: *Maybe There Is a God!*

If you're in the market for a king-sized television, check out **Lawrence B. Johnson's** guide to the big ones, including a Panasonic 51-incher. And in film and fashion, detective **Dick Tracy** makes a major comeback with a hard-boiled new look in men's togs, photographed by **Gordon Munro,** that'll knock 'em dead.

Let's finish the way we started, with the accent on play and a special hello to Kentucky beauty **Melissa Evridge.** She's this month's Playmate and the perfect way to greet the heat.

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ARMSTRONG

CREWS

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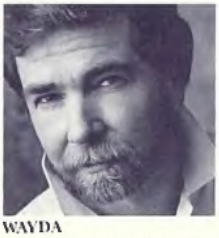
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How Often In The History Of Music Do We Find Something Small, Yet Incredibly Gifted?

PLAYBOY

vol. 37, no. 8—august 1990

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COVER STORY

Looking radical in her lifeguard suit, *Baywatch*able Erika Eleniak returns to grace our pages and show off her tan lines. She sizzled our centerfold as Miss July 1989, and now she's hotter than ever. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Jennifer Smith-Ashley and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Make-up and hair are by Tami Morris. Armed but not dangerous, our Rabbit is ready for action.

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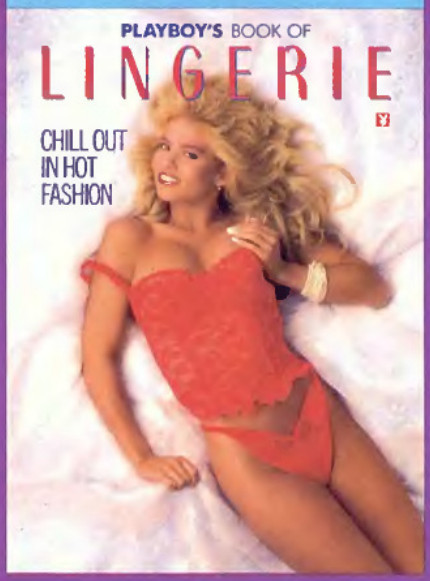

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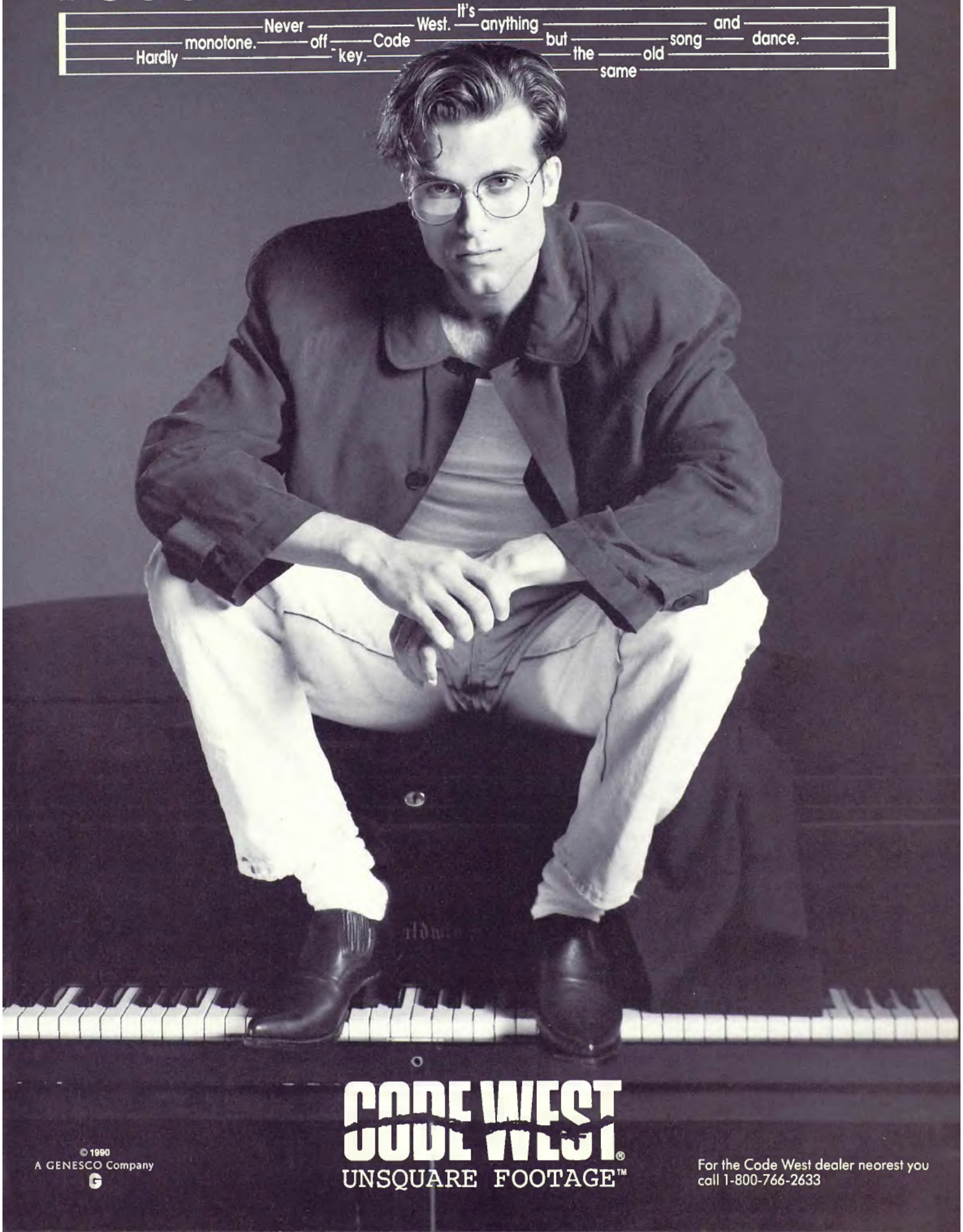

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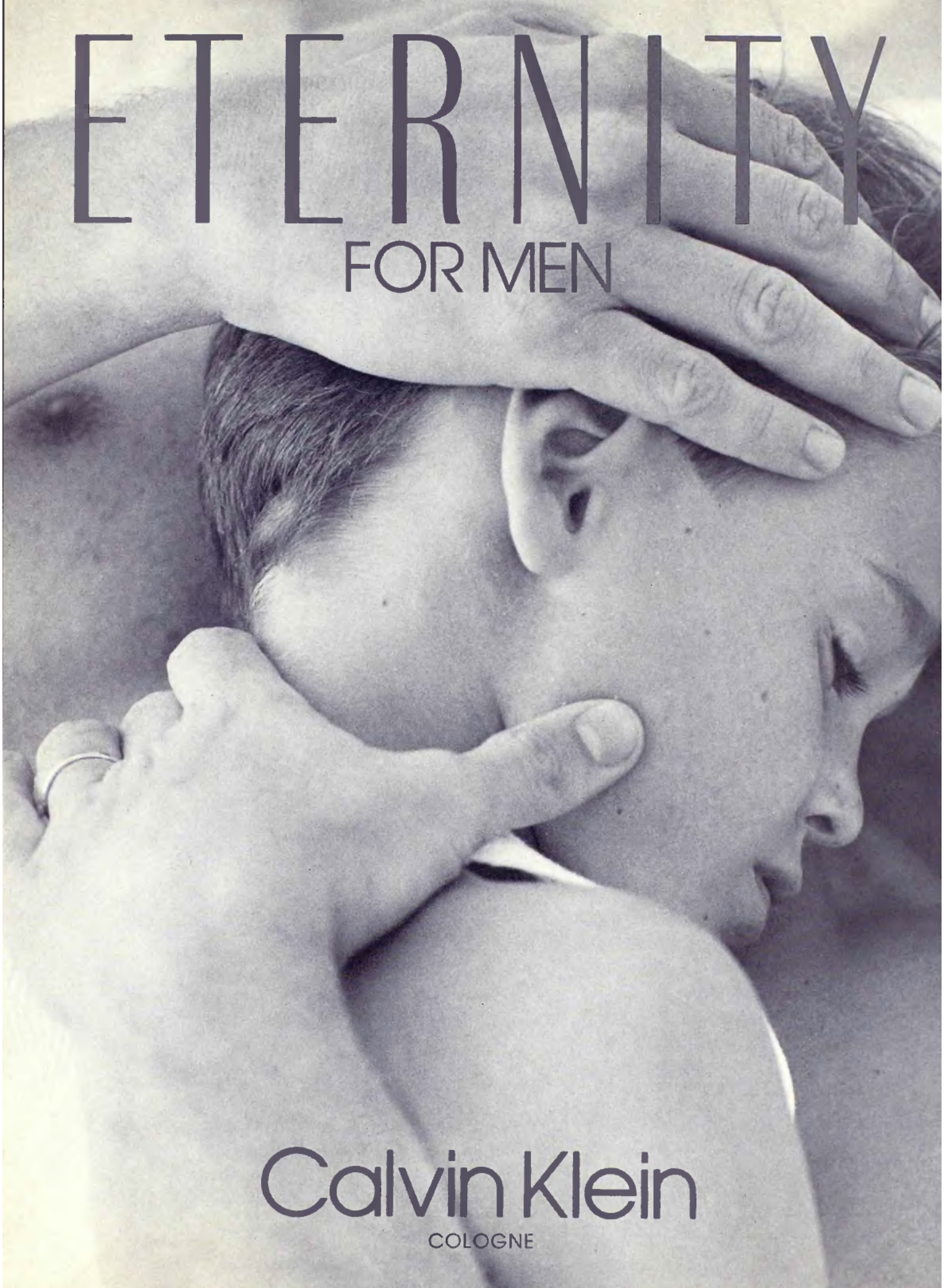
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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DAVE BARRY INTERVIEW

When I received my May issue of *Playboy* in the mail, I eagerly ripped off the childproof coating and scanned the cover to see what delights awaited me. When I read that Dave Barry was the subject of the *Playboy Interview*, I (cross my heart and hope to die, stick a live weasel down my shorts) immediately turned to it. I didn't turn to the centerfold, didn't read the jokes, didn't wonder what Asa and Cynthia were whining about or do any of the other stuff I usually do when I receive my new *Playboy*. I read the Dave Barry interview. I don't know of any other writer who cracks me up more consistently and completely than he does.

I can't remember when I have enjoyed an interview more, and I've been reading *Playboy* since the Playmate was a decade older than I. Eel boogers and scum ponds! Where does he come up with this crazy stuff?

Michael J. Thomas
Phoenix, Arizona

Although I can understand Dave Barry's cynicism about both our Government and many of the politicians that he, as a journalist, has had an opportunity to observe up close, I wish he'd kept to himself the fact that he doesn't vote. That may be his way of refusing to "acknowledge that the Government has a valid moral function in people's lives," but I can't help but think that one of the reasons that our Government is like that is that so many Americans are apathetic about politics, and that every election, the number of citizens who vote seems to decrease. Barry is funny most of the time, but his advocacy of not voting as a statement is not only not funny but politically stupid.

Daniel F. James
Baltimore, Maryland

SEX IS BACK!

I am dismayed, though not surprised, by the "not me" attitude toward AIDS expressed by many of the people in Michael Kelly's article *Sex Is Back!* (*Playboy*, May). America is, after all, the land of individual choice. However, I hope his interviewees are aware of the cost of their apparent freedom. Morality aside, caring for AIDS patients is an expensive matter. Many health-care providers are hard-pressed to deal with even the present situation.

The point is this: If Americans believe they have the right to sleep with whomever they like, as often as they like, they also have the obligation to pay higher taxes and medical costs to care for the ensuing new AIDS victims.

Bruce I. Wilson
Cranford, New Jersey

Sex Is Back! is excellent. It's good to see that one of America's favorite pastimes is on the rise again. However, why is it that whenever a subject of some cultural or social importance is discussed, certain parts of the country tend to be excluded from the so-called survey?

If you are going to talk about a subject as universal as sex, try to go to more than two sections of the U.S. Now that I live in the Pacific Northwest, I've found that the attitudes of people up here *do* differ from those in New York and California. I would like to be able to use some of your suggestions and not feel as if I needed to go to another part of the country to find women like the ones you describe.

Joe Hancock
Seattle, Washington

COOK, CUBS AND COBB

As a logical baseball fan, I can understand how Kevin Cook (*Playboy's 1990 Baseball Preview*, May)—and virtually every other baseball prognosticator—can say that defending N.L. East division champion Chicago is no realistic match for the mighty Mets. Yet, as a card-carrying member of the Die-Hard Cub Fan Club, I am convinced that the Cubbies will be popping champagne corks in the Wrigley Field locker room come late October. I know this because at this time in history, the impossible is occurring regularly. When the Berlin Wall falls, Mandela is released from

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prison, Mike Tyson gets knocked out and Hef gets married, the only team that can logically win the series is the long-suffering Chicago Cubs.

David Brian Waldon
Radcliff, Kentucky

Cook is off base in his evaluations of Rickey Henderson and Ty Cobb. Henderson is a great modern baseball player, but he doesn't compare to Cobb, the greatest player of all time. Henderson, with an 11-year batting average of .290, has hit over .300 in only four seasons. Cobb, whose lifetime batting average was .367, never batted under .300 for 23 years after his rookie season. Sixteen times he batted over .350 and three times over .400; he led the American League in batting 12 times, including nine years in a row (1907–1915).

John R. Beckett, Jr.
Shreveport, Louisiana

HEAVING-BOSOM WOMEN'S FICTION

It is inconceivable that "The Jackie Collins Overnight Bag" described in *Playboy*'s *A Man's Guide to Heaving-Bosom Women's Fiction* (May) contained every conceivable extra but not the one absolute necessity for every woman who sallies forth to conquer some portion of the world—a package of condoms!

Mike Burgoon
Yorba Linda, California

In *Heaving-Bosom Women's Fiction*, do I detect *Playboy* calling women's fiction *trash*? Hah! That's like being called ugly by a pig. The novels of Danielle Steel and Jackie Collins encourage love, good ol' healthy lust and respect between men and women, ideals *Playboy* often claims to support.

Deborah Smith (author of 22 romance novels)
Dahlonega, Georgia

JENNIFER TILLY

As a 35-year-old man who has been reading *Spider-Man* comics ever since I was in high school, it was both refreshing and reassuring to discover in *20 Questions* (*Playboy*, May) that Jennifer Tilly is also a Spider-Man devotee. When you get past your early 20s, a comic-book addiction is something you kind of keep in the closet, along with your comic books. I commend Tilly on her forthright admission, and my fondest hope is that one day I'll meet her in person and have a chance to share my comics collection with her.

Vance Barrett
Tucson, Arizona

Now I know why I felt a certain kinship with Jennifer Tilly even before I read your *20 Questions* with her. I'm not the only nut who loves my Excedrin! I could hardly believe it when I read that Tilly is an Excedrin junkie, too. My husband can't figure out my Excedrin connection, but I showed him Jennifer's quote; and while he still thinks I'm addicted, at least he knows I'm not alone!

Lisa McCarthy
Ansonia, Connecticut

MARGAUX HEMINGWAY

Wow! What a fantastic cover on your May issue! Margaux Hemingway is beautiful and both that shot and her pictorial (*Papa's Girl*) are exquisite. I'm sure Ernest would have been pleased.

Hal Simonsen
St. Paul, Minnesota

Over the years, I've enjoyed *Playboy*'s fine-looking ladies, but Margaux Hemingway has to be the best. She is one gorgeous hunk of woman. Arny Freytag did a great job of photography. I'm glad that she overcame her personal problems and has made

a comeback. I'm sure Papa would have been proud.

Bud Perry
Barboursville, West Virginia

I've been an admirer of Margaux Hemingway's face ever since I saw her in the movie *Lipstick*. But now, thanks to your pictorial, I can see that she's a real beauty all over, as well as a fighter and a winner. I also like a good ankle, and on page 132, that's a mean one.

Bob Oldaker
Charleston, West Virginia

Most of us probably have preconceived ideas about movie-star types' being conceited, spoiled, overbearing individuals. However, I found Margaux Hemingway's revelations in your May issue to be extremely candid and refreshing. I applaud her forthright and courageous disclosures. Well done, Margaux and *Playboy*!

William M. Ballance
Petersburg, Virginia

Can't tell you how much I enjoyed your pictorial profile of Margaux Hemingway. Stories like hers are inspiring. She's beautiful and full of wisdom; a very intelligent woman.

Also, she's proof that women don't have to be big-chested to have a beautiful body. She's an inspiration to us all.

Donna Neuman
Warner Robins, Georgia

SEX AND THE POLITICS OF FREEDOM

Congratulations to *Playboy* on being the first American consumer magazine published in Hungary. Here's hoping the Rabbit Head logo will outlive the arrow-cross of the Thirties and Forties and the hammer and sickle of recent times. Good luck, Hef.

George Sidoti
East Northport, New York

It should come as no surprise to any amateur student of psychology that in nations such as Hungary, Poland and China, where the hunger for freedom, self-expression and independence has grown so strong, there is a concomitant hunger for freedom of sexual expression. Psychologists have said for years that mature sexuality and a sense of individuation go hand in hand. That much-maligned and misunderstood pioneer of sexual psychology Wilhelm Reich pointed out 60 years ago that a politically repressed society is, of necessity, a sexually repressed society, because a sexually uninhibited people are also an uncontrollable people. Conversely, sexual impulses cannot be forever kept in check by any form of government.

In the end, it may not be capitalism or democracy that has forced communism to loosen its iron grip on its subjects so much as its insistence on censorship and restrictions on self-expression, including sexual expression. Political concepts and economic systems come and go, but sexual impulses will be with us.

Frank Turner
Boulder Springs, Colorado

LIFE, ART AND MALKOVICH

Having had the pleasure of seeing John Malkovich on stage in *Burn This*, and his film performances in *The Killing Fields*, *Places in the Heart* and *Dangerous Liaisons*, I tremendously enjoyed Joe Morgenstern's insights into Malkovich's complex personality in *Life, Art and Malkovich* (*Playboy*, May). Before reading the article, I had often wondered whether Malkovich were basically an angry, tense, bitter man who had the uncanny ability to seem tender, kind and sensitive or a basically sweet guy with a remarkable ability to express rage and hostility. Now I think he is more the former than the latter, which is kind of disappointing but in no way diminishes his extraordinary skill as an actor.

Barbara Coleman
New Haven, Connecticut

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> *BMW Roundel, December 1989*

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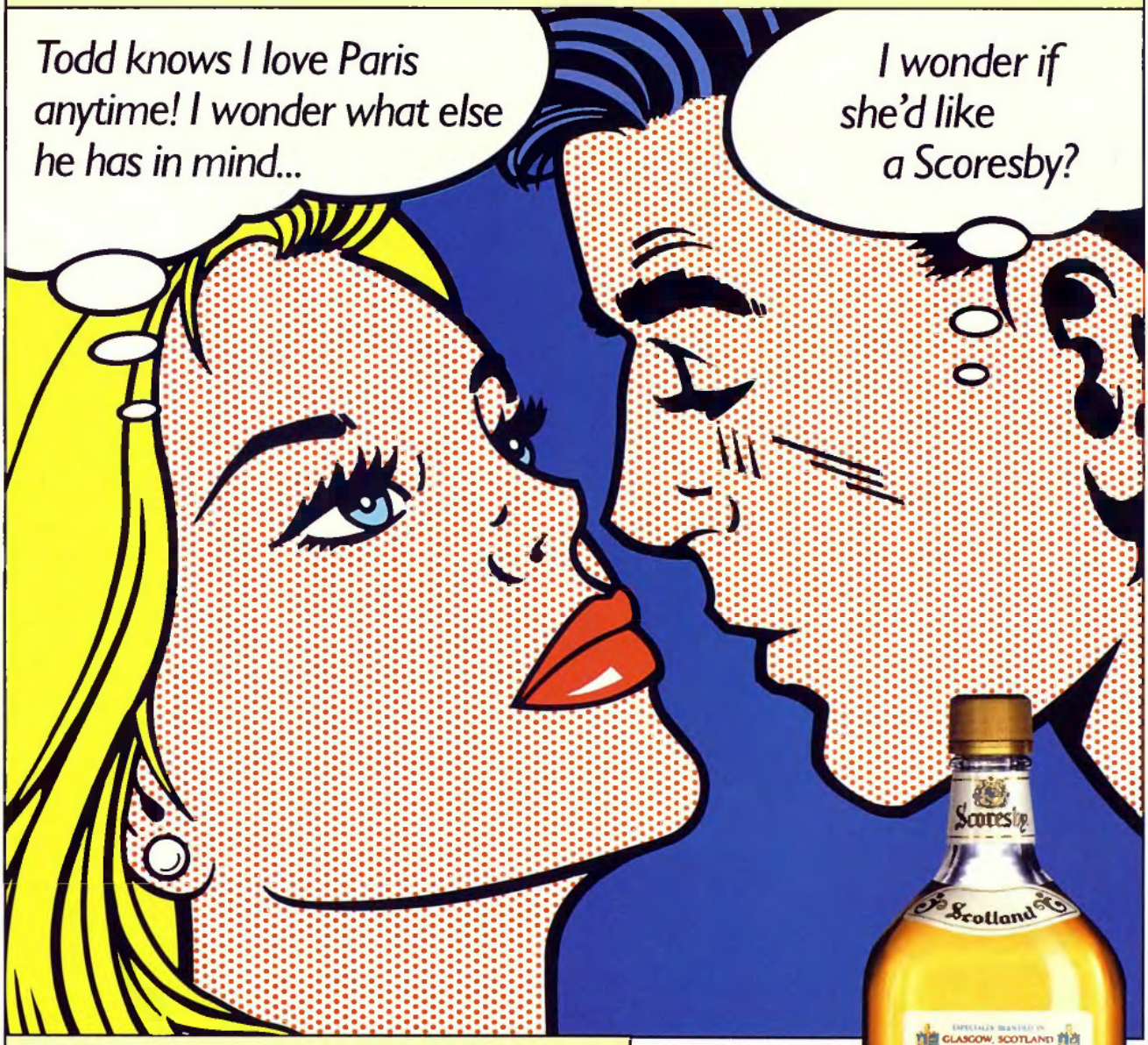

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD BOOKS

Aspiring novelists, take note: The newly formed Turner Publishing branch of Turner Broadcasting System has announced an ambitious contest called The Turner Tomorrow Awards. The idea is to inspire optimistic works of fiction set in the near future (1991–2021), with themes promoting the survival and prosperity of all life on earth. The first prize of $500,000 may spark your interest. Among the distinguished authors judging the contest is visionary science-fiction writer Ray Bradbury. We asked Bradbury whether he's optimistic about the future.

"There's no other way to live," Bradbury said. "If you didn't think you'd be alive tomorrow morning, you wouldn't live today. We're surrounded by doomsayers, but I've been saying all along that the Berlin Wall would come down—no one would listen to me. I've said for forty years that Lithuania would secede—no one would listen. So it turns out that I've been right and the doomsayers have been wrong."

We asked him about global warming and other omens of environmental disaster. Aren't we in trouble?

"What trouble? We're starting to recognize environmental problems and make changes. We can clean up the environment, get cars off the road—we can change anything we want. Every Sunday, I pick up *The New York Times Book Review* and see another book about some holocaust—the end of the world is coming. But I say screw that. You wouldn't go into a friendship or a marriage if you didn't think it was going to work out—and you don't come up with solutions if you constantly predict the end of the world."

If you'd like more information on the contest and an entry kit, write to The Turner Tomorrow Awards, One CNN Center, Box 105366, Atlanta, Georgia 30348-5366. Good luck.

IMPROVING GROOVING

Fond as we are of compact-disc players, we're still in a quandary when it comes to our old records. There's a lot of great music out there that is so obscure it'll never be issued on CD, and some people prefer the acoustical characteristics of that old vinyl, anyway. But, alas, a record can be played only so many times before the needle wears it out. Finial Technology, Inc., of Sunnyvale, California, has developed a solution: a turntable that uses a laser system to read the grooves without ever touching the record. Not only does it play the records without wear, it can make badly worn vinyl sound almost like new. Designed for commercial use, the turntables go for $32,000. Guess we're *still* in a quandary.

XRCO AWARDS

In the Eighties, the now-defunct Adult Film Association of America undertook to gentrify its industry with a swanky annual ceremony at which a winner received an Erotica, a somewhat sedate statuette along the lines of the Oscar.

Now, with the Erotica out of the picture, a hard-working pornster can still win the Heart-on, a redwood heart the size of a one-pound box of chocolates, from the X-Rated Critics Organization (XRCO). XRCO holds an awards ceremony every year in Los Angeles, but one that is more raunchy than swanky. This year's invitation specified, "Dress to alarm." Unfortunately, the show was in a circus-style tent on the Santa Monica Pier on one of the coldest nights in anyone's memory. Transparent dresses, microminis and showy cleavage for once left the audience chilled. It was up to the award categories to supply the heat. Our favorites: Stud of the Year—Jon Dough; Best "Coupulation" Scene—Tori Welles and Buck Adams in *The Chameleon*; Lascivious Lesbian Award—Nina Hartley and Barbara Dare in *Sorority Pink*; and Best Torrid Triad Scene—Pamela Rose, Joey Silvera and Damien Cashmere in *Hot Scalding*.

For the record, Tori Welles was named Female Performer of the Year, not to be confused with Best Actress winner Sharon Kane. We especially enjoyed Welles's acceptance speech, in which, after thanking her friends, she thanked herself "for being such a good fucker." Congratulations on your Heart-on, Tori.

CAMPUS VOICE

Send a guy to college and right away, he starts using strange, highfalutin terms such as "Let's bail" and "doing the nasty." What's the latest collegiate lingo? We asked our favorite undergrad sources to prepare a glossary. What follows should at least get you through rush week:

babe-o; wool; box: a hot woman.
bags: breasts (as in "Nice bags").
bulking: eating.
bungalow: one's room (as in "I'm going back to the bungalow").
cavin': watching TV in a group.
getting rid of the Heisman: dumping a girlfriend.
horking; booting; delivering a street pizza: vomiting.
H.T.P.: hit the pavement; leave.
-isimo: a suffix that means the best of something (as in "That was one partisimo").
keyed: to like someone or something a lot.
nine; eight plus one: no.
patch; chaunch; hair pie; snapper: a crotch, female variety.
pork sword: penis.

Linda Ronstadt—Cry Like A Rainstorm, Howl Like The Wind (Elektra) 389-874

Aerosmith—Pump (Geffen) 388-009

Bobby Brown—Dance ... Ya Know It (MCA) 402-602

Alannah Myles (Atlantic) 404-475

Billy Joel—Storm Front (Columbia) 387-902

Motley Crüe—Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) 387-944

Basia—London Warsaw New York (Epic) 401-752

TAKE YOUR PICK OF ANY 8

Stacy Lattisaw—What You Need (Motown) 405-365

Havana Black—Indian Warrior (Capitol) 405-175

Seduction—Nothing Matters Without Love (A&M) 404-954

Chick Corea Elektric Band—Inside Out (GRP) 404-574

Smokey Robinson—Love, Smokey (Motown) 404-566

Dianne Reeves—Never Too Far (EMI) 404-517

Calloway—All The Way (Solar/Epic) 404-491

Michel'le (Ruthless) 404-483

Earth, Wind & Fire—Heritage (Columbia) 404-004

Kylie Minogue—Enjoy Yourself (Geffen) 403-857

Hank Williams, Jr.—Lone Wolf (Warner Bros.) 403-840

The Little Mermaid—Original Soundtrack (Disneyland) 403-758

Jungle Brothers—Done By The Forces Of Nature (Warner Bros.) 403-725

Maze Featuring Frankie Beverly—The Greatest Hits/Lifelines Volume I (Capitol) 403-642

The Big F (FFF/Elektra) 403-592

Tina Turner—Foreign Affair (Capitol) 387-118

M.C. Hammer—Please Hammer, Don't Hurt 'Em (Capitol) 403-477

Miki Howard (Atlantic) 403-451

Prong—Beg To Differ (Epic) 404-699

Richard Marx—Repeat Offender (EMI) 380-915

Born On The Fourth Of July—Original Sound Track (MCA) 404-947

Sheena Easton—The Collection (EMI America) 404-863

Savatage—Gutter Ballet (Atlantic) 404-855

The Kinks—UK Jive (MCA) 403-303

Kaoma—World Beat (Epic) 402-800

George Harrison—Best Of Dark Horse 1976-1989 (Dark Horse) 402-594

Mc Lyte—Eyes On This (First Priority Music) 402-370

Crosby, Stills, Nash And Young—Deja Vu (Atlantic) 404-202

Jimi Hendrix—Early Classics (Special Music Co.) 402-677

Alice Cooper—School's Out (Warner Bros.) 402-644

Eagles—Live (Elektra) 400-713/390-716

Joe Cocker—Mad Dogs And Englishmen (A&M) 389-783

The Band—To Kingdom Come...The Definitive Collection (Capitol) 388-181/398-160

The Best Of The Dregs—Divided We Stand (Arista) 386-979

Bo Diddley Is A Gunslinger (Chess) 379-677

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young—So Far (Atlantic) 378-745

Roy Orbison—The All-Time Hits, Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia Special Prod.) 377-945

The Who—Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 376-657

Steppenwolf—16 Greatest Hits (MCA) 372-425

Grateful Dead—Europe 72 (Warner Bros.) 370-064/390-062

Roxette—Look Sharp! (Parlophone) 381-939

3rd Bass—The Cactus Album (Def Jam/Columbia) 403-436

Shawn Colvin—Steady On (Columbia) 403-295

Queen Latifah—All Hail The Queen (Tommy Boy) 403-267

Jim Croce—Jim Croce Live: The Final Tour (Saja) 403-154

Voivod—Nothingface (Mechanic) 402-982

Jody Watley—You Wanna Dance With Me? (MCA) 402-610

Lenny Kravitz—Let Love Rule (Virgin) 401-893

Dran "Juice" Jones—To Be Immortal (DBCL) 402-784

Dave Grusin—The Fabulous Baker Boys Soundtrack (GRP) 402-958

Van Morrison—Astral Weeks (Warner Bros.) 364-901

Little Feat—Dixie Chicken (Warner Bros.) 363-515

Grateful Dead—American Beauty (Warner Bros.) 358-895

Best Of The Doors (Elektra) 357-616/397-612

Bob Dylan—Blood On The Tracks (Columbia) 353-094

Yes—Close To The Edge (Atlantic) 351-965

Aretha Franklin—30 Greatest Hits (Atlantic) 350-793/390-799

Rolling Stones—Exile On Main Street (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350-652

Rolling Stones—Sticky Fingers (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350-645

Buddy Holly—From The Drig. Master Tapes (MCA) 348-110

Gloria Estefan—Cuts Both Ways (Epic) 382-341

Pet Benatar—Best Shots (Chrysalis) 401-646

Yo-Yo Ma—Great Cello Concertos (CBS Master) 401-604

Survivor—Greatest Hits (Scott Brothers) 401-521

Ace Frehley—Trouble Walkin' (Ai/Megaforce Worldwide) 401-299

Dzzy Dsbourne—Just Say Dzzy (CBS Assooiated) 401-265

Don McLean—For The Memories Volume 1 & 2 (Gold Castle) 401-224

Chicago—Greatest Hits 1982-1989 (Reprise) 401-166

The Front (Columbia) 400-903

The Rippingtons—Kilimanjaro (GRP) 400-853

Rush—Presto (Atlantic) 401-695

Kenny G Live (Arista) 401-505

Randy Travis—No Holdin' Back (Warner Bros.) 389-767

Terence Trent D'Arby—Neither Fish Nor Flesh (Columbia) 389-726

Steely Dan—Can't Buy A Thrill (MCA) 347-468

Best Of Procol Harum (A&M) 344-457

The Byrds—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 342-501

Bad Company—10 From 6 (Atlantic) 341-313

Best Of Kansas (CBS Assoc.) 327-742

The Jackson 5—Greatest Hits (Motown) 327-148

Joe Cocker—Greatest Hits (A&M) 320-911

Elton John—Greatest Hits (MCA) 319-541

Jerry Lee Lewis—18 Original Sun Greatest Hits (Rhino) 369-108

Marvin Gaye—Greatest Hits (Motown) 367-565

Joni Mitchell—Court and Spark (Asylum) 367-102

Traffic—John Barleycorn Must Die (Island) 364-935

Bob Dylan—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 138-586

Janet Jackson—Rhythm Nation 1814 (A&M) 388-918

Belinda Carlisle—Runaway Horses (MCA) 400-788

Joe Satriani—Flying In A Blue Dream (Relativity) 400-655

Georgia Satellites—In The Land Of Salvation And Sin (Elektra) 400-598

Charlie Daniels Band—Simple Man (Epic) 400-523

Brahms: Violin Concerto; **Bruch**: Concerto No.1. Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg; Edo De Waart and Minnesota Orch.(Angel) 400-135

Danny Elfman—Batman Original Motion Picture Score (Warner Bros.) 400-127

Nick Lowe—Basher: The Best Of Nick Lowe (Columbia) 400-002

Barbra Streisand—A Collection: Greatest Hits (Columbia) 401-141

Robert Palmer—Addictions, Volume One (Island) 400-937

Duran Duran—Decade (Capitol) 401-869

Dionne Warwick—Greatest Hits (1979-1990) (Arista) 401-679

The Kinks—The Kink Kronikles (Reprise) 315-093/395-095

The Babys—The Babys Anthology (Chrysalis) 312-256

Creedence Clearwater Revival—20 Greatest Hits (Fantasy) 308-049

Lynyrd Skynyrd Band—Gold & Platinum (MCA) 307-447/397-448

Cheap Trick—At Budokan (Epic) 292-326

James Taylor—Sweet Baby James (Warner Bros.) 292-284

Jackson Browne—The Pretender (Asylum) 292-243

Alice Cooper—Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 291-476

Led Zeppelin IV (Atlantic) 291-435

Best Of The Doobie Bros. (Warner Bros.) 291-278

Linda Ronstadt—Greatest Hits (Asylum) 286-740

Billy Joel—The Stranger (Columbia) 277-491

Jim Croce—Photographs & Memories: His Greatest Hits (Saja) 246-868

Van Morrison—Tupelo Honey (Warner Bros.) 210-856

Michael Bolton—Soul Provider (Columbia) 383-083

Chunky A—Large And In Charge (MCA) 402-875

Dwight Yoakam—Just Lookin' For A Hit (Reprise) 389-718

Biz Markie—The Biz Never Sleeps (Cold Chillin') 389-585

Mark Knopfler—Last Exit To Brooklyn (Warner Bros.) 389-538

Gipsy Kings—Mosaique (Elektra/Musician) 402-727

Billy Ocean—Greatest Hits (Jive/RCA) 400-879

DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince—And In This Corner (Jive/RCA) 400-838

Kashif (Arista) 402-354

Big Daddy Kane—It's A Big Daddy Thing (Cold Chillin') 389-460

The Cover Girls—We Can't Go Wrong (Capitol) 389-338

Bob Dylan—Oh Mercy (Columbia) 389-262

Babyface—Lovers (Columbia) 389-239

Maze Featuring Frankie Beverly—Silky Soul (Warner Bros.) 389-098

Diving For Pearls (Epic) 389-031

Ramsey Lewis—Urban Renewal (Columbia) 389-015

Enuff Z'Nuff (Atco) 388-967

Carpenters—Lovelines (A&M) 388-942

John Tesh—Garden City (A&M) 388-876

Britny Fox—Boys In Heat (Columbia) 388-421

Rickie Lee Jones—Flying Cowboys (Geffen) 388-199

Yellowjackets—The Spin (MCA) 388-173

Jethro Tull—Rock Island (Chrysalis) 388-157

Neil Young—Freedom (Reprise) 388-132

Lou Gramm—Long Hard Look (Atlantic) 388-108

Melissa Etheridge—Brave And Crazy (Island) 388-090

Loudness—Soldier Of Fortune (Atco) 388-082

The Beach Boys—Still Cruisin' (Capitol) 387-092

Dave Edmunds—Closer To The Flame (Capitol) 387-126

Ricky Van Shelton—RVS III (Columbia) 402-040

Placido Domingo—The Unknown Puccini (CBS Master) 387-829

Joe Cocker—One Night Of Sin (Capitol) 387-084

Whitesnake—Slip Of The Tongue (Geffen) 387-027

Paul Simon—Negotiations And Love Songs (Warner Bros.) 400-721

DISCS, DISCS, DISCS!

Eric Clapton— Journeyman (Reprise) 400-457

Quincy Jones—Back On The Block (Qwest Warner Bros.) 389-577

Tom Petty—Full Moon Fever (MCA) 382-184

Bonnie Raitt—Nick of Time (Capitol) 381-087

Paula Abdul—Forever Your Girl (Virgin) 374-637

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Pete Townshend—The Iron Man (Atlantic) 385-724

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Batman—Prince's Original Soundtrack (Warner Bros.) 383-885

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Harry Connick, Jr. When Harry Met Sally—Music From The Motion Picture (Columbia) 386-821

Boogie Down Productions—Ghetto Music: Blue Print Of Hip Hop (Jive/RCA) 386-193

Queen—The Miracle (Capitol) 383-547

Elton John—Sleeping With The Past (MCA) 387-993

Warrant—Dirty Rotten Filthy Stinking Rich (Columbia) 379-644

Skid Row (Atlantic) 379-602

Madonna—Like A Prayer (Sire) 379-594

Hooters—Zig-Zag (Columbia) 379-396

Fine Young Cannibals—The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) 379-214

Rolling Stones—Steel Wheels (Rolling Stones Rec.) 387-738

Van Halen—OU812 (Warner Bros.) 369-371

New Kids On The Block—Hangin' Tough (Columbia) 368-423

REO Speedwagon—Greatest Hits (Epic) 367-672

Carly Simon—Greatest Hits Live (Arista) 365-874

Maria McKee (Geffen) 383-844

On The Cutting Edge

The Rave-Ups—Chance (Epic) 405-316

The Blue Nile—Hats (A&M) 404-525

Julia Fordham—Porcelain (Virgin) 404-418

They Might Be Giants—Flood (Elektra) 404-376

Tanita Tikaram—The Sweet Keeper (Warner Bros.) 403-832

Paul Carrack—Groove Approved (Chrysalis) 401-257

Kate Bush—The Sensual World (Columbia) 401-232

Erasure—Wild! (Reprise/Sire) 400-820

The Psychedelic Furs—Book Of Days (Columbia) 400-689

The Alarm—Change (I.R.S.) 400-465

Max Q (Atlantic) 400-077

Midnight Oil—Blue Sky Mining (Columbia) 402-636

Laurie Anderson—Strange Angels (Warner Bros.) 389-940

Sinead O'Connor—I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got (Chrysalis) 405-001

Ian McCulloch—Candleland (Sire/Reprise) 389-593

The Jesus And Mary Chain—Automatic (Warner Bros.) 389-551

Red Hot Chili Peppers—Mother's Milk (EMI) 389-205

Big Audio Dynamite—Megatop Phoenix (Columbia) 388-215

The B-52's—Cosmic Thing (Reprise) 383-877

Squeeze—Frank (A&M) 388-058

Bryan Ferry / Roxy Music—Street Life (Reprise) 384-230

Peter Gabriel—Passion (Geffen) 383-810

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions—1984-1989 (Capitol) 383-778

The The—Mind Bomb (Epic) 382-382

R.E.M.—Green (Warner Bros.) 375-162

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☐ **Black Music** *Luther Vandross, Regina Belle*	☐ **Jazz** *Chick Corea, Kenny G*	☐ **Country** *Hank Williams Jr., Ricky Van Shelton*	☐ **Classical** *Vladimir Horowitz, Placido Domingo*	☐ **Easy Listening** *Ray Conniff, Johnny Mathis*

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Why not make it illegal for legislators to have sex with each other?"—attorney JAMES E. DUREE, responding to introduction of a bill in the Washington state legislature that would make heavy petting by people under the age of 18 punishable by a sentence of up to 90 days in jail and a $5000 fine

HIGHER EDUCATION

Percentage of 1989 college freshmen who said they supported the legalization of marijuana: 16.7.

•

Percentage of 1977 college freshmen who said they supported the legalization of marijuana: 52.9.

•

Percentage of college freshmen who endorsed drug testing for employees in 1989: 78.

ANCHOR WEIGHT

Percentage of U.S. C.E.O.s who would choose NBC anchor Tom Brokaw to tell their side during a business crisis: 32.

•

Percentage who would choose ABC's Peter Jennings: 29.

•

Percentage who would choose ABC's Ted Koppel: 26.

•

Percentage who would choose CBS' Dan Rather: three.

•

Percentage who would choose ABC's Diane Sawyer: three.

•

Percentage who would choose none of the above: three.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Number of times that Ronald Reagan said "I don't remember" or "I don't recall" in testifying at John Poindexter's trial: 124.

CHECKING OUT

Cause of death that college students (both male and female) say they would most prefer if given a choice: heart attack.

•

Second choice for males: plane crash.

•

Second choice for females: accidental gas inhalation.

•

Least desirable ways to die (both male and female): AIDS, syphilis, fire.

YOUR DOG'S BRAIN ON DRUGS

Number of calls handled in 1988 by the Illinois Animal Poison Information Center from owners of pets that had eaten marijuana: 85.

•

Number of calls from owners of pets that had consumed cocaine: 35.

•

Number of calls from owners of pets that had drunk alcohol: 35.

•

Number of calls from owners of pets that had swallowed heroin: one.

ACTION UPDATE

Number of times the average man has sex in a year: 66.

•

Number of times the average woman has sex in a year: 51.

MUSTS

Percentage of Americans who say they can't live without a car: 88.

•

Percentage who say they can't live without a TV set: 66.

•

Percentage who say they can't live without a microwave oven: 24.

•

Percentage who say they can't live without a VCR: nine.

•

Percentage of the above not included in a 1983 survey version: 50.

pork-sword jiggle (a.k.a. P.S.J.): masturbation or any sexual act involving a penis.
pulling wool: scoring (as in "I really pulled some wool last night").
reracking: going back to bed after class.
rug muncher: a lesbian or anyone who likes to perform cunnilingus.
schizzing: freaking out on Ecstasy.
a two at ten and a ten at two: a female one takes home at closing time.
"What up, homes?": "Hi!"
wigsnap: a haircut (as in "Dude. Nice wigsnap").
"Word!": "You bet your ass!"

SPOTLIGHT

Lizard man.

Plenty of struggling artists dream of living **John Lurie's** life: As saxophonist and bandleader of the Lounge Lizards, he is known as a musician's musician. He also co-stars in *Down by Law*—Jim Jarmusch's ultracool movie—and owns a famously hip collection of vintage clothing. But, for Lurie, being a cult figure is not enough. He aspires to joining the ranks of such mail-order giants as, say, K-Tel Records and Ronco. That's why he's airing his own commercials on late-night TV, urging viewers to dial 800-44-CHUNK and buy his new album, *Voice of Chunk* (not available in stores).

"I'm becoming the P. T. Barnum of the music industry," he says. "I used to be embarrassed by self-promotion, but lately, I've thought of leafing through the phone book, calling people at random and saying, 'Buy my record—I know where you live!'

"My ads have had people like composer Philip Glass saying, 'John Lurie, as always, ever unique and one of my favorites'—that could be a Hallmark card! But I want the new ads to run the gamut from Hulk Hogan to Paul Simon," he adds. "I even heard that Salman Rushdie travels with a Lizards tape, but I don't know if I'll use that. I don't want scary people at my door asking where Salman is."

What's next for Lurie? A small part—playing an ominous, Dennis Hopper–like character—in the new David (*Blue Velvet*) Lynch movie, *Wild at Heart*. And he's appearing in the next Wim (*Wings of Desire*) Wenders project. But, he says, "what I really want to do is direct my own movie." We'll be watching for the mail-order number.

DANNY SULLIVAN ON WINNING

A solid sterling silver band with a sculpted spiral design.

They say winning isn't everything ...but somehow you know... they're probably not the winners. I say—go for the best—in everything you do.

And for me, the best is The Winner's Circle Ring. Crafted in solid sterling silver. 14 karat gold. Deep black onyx. All captured in a bold design. Real materials. Real style...and real value at just $195. Exclusively from The Franklin Mint.

Danny Sullivan. Winner of the Indy 500.

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I understand I need send na money naw. I will be billed in five manthly installments of $39.* each, with the first due priar to shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3. far shipping and handling.

A deep black onyx, surrounded by 14 korat gold bezel.

Please mail by August 31, 1990.

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PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

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CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

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DAVE MARSH

APOLITICAL music no longer exists. Republican National Chairman Lee Atwater has even politicized sweet soul music. On ***Red Hot & Blue*** (Curb), he and such stalwart soul men as Isaac Hayes, B. B. King, Carla Thomas, Sam Moore and Chuck Jackson remake such chestnuts as *Knock on Wood*, *Treat Her Right* and *Rescue Me*. If you find Atwater's company surprising, remember that slumming's an old Southern frat-boy tradition. Unfortunately, *Red Hot & Blue*'s conservative R&B formalism is predictably spiritless, especially when Atwater, a man whose talent is for running negative political campaigns, steps forth to sing a chorus or play a guitar solo. By getting a record deal, Atwater fulfills every frat boy's dreams; by sounding like a wienie, he dashes nobody's expectations.

If R&B is no refuge, rap is a battleground. Record-store clerks all over the country have been arrested for selling records made by rap's leading party group, 2 Live Crew, and leader Luther Campbell (a.k.a. Luke Skyywalker) has been hauled into court by everybody from George Lucas to the Florida attorney general. The Crew's ***Nasty As We Wanna Be*** (Skyywalker) is a throwback to the party records made by Redd Foxx and Richard Pryor before they became respectable or to a black-male street-corner game called the dozens. That means it's mainly adolescent male chauvinism, typified by the hit *Me So Horny*. It also means it's about as prurient as a bowl of stale popcorn. But while *Me So Horny* may be a low joke, it remains just that—somebody's sense of humor. Is that criminal?

VIC GARBARINI

Imagine if a young Jimi Hendrix had jumped off the Curtis Mayfield tour in Memphis, hung out with Al Green, got religion and a feel for Gospel, then honed his blues chops with the boys on Beale Street. Later, he hears Prince and Terence Trent D'Arby and decides to pull all his influences together. His name is actually Chris Thomas, 27, and his debut, ***Cry of the Prophets*** (Warners), is already earning him attention as the "hot" alternative to Robert Cray's "cool" blues evolutions. There's plenty of fervor, funk and feeling on *Cry*. Sometimes his roots meld into passionate statements and sometimes they clash and jostle one another, creating aural gridlock. Still, a fresh and promising debut.

Atlanta's Black Crowes ignore the Zep/Aerosmith flash approach in favor of the rootsier Stones/Faces blues-rock tradition. But these guys are no retro retreads like the Quireboys and Havana Black. The Crowes obviously mean every note on ***Shake Your Money Maker*** (Def American).

G.O.P. R&B.

Strait-jacket soul from chairman Lee, plus new controversy from Public Enemy.

There's a touch of Skynyrd in the snaky leads and rollicking piano and an exquisite, understated tension between the crashing Keith chords and the loose-limbed rhythm section that'll have you dancing even to the slow numbers. As Rod said of the original Faces, "What a band—so loose, so loud, so legless."

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Having nearly run aground on the shoals of anti-Semitism because of Professor Griff's comments to *The Washington Times*, Public Enemy returns to the barricades of social and political revolution with ***Fear of a Black Planet*** (Def Jam/CBS). If you are not already a convert to rap, this album won't sway you. It makes no concessions, either to sensibilities less inflamed by rage or to ears in search of melody.

So why listen? Because this music is about confrontation, and the ability (or is it courage?) to confront rarely erupts in this country. Public Enemy has picked up one aspect of the legacy of the Sixties—black militancy—that was strangled in its crib by the FBI and its Cointelpro campaign of covert disruption. Where P.E. has taken that legacy is invigorating and disturbing. First the disturbing: "Crucifixion ain't no fiction/So called chosen frozen/Apology made to whoever pleases/Still they got me like Jesus." Who could "they" be but the Jews? If that's regret for making racist comments, I'm the Virgin Mary.

On the invigorating side, I list the title song, with its mocking analysis of interracial couples and the social fear generated therefrom. Presumably, P.E. has been reading certain newspaper columnists (namely Ben Wattenberg and Pat Buchanan) whose terror at this country's "dwindling" white majority is as racist and far less commented on than P.E.'s plunge into anti-Semitism.

NELSON GEORGE

Dianne Reeves is trying to walk a difficult line on ***Never Too Far*** (EMI). After building a following among sophisticated pop and jazz listeners, she is now attempting a move toward the R&B mainstream with this George Duke–produced ten-song effort. In the glossy pop-jazz tradition of

GUEST SHOT

RECORDED *with his blistering jazz-R&B-funk-rap-*reggae-*Gospel trio the Jamaica Boys, bassist* ***Marcus Miller*** *can currently be heard on the new LP "J-Boys." Actually, that's bassist-songwriter-producer–musical director Marcus Miller: The man may well be the king of musical hyphenates. He has worked with practically everyone—from David Sanborn to Miles Davis. Miller recently heard a 19-year-old, Roy Hargrove, who may be a future trumpet deity.*

"I was in an after-hours jazz club recently and in walks this kid with a Forties-style black suit, a porkpie hat and New Wave patent-leather shoes. He came to sit in with a trio. Only three songs later, I was knocked out—Roy has this cocky, brash, fat sound, with rough edges, but controlled. *Diamond in the Rough* proves that I didn't just catch him on a good night. He really *is* that gifted. His sound is just as big on record, too, and his technique is flawless—which means he's got heart as well as brain. Most of *Diamond* is jazz standards in the post-hop vein, and Hargrove also wrote a few cuts himself. He writes so well already—I hope he'll start exploring some newer musical forms. He's sure got the goods, man."

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Lee Atwater *Red Hot & Blue*	3	4	1	0	1
Black Crowes *Shake Your Money Maker*	4	9	6	6	7
Public Enemy *Fear of a Black Planet*	8	9	8	9	6
Dianne Reeves *Never Too Far*	3	6	6	4	6
Chris Thomas *Cry of the Prophets*	6	8	8	9	8

KING BEE DEPARTMENT: **Sting** is back in the studio, playing bass with a trio on an album to be released by the end of the summer. His idea for the perfect album title? *Dream of the Ninja Turtles*. Awesome, right? Like, totally.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Jennifer Beals** will play a singer in *Blood and Concrete*, described in the best PR release of the month as a thriller "set in a seamy Hollywood underground of crime, terrorists and rock and roll." . . . **George Harrison's** film company is working on an animated feature that will have music by **Eurythmics**. . . . **James Intveld**, who sings for **Johnny Depp** in *Cry-Baby*, is coaching actor **Nicholas Cage** for his singing debut in **David Lynch's** *Wild at Heart*. . . . **Jerry Hall** would like to find a film for her and **Mick**—a comedy, because "people don't realize how funny he is," she says.

NEWSBREAKS: **Quiet Riot's** former lead singer **Kevin DuBrow** has formed a new band called **Little Women**, even though its members are all over six feet tall, and in another strange-name-for-a-band news, there's a group playing around L.A. called **Traveling Ovaries**. . . . **Little Richard** says he's planning a concert tour and he'll also be seen this summer on cable in an episode of **Shelley Duvall's** *Faerie Tale Theatre*, playing Old King Cole. . . . Rapper **Fresh Prince** is starring in a comedy TV pilot being produced by **Quincy Jones**. . . . **Michael Jackson's** greatest-hits package is expected out this fall. Called *Decade*, the LP will also include five new songs. . . . **Linda Ronstadt** will be on tour with the **Neville Brothers** through October. . . . **Bill Wyman** will begin solo album number four this fall. . . . **Sinéad O'Connor, U2, Fine Young Cannibals, Lou Reed, De La Soul, Iggy Pop** and **Neneh Cherry** are among a group of artists who are recording an album of **Cole Porter** songs to benefit AIDS education. The double album, to be released in October, will coincide with a 90-minute film to air internationally on World AIDS Day. . . . **Meat Loaf** has signed an endorsement deal with Ultra Slim Fast and will reportedly do commercials for the diet supplement once he completes the program. Mr. Loaf is working on a reunion album with **Jim Steinman** to be in the stores in early 1991. . . . A reader writes: "A recent stop at an alternative record shop revealed five acts with Jesus in their names: **Jesus and Mary Chain, Jesus Jones, 3D Jesus, MC 900FT Jesus** and **Jesus Lizard**. This doesn't include the new dance hit *Kooler than Jesus*. Is this the Second Coming?" We always knew that if **Clapton** were God, Jesus couldn't be far behind. . . . Projections for the **New Kids on the Block** summer tour are that it will gross $78,000,000, which is pretty damn close to what the **Stones** made last year. Sneer not. . . . Here's a novel idea: The Brit band **Mission U.K.** uses video cameras at all its concerts in England to keep an eye on security guards. Since it's been doing it, there haven't been scuffles between fans and guards. The band hopes to take this idea on the road. . . . **Bangle Susanna Hoffs's** first solo LP will be out at summer's end. . . . Now we've heard everything: A chain of record stores in the Pacific Northwest has reportedly banned sales to minors of an all-instrumental **Frank Zappa** album. By putting a green sticker on the LP, the stores require that a buyer must prove that he is 18. The album in question? *Jazz from Hell*. . . . The **Beatles** have joined the Big Dipper. Lowell Observatory has named four asteroids after the Fab Four. . . . Finally, **Axl Rose** wants to donate his Uzi machine gun (which is encased in a solid block of Lucite) to a charity auction. How very **Guns n' Roses** of him.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Patti Austin, Angie Bofill and Anita Baker, Reeves strives to shape her facility for long vocal runs and quirky phrasing into radio-friendly material. On the title cut and on *Come In* and *Hello (Haven't I Seen You Before)*, she's more than equal to the task. But the majority of *Never Too Far* is rife with clichés, both lyrically and musically. One notable exception is *How Long*, which looks at the consequences of teenage crime from a mother's perspective.

Glenn Jones is one of many fine soul singers whose careers were overshadowed in the last decade by Luther Vandross' imposing commercial and artistic consistency. Jones had hit singles (e.g., *Show Me*) but never established himself as a major solo star. His first album of the new decade, ***All for You*** (Jive), is good but doesn't figure to be his much-desired breakthrough. Its mid-tempo groove songs are well sung and produced yet not exceptional or particularly fresh. Jones's best moments are the danceable *Stay* and the passionate ballad *Can We Try Again*.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Formally, *reggae* dancehall is an inevitable outgrowth of spare, spacy, electronic dub and the toasting style that also inspired rap. Culturally, it's both a revolt of the body against Rasta mysticism and an escapist alternative in a Jamaica brought to its knees by the World Bank. And for the past five years, it has kept *reggae* alive.

Like most dance music, dancehall is rarely album-ready, though I'll settle for ***Jah Disciple*** (RAS), by Sister Carol, whose imperturbable *Wild Thing* closes Jonathan Demme's *Something Wild*. It's a music of great singles, most often encountered outside a Jamaican context, varying a disco's house mix or, increasingly, booming out between sets at a rap show. J. C. Lodge's *Telephone Love* is one you may have heard somewhere, or Shelly Thunder's *Kuff*, or maybe the Tiger song that provides the title of Mango's ***Ram Dancehall*** collection. If you're lucky, maybe you've had a taste of Sophia George's refreshingly militant *Tenement Yard* or Half Pint's beat-mastering *Level the Vibes*.

Unfortunately, no one compilation includes all the above semiclassics—now that the style has caught on among U.S. dancers, nobody can corner the market. Disappointingly for such a sharp world-beat label, not one is on *Ram Dancehall*, including the roaring *Ram Dancehall* itself, which can be found on Profile's recommended 12-cut ***Dancehall Stylee (The Best of Reggae Dancehall Vol. 1)***, as can a little something by Gregory Peck (not the film star) about a big something called an *Oversized Mumpie*. Mango had to settle for subtler stuff, including Tiger's chin-up sermon *Never Let Go*. And if you want to hear *Level the Vibes*, you'll have to settle for Pow Wow's ***Fresh Reggae Hits***. As the World Bank will tell you, it takes money to shake your mumpie.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THERE ARE a few good reasons to see ***After Dark, My Sweet*** (Avenue), an otherwise so-so thriller adapted from a novel by the late Jim Thompson, whose nihilistic epics seem to enthrall moviemakers (his books are the source for at least three other imminent American films). *After Dark*'s main attraction is Rachel Ward, wired and constantly watchable as a tantalizing, alcoholic widow who needs money and gets involved with the wrong guys in a misbegotten kidnap caper. Her first partner is a local known as Uncle Bud (Bruce Dern), her second a former prize fighter (Jason Patric, son of actor-playwright Jason Miller) she picks up in a bar. A guy who has been in the loony bin and drifts from crisis to crisis, the punch-drunk boxer is well played by Patric, with plenty of Brandoesque brooding. But Patric's pug delivers too much first-person narration, which is meant to clarify *After Dark, My Sweet* and instead just adds to the muddle. Director James Foley gives the proceedings a sunny Palm Beach sheen that belies the title and doesn't make Thompson's wicked, wicked world ring true. The ace performers on hand deserve better. ¥¥

•

Its controversial title notwithstanding, ***How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired*** (Angelika) is an audacious, easy-does-it comedy disarmingly performed, particularly by African-born Isaach de Bankolé as the priapic pivotal character known simply as Man. The movie, directed by Jacques W. Benoit, is based—more loosely than it ought to be—on a book by Dany Laferrière, a Haitian immigrant to Canada whose original tale was a free-wheeling, pointed satire about two blacks on the make in and around Montreal. Man and his roommate, Bouba (Maka Kotto), are interested in books, mental exercise and white women, especially those with a naïve belief in black-male supersex. On film, with Roberta Bizeau and Miriam Cyr, respectively, playing women referred to as "Miz Literature" and "Miz Suicide," the inverted racism of the lead characters seems less a caustic satire than a statement, which is too bad. The appealing innocence of De Bankolé seldom gives offense, but although Laferrière had a hand in its adaptation, his insightful autobiographical novel deserves far better than it gets in this unevenly slanted screen version. ¥¥½

•

A writer-producer-director and co-star called, no kidding, James Bond III is the man behind ***Def by Temptation*** (Troma). Bond seems intent on reviving the kind of movie that used to be called blaxploitation in his comic spoof of sex and violence, all about a divinity student from the country (Bond) who goes to New York to room with

Patric, Ward *After Dark*.

Late-summer movie fare: most definitely a mixed bag.

an aspiring actor named K (zestfully played by Kadeem Hardison of TV's *A Different World*). Their nemesis is a beautiful black succubus (Cynthia Bond, no relation to III) who lures men in heat to a messy death abed. Smart cinematography by Ernest Dickerson, who did Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing*, and lots of street-wise black humor establish *Def*'s option to be as hip, grisly and gory as a horror show of any color. ¥¥

•

The leading characters in ***Metropolitan*** (Deutchman) call themselves "uhbs," or the urban *haute bourgeoisie*. They're spoiled collegiate New Yorkers, home for the Christmas holidays, dressing up for parties at the best hotels, dallying when it suits them, playing strip poker or truth games and generally behaving like snobs. As a sardonic spokesman for the group puts it, "One *shouldn't* be out at night eating hors d'oeuvres when one could be home worrying about the less fortunate." To make such well-heeled brats entirely human as well as sympathetic is the task assumed by writer-director Whit Stillman in an auspicious movie debut about a seldom-seen segment of high society. Edward Clements deftly portrays Tom, the West Side social climber who claims to be against everything his partygoing pals represent—but tags along with them, anyway. Christopher Eigeman and Taylor Nichols ooze preppie attitudes, with Carolyn Farina, Dylan Hundley and Allison Rutlege-Parisi as debs well on their way to becoming full-fledged Yuppie supertarts. Set in a timeless Manhattan that hasn't changed all that much since F. Scott Fitzgerald excavated the Jazz Age in *The Great Gatsby*, Stillman's martini-dry *Metropolitan* is simultaneously cutting, young at heart, compassionate and wise. ¥¥¥½

•

Ever heard of Hong Kong's Chow Yun-fat? To Asian moviegoers, he's as famous as Mel Gibson or Arnold Schwarzenegger. It would not be quite fair to call him the present-day Bruce Lee, since he's more likely to spray hot lead than to show off his mastery of karate kicks. Smooth-faced and unassumingly cool in ***The Killer*** (Circle), hit man Chow inadvertently blinds a pop singer (Sally Yeh) and has to keep taking out contracts on other victims to raise money for her eye surgery. Drug peddlers abound, killers stalk killers and everything comes to a climax in a violent shoot-out at a church, where Chow and his best friend the cop (Danny Lee) destroy a horde of bad guys. Writer-director John Woo has a lot of fun wasting ammo in this bloody, bullet-ridden spoof of the gangster film. He can't be serious or he wouldn't stage *The Killer*'s gory finale in a place of worship called The Scared Heart. ¥¥

•

Nine hours long on the stage, British director Peter Brook's ***The Mahabharata*** (MK2) is his fairly pretentious film version of a Sanskrit epic said to be 15 times longer than the Bible. A six-hour TV version by Brook, scheduled to air in the U.S. next year, has been reduced to three hours for theatrical distribution. French critics called it both "magical" and "enchanting." Take that with a grain of assault unless you enchant easily, because Brook's so-called history of mankind is a rough go for any but the most dedicated scholars of religion and myth. A huge cast portrays Indian gods, demons, matriarchs and the members of two great, warring families. For the curious, or the dogged, the impact of *The Mahabharata* is the cinematic equivalent of leafing through a volume filled with extravagant and colorful illustrations of Bible stories. To comprehend what's happening, you have to read the book. ¥¥

•

Fictionalized but based on fact, ***The Man Inside*** (New Line) is writer-director Bobby Roth's absorbing drama about a journalist in disguise (Jürgen Prochnow) who passes himself off as a muckraking reporter for an eminent German newspaper. All the key names in *Man Inside* are changed except that of the investigative journalist, Günter Wallraff (though the popular journal under attack in Wallraff's book on the subject was German media mogul Axel Springer's *Bild Zeitung*). Teamed with Prochnow is Peter Coyote as a resident

smutmonger on the so-called *Evening Standard*. France's Nathalie Baye plays Prochnow's live-in and Monique Van De Ven his beleaguered wife. *Man Inside* could be faulted for an overabundance of offstage action, but Roth's portrait of a man with "an addiction to justice" has drive and impact. ¥¥½

Tony Goldwyn: blue genes.

OFF CAMERA

As far as he knows, **Tony Goldwyn,** at 30, is the only actor around who's the grandson of a major movie tycoon. Samuel Goldwyn, Jr., his father, heads his own movie company, where Tony has never worked. "Independence was stressed in my family. When I was growing up, my parents just didn't want us immersed in the whole Hollywood thing." For Tony, that legacy included his maternal grandfather, playwright Sidney Howard, who wrote *They Knew What They Wanted* (and won a posthumous Oscar for the screenplay of *Gone with the Wind*). When he did opt for stage and film, his mother, an actress, was "very encouraging. My father was supportive, too, but terrified. This is a tough business." This summer, Tony has what he calls "my best job in the movies so far," with Patrick Swayze and Demi Moore in *Ghost*. "My relationship with Demi, who plays Swayze's girlfriend before he dies, gets very complicated." He also played the heroine's brother in *Gaby*, had top TV guest roles in *Murphy Brown* and *L.A. Law*, among others, and debuted on Broadway in *The Real Thing*. Married to production designer Jane Musky and a new father, Tony lives in New Jersey, where he's less likely to be asked, *Are you related. . . ?* "I call it The Question, and it was tough for a while. But I'm proud of my name and made a conscious decision to keep it." His favorite of all those legendary language-mangling Sam Goldwynisms: "A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on." Tony laughs. "That's a lesson I keep having to learn."

•

What's it all about? Well, ***The Big Bang*** (Triton) puts questions about the creation, the cosmos, sex, death and parenthood to 20 famous and not-so-famous people. Director James Toback, a film-driven rebel without a pause (he made *Fingers* and *Exposed*, to cite two), works small comic wonders from time to time. The folks talking to Toback's camera include basketball ace Darryl Dawkins, violinist Eugene Fodor, restaurant proprietess Elaine Kaufman (of Elaine's, New York), astronomer Fred Hess and producer Don (*Top Gun*) Simpson. One of the best may be The Gangster (Tony Sirico), a real reformed tough guy with 27 movie roles to his credit. Discussing everything from their orgasms to their fear of death or their view of the universe, some of Toback's subjects are hilarious, some semiprofound, some simply full of it. *Big Bang* is a bizarre personal document that's seldom a bore. ¥¥½

•

Griff Rhys Jones, in ***The Misadventures of Mr. Wilt*** (Goldwyn), looks like a British incarnation of the cartoon character Dagwood Bumstead. Acts like him, too, as a wimp referred to at one point as a "gormless erection." He dreams of murdering his wife (Alison Steadman) and is accused of it when she disappears following Wilt's mostly nude close encounter—at a crowded costume party—with an inflatable life-sized female doll. He's locked in a carnal embrace with the doll in the funniest sequence of director Michael Tuchner's broad English comedy, which too often relies on graphic bathroom jokes, or worse, to drive home its general pointlessness. This is the kind of movie that's *so* bad you occasionally catch yourself enjoying it. ¥

•

Stacy Keach, sporting a futuristic white hairdo and very pale eyeballs, represents the forces of improved education in ***Class of 1999*** (Taurus). The android teachers in producer-director Mark L. Lester's misguided look at what's in store for our school system are a trio headed by Pam Grier and two other high school profs who believe in ripping a student to pieces if he doesn't shape up. Their chief adversary is Cody (Bradley Gregg), fresh from reform school to re-enroll at Kennedy High, located in a "free-fire zone" where even the school buses resemble armored tanks. Malcolm McDowell plays the inept principal in a schlock melodrama so irresponsible that eradicating the educators seems to be the main point made. "Well, I blew that course," cracks Gregg as he sets off an explosion in the chemistry lab. Even taken lightly, *Class of 1999* scores an F for foul-up, making school about as appetizing as poison gas. ¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

After Dark, My Sweet (See review) Rachel, Rachel and a little more. ¥¥
The Big Bang (See review) Talkathon with cosmic overtones. ¥¥½
Bird on a Wire (Reviewed 7/90) Flapping hard, Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn can't get this comedy to fly. ¥¥
Chattahoochee (7/90) Behind bars, Hopper and Oldman act up a storm. ¥¥
Class of 1999 (See review) School daze in our violent future, it says here. ¥
The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover (4/90) All of them, and more, in a far-out, freakish fantasy. ¥¥½
Def by Temptation (See review) A witch bitch brings down some brothers. ¥¥
Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer (7/90) Chilling film about a true bloodcurdling case history. ¥¥¥
How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired (See review) For some white women, black is beautiful. ¥¥½
The Icicle Thief (5/90) Multimedia spoof in the warmest Italian style. ¥¥¥
In the Spirit (7/90) Fine cast, kinky comedy, with very mixed results. ¥¥½
Jesus of Montreal (7/90) Sly, cerebral Canadian satire about a latter-day Christ figure's showbiz rise. ¥¥¥½
The Killer (See review) Spoofing shoot-'em-ups with Mr. Yun-fat. ¥¥
Last Exit to Brooklyn (6/90) You wouldn't want to live there. ¥¥½
Longtime Companion (6/90) A brave, grave, quick-witted AIDS drama. ¥¥¥½
The Mahabharata (See review) Read the book before facing Brook's epic. ¥¥
The Man Inside (See review) Real-life intrigue on a German smut sheet. ¥¥½
May Fools (7/90) French aristocrats face the threat of a new revolution. ¥¥¥
Metropolitan (See review) Rich kids on the New York party circuit. ¥¥¥½
The Misadventures of Mr. Wilt (See review) Low British bawdry. ¥
Monsieur Hire (6/90) From Simenon's novel, from France with flair. ¥¥¥
Nuns on the Run (6/90) Eric Idle and England's Robbie Coltrane as a droll couple of crooks donning habits. ¥¥¥
Q & A (Listed 7/90) Sidney Lumet's yarn about crime and corruption, keenly acted by Nick Nolte, Armand Assante and Timothy Hutton—and upgraded. ¥¥¥
Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! (7/90) Treat-'em-rough comedy with a sexy Spanish accent, by Spain's Pedro Almodovar. ¥¥¥
Wild Orchid (6/90) Bisset, Rourke and Otis doing numbers down in Rio. ¥¥½
The Witches (7/90) Magic time with Anjelica Huston, waaay out there. ¥¥½
Without You I'm Nothing (7/90) Sandra Bernhard's one-woman show. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

STYLE

COMING ATTRACTIONS

OUR SNOOP ON THE SCENE has a pocketful of tips to keep you abreast of fashion's quirky twists and turns. Here's a check list for fall: **Suits:** The overpadded power model has gone the way of the junk bond. The latest styles will be kinder and gentler, in soft fabrics. Shoulders on both suits and sports jackets will be sloping yet broad, with next to no padding. If you want to look like Arnold Schwarzenegger, go to a gym. Pockets will be open-patch rather than besom or flap. Lapel styles will be less stiff with more rounded lines. **Shirts:** Fall's easy-going new look in suits calls for equally relaxed shirt styles. We like long-point, soft-collar ones worn with wide-body, narrow-knot bottle-shaped ties. **Blazers:** Big buttons will be big not only on sports jackets and blazers but also on casual shirts. Materials matter, too. Look for woods, enamels and antique-finished metals. (All merchandise pictured here from Ermenegildo Zegna.)

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

Big news on the Avenue. Bergdorf Goodman (745 Fifth Avenue, New York) will open its men's store this September. It's a store with a difference, offering amenities that include free shoeshines, a barber shop, even ties on loan. Other special-service stores: In San Francisco, Wilkes Bashford's men's store (375 Sutter Street) features complimentary lunch in its private dining room and a bar on all five floors. Chicago's Bigsby & Kruthers (1750 North Clark Street and five other locations) has a network of fax machines to take care of your business needs while you select from 3000 ties cascading down a 50-foot wall. Louis, Boston (234 Berkeley Street, Boston) believes in the pampered customer: A barber and a manicurist are on hand to smooth out the rough edges while your clothes are pressed in the tailor shop.

CLIP JOINTS

From the Big Apple to La La Land, here's where to find the kindest cuts of all: **New York:** Oribe (1061 Madison Avenue and 309 Columbus). Where actors such as Alec Baldwin and Dolph Lundgren and many top models get their 'dos done. Hair stylists work out of heavy metal toolboxes and in a non-salon atmosphere of black and steel gray. **Chicago:** Rueve on Dearborn (808 North Dearborn). On a tree-lined street, this brownstone could pass for a private home or club. It's a soothing setting for businessmen, sports stars and the occasional rocker such as Robert Plant. **Atlanta:** Scott Cole (Phipps Plaza, 3500 Peachtree Road). Cole claims that his shop's granite-walled interior was inspired by *The Flintstones*. The decor has won awards, and so have his cuts. **Dallas:** Toni & Guy (6030 Sherry Lane, Preston Center and seven other locations). Hair care with a European flavor. Those in the know head for the original Sherry Lane salon. **Los Angeles:** Billy Shears (8118½ West Third Street). Located just off the Melrose shopping strip, this laid-back spot is not for Hollywood wanna-bes.

VIEWPOINT

Plum-colored hats. Hawaiian shirts. Zigzag ties. "The clothes are very avant-eccentric," says Dean Stockwell about the far-out sartorial splendor he wears on NBC's *Quantum Leap*. No kidding, Dean. As Al, the time-traveling hologram, Stockwell has seen the future. His personal choice in fashion? Oversized, loose-fitting clothes. "I love the really baggy jobs," says Stockwell, who also confesses to a personal vendetta against close-fitting single-breasted sports jackets. "I wear only double-breasted ones."

PINOT ENVY

Pinot Noir is the hot restaurant wine. Case in point: Robert De Niro's new Manhattan restaurant, the TriBeCa Grill, has a special section on the wine list. • Good news if you think wine consumption reflects the economy: Brennan's restaurant in Houston sold more first-growth Bordeaux and Burgundies in four months in 1990 than in the previous four years. • This may also pop your cork: A survey of top steak houses reveals that many red-meat eaters are drinking—would you believe?—Chardonnay.

STYLE METER

JEANS	IN	OUT
FIT	Easy-fit, antifit, baggy, relaxed and slouchy—a loose fit in the waist, seat and thigh	Any tight-fitting jeans
STYLE	Five-pocket with button fly	Cargo-pocket style. Ripped, worn-out or decorated
COLOR	Blue, faded indigo and a little worn-looking. Sandblasted and stone-washed are the buzz words	Acid-washed is far, far out
WEAR WITH	Great-looking wide belt to cinch the waist	The total jean look, such as a denim jacket, shirt and jeans worn together

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VIDEO

VIDEO TUBE

of course you remember these TV shows. here's how to get them on video

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The Andy Griffith Show: 30 four-episode tapes, $39.95 each; Premier Promotions/Andy Griffith Videos.

Bonanza Collection: four one-episode volumes, $15 each, or a boxed set, $60; Republic Pictures Home Video.

The Buick Berle Show: 55 minutes, $19.95; Video Dimensions. (The original Mr. Television, a.k.a. Uncle Miltie.)

Death Valley Days: nine 55-minute tapes, $9.95 each; Rhino Home Video. (Pick out future stars Carroll O'Connor, Clint Eastwood, Robert Blake, Mariette Hartley and, ah, Ronald Reagan.)

The Jack Benny Program: three 25-to-58-minute volumes, $19.95 to $24.95 each; Video Yesteryear.

The Monkees: six two-episode volumes, $19.95 each; RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video.

Monty Python's Flying Circus: 17 one-hour volumes, $24.95 each; Paramount Home Video.

Outer Limits: 36 52-minute tapes, $13 each; MGM/UA Home Video.

The Prisoner: 17 54-minute tapes, $30 each; MPI Home Video. (Patrick McGoohan in the cult favorite.)

Roots: six 90-minute tapes of the miniseries, $64.95 each; Warner Home Video.

The Saint: seven two-episode volumes, $12.95 each; International Video Entertainment.

Saturday Night Live: 20 one-to-two-hour tapes, $15 each; Warner Home Video. (Our favorite episode: hosted by Carrie Fisher, featuring the Blues Brothers and Father Guido Sarducci.)

Secret Agent: eight 50-to-60-minute tapes, $20 each; MPI Home Video. (McGoohan's tour de force, a taut, stark series filled with edgy suspense and humor.)

The $64,000 Question: 29 minutes, $19.95; Video Yesteryear. (Remember the Revlon isolation booth?)

Star Trek: 77 one-episode tapes, $12.95 each; Paramount Home Video.

Upstairs, Downstairs: 14 50-minute tapes, $29.95 each; HBO Video, Inc.

Your Show of Shows: eight 66-minute volumes, $19.95 each; Unicorn Video. (Sid Caesar at his shtickiest, with help from newcomers Neil Simon, Mel Brooks and Woody Allen.) —STUART WARMFLASH

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VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
WANT A TWOSOME	***We're No Angels*** (on-the-lam cons Robert De Niro and Sean Penn don cassocks); ***Flashback*** (young Fed Kiefer Sutherland finds Sixties karma with burnout fugitive Dennis Hopper); ***The Bear*** (wee orphan cub turns to an ursa major for security; Disneyesque but superb).
WANT A DIVORCE	***The War of the Roses*** (Kathleen Turner and Michael Douglas destroy community property); ***Enemies, a Love Story*** (Holocaust survivor Ron Silver balances two wives and a mistress); ***She-Devil*** (Meryl Streep swipes Roseanne Barr's hubby; warth seeing for both at their worst).
FEELING DISPLACED	***Back to the Future Part II*** (Michael J. Fox dauble-parks the De Lorean in '56); ***Always*** (crashed pilot's ghast helps ex-gal Hally Hunter bag his pasthumous rival); ***Heart Condition*** (slain Denzel Washington has ticker transplanted into bady of bigot/cop/mistress-sharer Bob Hoskins).
FEELING BELEAGUERED	***Triumph of the Spirit*** (Nazis force imprisoned pug Willem Dafoe to fight); ***Blaze*** (Paul Newman, as Louisiana's populist gavernar Earl K. Long, in fatal fall far yummy stripper Lolita Davidavich); ***Shane*** (Alan Ladd defines reluctant gun-fighting hero; new low price).

GUEST SHOT

Although Adam Ant may be best known as a Brit rocker, he has actually been starring in movies since 1978's punk fantasy *Jubilee*, in which Queen Elizabeth I is transported to the present. Lately, Ant has been double-teaming movies and records, starring in such films as *Slam Dance* with Tom Hulce and this year releasing a new album, *Manners & Physique*. When choosing fodder for his VCR, Ant looks for the masters in any genre. "I love theater-trained British actors such as Terence Stamp and Gary Oldman. I also adore Arnold Schwarzenegger in things like *The Terminator*, for his terrific sense of humor." Bodies beautiful such as Arnold, Ant claims, often get dismissed, "as if somehow one can't possibly be good-looking and talented. Elizabeth Taylor is one of the most underrated actresses ever: Think of her and Montgomery Clift in *A Place in the Sun*!"

—LAURA FISSINGER

THE HARDWARE CORNER

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—MAURY LEVY

SHORT TAKES

Most *Macho* Cooking Vid Title: *Eat This*; **Least Appealing Nature Vid:** *City Wildlife: Mice, Rats & Roaches*; **Favorite Video Comeback:** *G.I. Joe: The Movie*; **Most Interesting Video Pastime:** *Breastfeeding for the Joy of It*; **Best It's-a-Dog's-World Video:** *Gundogs & Ringnecks: Pointing, Flushing, Retrieving*; **Least Subtle Exercise Video:** *Off Your Duff*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *To Cook a Duck*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Blacksmithing*.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

THIS MONTH, many of the best books come in pairs. Two masters of the literary game, Ray Bradbury and Elmore Leonard, have written Hollywood novels.

Bradbury soars with a poetic ebullience that is dazzling in ***A Graveyard for Lunatics*** (Knopf). This nightmare carnival begins in 1954, as a young screenwriter arrives at Maximus Studios on Halloween eve to write a horror film. He ends up seeing a ghost, cavorting with a bizarre cast of characters who are connected by a 20-year-old secret and writing a Biblical epic. Wild fantasy is piled upon grim reality in scene after scene of breathless, crazy dream logic right up to a surprising climax from which our hero awakens with a new view of the silver screen. Bradbury pulls out all the stops in this nostalgic magnum opus and gives us an all-American fireworks show of richly intermingled myths and memories.

In ***Get Shorty*** (Delacorte), his 28th novel, Elmore Leonard demonstrates that a smalltime Miami Shylock has all the requisite talents to make it big in movies: ruthlessness, greed, superficiality, desperation and definite ethical deficiencies. Better yet, he has colorful stories to tell at lunch. This is one of the most hilarious and cynical Hollywood revenge novels ever written. It is also, almost incidentally, a terrific caper. Leonard skewers the high-concept phoniness of studio biz with fast and funny dialog that puts a new twist on Oscar Wilde's notion that life imitates art. His ultimate revenge will be the expensive movie I'll bet Hollywood will make of this book.

A pair of outstanding literary biographies—***Less than a Treason: Hemingway in Paris*** (Oxford University), by Peter Griffin, and ***D. H. Lawrence: A Biography*** (Knopf), by Jeffrey Meyers—also hit the bookshelves together. The first volume of Griffin's Hemingway study, *Along with Youth* (1985), was acclaimed as an insightful analysis of influences in the writer's early life. This second volume begins in 1921, as the newly married Ernest and Hadley board a ship headed for Paris, and continues with Ernest in Cherbourg, six years later, meeting another ship that carries Pauline, his soon-to-be second wife. Griffin sets aside the usual academic format of sources, analysis and commentary to tell the riveting story of Hemingway's Paris years as an almost seamless narrative, a novelistic account of artistry, struggle and love. Griffin's refreshing technique "re-creates" the emotional texture of Hemingway's overanalyzed life in an original and revealing way, allowing us to *experience* an important period in a great writer's life.

Meyers' biography of Lawrence, which is gracefully written in the traditional manner, offers a new perspective on the restless and tortured life of the author who

Bradbury's *Graveyard for Lunatics*.

Two new views of the silver screen; revealing literary bios and Jazz Age nostalgia.

shocked readers in 1928 with his erotically explicit novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Like Hemingway, Lawrence utilized far more personal experience in his fiction than earlier critics had realized. Meyers has unearthed many new sources regarding Lawrence's stormy marriage to Frieda von Richthofen, his long history of illnesses, his curious sexual psychodynamics and his passionate commitment to social ideals. Most important, this biography illuminates many new aspects of Lawrence's genius and sends us back to his writings with fresh enthusiasm.

Voices of the Jazz Age (University of Illinois), by Chip Deffaa, and ***Jazz Singing*** (Scribner's), by Will Friedwald, add momentum to the burgeoning jazz revival. Deffaa profiles eight veterans of the Twenties, whose lives have spanned almost the entire history of jazz. Figures such as Freddie Moore, who played drums with King Oliver, and Sam Wooding, who took his Chocolate Kiddies orchestra to the Soviet Union in 1925, are included with more famous musicians, such as cornettists Bix Beiderbecke and Jimmy McPartland and tenor-sax player Bud Freeman. These warm portraits vividly evoke that early era of jazz in the words of the musicians who made it great.

There is plenty of nostalgia in Friedwald's survey of "America's Great Voices from Bessie Smith to Bebop and Beyond," but this book is primarily a fascinating, analytical study of styles and influences in jazz vocal recordings, accompanied by an excellent 20-page discography. Friedwald's appreciations of Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, Frank Sinatra and Betty Carter can teach you how to open your ears. On the other hand, his spleen-venting, reactionary remarks about Linda Ronstadt and Michael Feinstein suggest that his own ears could use a little opening.

One of the most startling nonfiction books of the year is Barry Siegel's ***A Death in White Bear Lake*** (Bantam), which chronicles the way in which a Minnesota community covered up—for two decades—the beating to death of a three-year-old boy. Only after the boy's birth mother came looking for the child she had given up for adoption did the authorities finally indict and convict the woman who had adopted and killed him. The most shocking aspect of this carefully documented and dramatically written account is the total failure of the social-services systems, the police department and even the coroner's office to investigate such an outrageous crime. Many of the neighbors knew what had happened; shamefully, they just didn't want to get involved.

Two memoirs recalling distinctly different experiences are ***The Coldest War: A Memoir of Korea*** (Crown), by James Brady, and ***Fade Out: The Scandalous Final Days of MGM*** (Morrow), by Peter Bart. On the 40th anniversary of the Korean War, Brady relives, graphically, the traumas of front-line duty as a young Marine platoon leader in this "forgotten war" that presaged Vietnam. This is tough, honest reportage at its best, a book that leaves you feeling shaken.

Bart describes his memoir of corporate warfare in Hollywood as a fascinating "hallucinogenic roller-coaster ride." In his role as senior vice-president for production of MGM/UA from 1983 to 1985, Bart witnessed the devastation of a once-great studio and watched Kirk Kerkorian walk away from the smoking ruins a billionaire. This is a stunning story of venality and stupidity, a parable for our times, and Bart tells it with both the savvy of a veteran reporter and the sadness of a survivor.

BOOK BAG

Stardust (Putnam's), by Robert B. Parker: Spenser returns with his usual aplomb to protect a gorgeous but boozy TV star from an ardent fan with a gun.

First Hubby (Villard), by Roy Blount Jr.: In his first novel, one of America's best humorists takes readers to the White House for a romantic, funny tale about the spouse of America's first female President.

Blossom (Knopf), by Andrew Vachss: Burke finds violence and abused kids everywhere he goes—in this case, on the mean streets of a nice Midwestern town, Merrillville, Indiana.

SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Recently, I was asked the difficult question of whom I hated the most—the inside trader who steals a billion dollars but spends only a year getting a suntan in a country-club prison and then lives happily ever after or the slow-playing golfer.

It was a jump ball.

But I do know how to deal with both of those sinners, to put an end to such crimes against society.

What you do with the white-collar thief after he has been found guilty is cut off his head, put it on a stake, put the stake on the lawn of a courthouse and invite every honest citizen in town to the festival of dancing and singing.

Cures for the slow-playing golfer are something else, for there are many more varieties of them—unlike the white-collar thieves, all of whom wear suspenders and most of whom married a banker's daughter who is still a sustaining member of the Junior League.

Let me say right here that no 18-hole round of golf, on any golf course in the world, should take more than three hours, unless there's heavy gambling involved, in which case it shouldn't take more than four hours because of the rule that says you can't take worse than seven on a hole.

Put the ball in your pocket, dummy, and get the fuck over to the next tee!

One type of slow-playing golfer is the out-of-towner who saw the course on TV and wants to hole out every putt in his fun-filled round of 147 from the gold tees so he can go back to Iowa and tell the gang how he played The Big Track.

This person can't possibly play a round of golf in less than six hours, which means that all of the poor players behind him are going to score ten to 15 shots above their handicaps, lose their voices hollering at him, then go home and kick their Yorkshire terriers senseless.

Dogs shouldn't have to suffer this kind of abuse because of an idiot on the golf course.

The solution is to carry a deer rifle in your golf bag instead of an umbrella.

If you're a good shot, the out-of-towner will die on about the second green. Even if you're a bad shot, you can probably nail him at the water hole, the fourth.

This is where you bury him under a tombstone that says, HERE LIES A RESORT GUEST. HE WAS NEVER UP, BUT NOW HE'S IN.

THE SLOW GOLFER

Another type of slow-playing golfer is part of the Keystone Karts.

He's a guy who generally wears Bermuda shorts, black socks, a baseball cap, and he has a very hard time making decisions.

If he's over on the right side of the fairway, his clubs are on the cart about 50 yards to the left. He goes over to check the lie. He goes back to the cart to get a club. He gets to his ball and decides he has the wrong club. He goes back to the cart, but it has been taken over behind the bunker, because the driver, who looks just like him, is looking for his ball.

The guy finally gets the club he wants and jogs back to his ball. He doesn't take the cart—that would be too quick.

Then he sets up to hit the shot. Six waggles. Eight waggles. Twelve waggles, along with 15 head bobs. He finally swings the club. It's a toe job that goes about 50 feet to the right.

It doesn't take long to realize that every member of the foursome is doing the same thing.

But the worst part is yet to come. They get to the green and nobody even bothers to line up a putt until somebody else has putted. And they all line it up from four sides and take 17 practice strokes, because they saw Greg Norman do it on television, even though Norman has never worn Bermuda shorts, black socks or a baseball cap.

Eventually, they finish the hole and go to the next tee, but you can't lob the grenade yet. One of the jerks forgot that he left the cart back in front of the green, so he has to run back and get it.

It's when they're all on the next tee unwrapping their peanut-butter cheese crackers and discussing whether the 128-yard par three demands a driver or a three wood that you pull the pin and blow them into the next county.

Many believe that there's no agony to compare to playing directly behind the family that golfs together.

Dad is a 21 handicapper, but he's a big, tough, *macho* guy, and even the championship tees make the course too short for him. If he could find a way to back up into a hedge and still swing, that is where he would like to play from.

Junior plays from the blues and Mom plays from the whites—she thinks these are the ladies' tees.

Dad hits his dart hook, or his hot top, or his condo slice, and then he moves forward to give Junior a golf lesson. He shows him the grip, the stance, aims him down the fairway and studies his practice swings.

This is on every tee, on every shot.

Dad does the same with Mom. Mom has a long, slow backswing, once she takes it away, which is after 20 minutes of studying the ball on the tee.

But Mom almost never hits the ball. Her club hits a foot behind it or six inches in front of it—and everybody has fun laughing at her.

Dad and Mom and Junior are never aware that there are people behind them. They may have noticed 17 golf carts stacked up on a tee back there, but it doesn't register.

Nobody gets to play through.

Dealing with the family that golfs together takes some planning. You can't shoot them, because that would involve killing Mom, and it would incur the wrath of too many feminist groups.

I say you somehow get Junior busted for drugs. He'll get 30 more years in prison than the inside trader who stole a billion dollars, and Dad and Mom will have to give up golf and spend the rest of their lives and all of their money on lawyers.

MEN

By ASA BABER

According to certain scholars, there is evidence that Albert Einstein's first wife was actually the genius. "My point is to say that the king had no clothes," Dr. Evan Harris Walker is quoted as saying about his research into the subject.

Einstein's first wife was named Mileva Einstein-Maric. They were married in 1904 and divorced 15 years later. Dr. Walker cites as evidence for his theory certain key phrases he gathered from correspondence between Einstein and Miss Maric in the years before Einstein published three important papers (including the one for which he won the Nobel Prize in physics in 1921).

Now, it is true that many traditional Einstein scholars scoff at Walker's investigations, but this is a blatantly feminist age in which many former kings are being stripped of their clothes (often in their very own offices and homes!). So I want to jump on Walker's feminist band wagon in support of his theory (hey, I want to be popular with women, too, you know), and I want to go one step further and suggest that *every* male genius was actually shaped, molded and informed by his wife.

To prove my point, I spent the past month interviewing the wives of some famous men. The results are astounding. Most of these women live in the Mothers, Wives and Daughters *Über Alles* feminist commune in Northern California.

"Albert? What a schmuck!" the former Mrs. Einstein said to me. She is an older woman now and she speaks vigorously but quietly. "He was impossible! He never wanted to work. He'd lie around, daydreaming, drinking beer, checking the Chicago Cubs box scores, calling his bookie. Oy vey! What could I do with him? I had these ideas about the universe, I tried to talk to him, but you know men—all they do is grunt. I'd scold him, he'd ignore me. I'd write his papers, he'd sign them, I'd send them off, he wouldn't even open the return mail unless it was from the lottery or Ed McMahon. Woody Allen called, wanted to do a movie about him, said he thought Albert was actually his natural father, presented a wonderful deal based on gross, not net, and Albert wouldn't talk with the boy. If it hadn't been for me. . . ."

THE WIVES HAVE IT!

"If it hadn't been for me." That phrase resounded like an eerie echo in all my interviews with wives of famous men. Take the former Anne Hathaway, for example. She, too, is an older woman now, and she lives in the same feminist commune in California, but what she had to say about her playwright husband is amazing.

"Bill was a hopeless drunk," she reported in an Elizabethan accent. "He and Ben Jonson and Chris Marlowe used to go down to the Mermaid Tavern and drink all night. They never worked! I was shocked, absolutely shocked. 'Are you mad?' I would ask him. 'You're trying to make a living as a dramatist, the name Shakespeare finally has a little clout and can get top billing at the Globe, and yet you waste your time in bars and brothels, drinking and wenching, belching and throwing up. What am I to do with you?'"

"What *did* you do with him?" I asked.

"I wrote his plays, of course," she said to me with a sniff. "*Somebody* had to write them. If it hadn't been for me, nothing would have been produced. It was our family's only means of support, so I did it."

"You wrote *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* and *Othello*?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. All of them. Lady Macbeth was based on an absolute bitch of an actress who had her eyes on Willie."

"You're telling me that *The Tempest* and *Julius Caesar* and *Twelfth Night* were yours?"

"Yes," she said and sniffed again. "And when he died, what thanks did I get? He left me his 'second-best bed.' That was in his will. How typically, pitifully male of him, the ungrateful wretch."

But none of this can compare to my talk with the wife of Genghis Khan, supposedly the man who ruled over all and was ruled by none. His wife, Mitzi, lives in California, too, and what she has to say about him will curl your toes.

"When I met Genghis," Mrs. Khan said with some bitterness, "the guy couldn't ride a horse. As God is my witness, he would jump up on one side of the animal and then fall off on the other. What a *putz*! No ambition. No guts. He was afraid of everything when we started dating. He didn't like swords or razors, he was scared of fire, he hated loud noises, the very idea of violence made him nauseated. We're talking a serious case of momma's boy here. We're talking about an Oriental Alan Alda, the Phil Donahue of the Eastern world. Genghis the dingus, you know what I mean? If it hadn't been for me, you never would have heard of him."

"So you taught him to be ruthless and domineering and risk-taking?" I asked her.

"Nope," she said, sitting back.

"But he was all those things," I said.

She stuck her thumb toward her chest. "That was me," she said. "Genghis stayed at home. I did the real work. People thought it was him. But it was me."

"You?" I asked.

"You bet your bippie," she said. "A little make-up, a false Fu Manchu mustache, a little cross-dressing, a few voice lessons—and bingo!—Mitzi Khan, emperor of the world." She stood and smiled.

I was stunned. "Wow!" I said. "I guess behind every famous man there's a more powerful woman."

"Honey," Mitzi Khan said to me, "if God had wanted men to rule the world, She would have given them courage and brains."

I agreed with her, as you knew I would.

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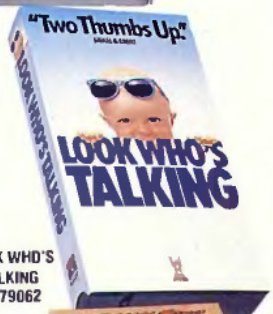

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P75/P81/N22

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P76/P82/N23

Account # _____ Expiration Date _____

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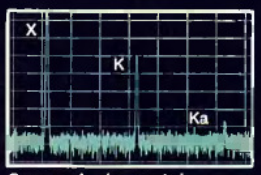
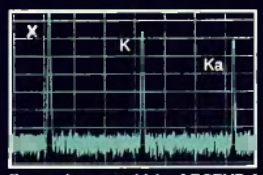


Current radar detector designs use a harmonic of the fundumeatal mixer to detect K and Ka band radar. This significantly reduces sensitivity on these radar frequencies.



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966PB

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Never have I seen a problem like mine discussed in *The Playboy Advisor*. I have a terrific boyfriend whom I've been seeing for a couple of months; sex so far has been pretty damned good but rather sporadic. Initially, we both opted for using a condom. He had previously been careless at times and was worried about giving me a sexually transmitted disease. He went to his doctor, who gave him a clean bill of health, and I, too, checked out. Since we had both agreed to see no one but each other, we talked about birth control and decided that I would switch to the pill and we would set the condoms aside. But, lo and behold, when it came time to make love without them, he felt so uncomfortable he couldn't proceed. We talked about it (our communication is great), but he was at a loss for an explanation. When I suggested that perhaps it was too intimate for him after using condoms all this time, he seemed sort of surprised but agreed that that might be part of it. I don't get it—he constantly tells me how crazy he is about me and how long he has searched for someone like me, but this is too intimate? Help!—Miss A. J., New Brunswick, New Jersey.

This is a perfect rebuttal to those who say there is no harm in telling people to be afraid of AIDS. Too much caution can cripple healthy desire. Fear is a habit that's hard to break. We've heard of people who after years of avoiding conception finally go off birth control and are unable to proceed. When you change the subtext, you change the sex. Your partner could have a fear of intimacy, of sexually transmitted diseases, of birth-control failure. He may have been happy to wear condoms for another reason (maybe he has herpes or genital warts and finds that it is easier to play it safe than to have <u>that</u> conversation). Or he may be unduly fond of latex. Maybe he is a neatness freak and got used to never having to sleep on the wet spot. Don't overanalyze or you'll create other problems. Proceed slowly. First, agree that sex without condoms is your goal. Indulge in oral sex (sans condom), touching (sans condom) or show and tell—masturbate in front of each other (sans condom). Then sleep in the nude together and when he gets a nocturnal erection, jump his bone.

A friend of mine uses car wax on his compact discs. He says the polish removes tiny scratches that cause skipping, clicking and popping. He polishes both sides—which doesn't make a lot of sense to me, since I have always assumed that only the bottom of the CD contains information. Is he nuts?—D. W., Chicago, Illinois.

*Obsessive, yes. Nuts, no. We have to ask what he does to his CDs to get them in such terrible shape in the first place—indoor skeet shooting? Dirt and grime will eventually affect a CD; if your sound system is in a smoke-filled room, a smog zone or a fingerprint lab, you may notice deterioration in sound. The solution: Clean the disc with a clean, damp cloth, wiping in straight lines across the disc (not in a circular motion, as you would an LP—remember those?). You are correct in assuming that the nonlabel side of the CD is more important, but care should be taken with the label side, too. Scratches on the label can affect the playback. Using car wax (*The New York Times *recommends Rally cream) or a commercially available CD polish will help eliminate some scratches. Be sure to clean the disc first or you'll simply embed the dirt.*

Is it possible to break an erection? One of my buddies says he heard of a guy who fractured his hard-on and had to be rushed to the hospital. There's not a bone there, so what breaks?—H. K., Baltimore, Maryland.

According to an article in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *it is possible to break your boner: "Fracture of the penis occurs relatively infrequently. But when it does, it presents a traumatic emergency. It is an injury that can happen only when the penis is in a state of erection and thus vulnerable to traumatic insult. . . . A third of these injuries occur during intercourse when the vaginal introitus is inadvertently missed, resulting in forceful contact of the penis with the pubic bone or perineum. Penile fracture has also been reported with masturbation, self-mutilation, rolling onto an erect penis, direct trauma from a second party (or even a frisky horse), bumping the erect penis into a bedpost or nightstand or forcing an erect penis into a pair of trousers. . . . Patients generally seek immediate medical attention because of severe pain and extreme penile swelling (three to four times normal circumference)." Sounds grim. Maybe you should tie a red flag on the end of it, just in case. Doctors used to treat the injury with ice packs, compression dressings and catheters. Now they perform minor surgery to repair the torn tissue and to drain blood from the area. Victims have to refrain from sex for six weeks following surgery. So don't get rambunctious.*

Every time I walk into a shoe store, I'm confronted with something new. First it was extra eyeholes for laces, then it was air pumps, now it's something called cross-training shoes. What are they?—T. L., Dallas, Texas.

We recall seeing a bumper sticker that read: JESUS WAS THE FIRST CROSS-TRAINER. *These are not shoes to be worn to a Passion play or a crucifix pull. (This is not an anti-Christian slander—just something to wake up the Reverend Wildmon.) No, they are simply glorified sneakers, or high-performance utility sport shoes. If you are tired of having one pair of shoes for each of your sports—the ones you wear trying to pick up chicks on the tennis court, the ones you wear trying to pick up chicks at aerobics class, the ones you wear trying to impress the guys at the hoops—cross-trainers will clean out your closet. Apparently, shoe companies are reacting to the change in fitness regimes, noting that almost no one is obsessive about one sport. Instead, people do a little of this, a little of that, as little as possible. Cross-trainers can be used for different pursuits, since they combine the stability of court shoes with the cushion of running shoes and the price of designer shoes. Check 'em out.*

Often, I find myself looking at what I'd consider a distractingly attractive woman and thinking about what it would be like to indulge in my sexual fantasy with her: We would both be naked, lying on a couch or a bed, and I would position myself over her and begin gently kissing her shoulder. Then I'd kiss up the side of her neck to the point just below her ear lobe, moving down her jaw to her chin, then to her lower lip. I'd stroke my tongue, which has been described by some women as massive, down her throat to the point between her clavicles. I'd kiss down her chest, past the area between her breasts, then back up across her breast to the nipple, around which I'd slowly lick with the tip of my tongue. Then I'd lick back to the area between her breasts and nibble my way down her torso to her navel, continuing to where her pubic hair begins. At that point, I would gently spread open her cunt and softly blow across her clit as I moved my mouth down toward it, gently taking it between my teeth and slowly rubbing the tip of my tongue up and down it. When I released it, I would extend my tongue to its fullest

width, pressing it against her clit and sliding it slowly from side to side. After doing that for ten to 15 minutes, I would resume holding her clit between my teeth, closing my lips around it and sliding my lips and teeth up and off. I'd move to the area just below her pubic hair, licking her from side to side. When she told me to stop, I'd move back up her torso to her navel, her breasts and her shoulders and then start the whole thing over again, if she'd let me. Some people might consider it kind of strange, but I would not want her to do anything to me afterward in return, other than simply lying beside me and cuddling. I've had a couple of experiences in which the women gave me head, but it didn't excite me that much. Is it strange for a guy to be turned off by something most guys are usually turned on by, and turned on by something most guys sometimes think twice about?—K. S., Summerville, South Carolina.

There is nothing wrong with your attitude. Our assistant thought your letter was one good reason to move to South Carolina. What we don't understand is why you took the time to write to us. The only thing that got licked was the stamp. Take your act on the road.

I am an audio/video enthusiast. In two residences, I have noted a discoloration on my video screen in certain locations. When I move the TV around, the spots go away. Evidently, some magnetic or electric field is affecting the picture or the tube. Is this common? What is causing this discoloration? Is there some way that I can take care of it without moving furniture?—P. J., Santa Clara, California.

It's common for TVs to experience discoloration due to placement. Picture tubes are sensitive to magnetic fields from the earth's pull and will show a color splotch or a discoloration when positioned in strong magnetic fields. Facing the picture tube in another direction can make the difference between a good picture and a discolored one. Some TVs have polarity switches, set according to the direction the TV faces, that compensate for the earth's magnetic field and the TV's placement. A TV positioned close to an A.C. line in the wall can also produce discoloration or color splotches. Appliances such as vacuum cleaners, when operated near the TV, also can cause magnetic fields that will affect the picture. If your TV doesn't have a polarity switch, your only solution is to experiment with its placement until you find a satisfactory one.

After a 14-year absence from the dating scene, I have found a few changes. I am now dating women who have children who require sitters. What is the present-day etiquette regarding the payment of the sitter? Should I pay, offer to pay or ignore the situation?—S. M., Boca Raton, Florida.

The cleanest rule is this: You are dating the woman, not her offspring. You do not get involved in her family until the two of you have something more serious going. The corollary of this is that a single parent does not involve the child with every single date—unless there's going to be a relationship between the adults. Don't try to buy the kid with presents. Don't try to impress your date with pseudo fathering. The greatest generosity you can show a single parent is to be patient with the monkey wrench a no-show baby sitter can throw into your best-laid plans.

I've heard that the best California red wines are now labeled Meritage. It has always been my understanding that the top California reds are the cabernet sauvignons. What's happening?—T. P., Hartford, Connecticut.

While the majority of the best California red wines are made primarily from cabernet-sauvignon grapes, a number of innovative wine makers—looking to expand the range and subtlety of their offerings—have been using a blend of grapes in some of their premium reds. In this regard, they are following the practice of many of the leading châteaux of the Bordeaux region of France. In addition to cabernet sauvignon, such wines may include one or more of the following grapes: merlot, cabernet franc, petit verdot and malbec. California wine regulations specify that for a wine to bear a varietal label (such as cabernet sauvignon), it must contain at least 75 percent of that grape. Many of these new Bordeaux-style wines don't. Recently, an association of about 30 California wineries that make these new premium blended wines registered the name Meritage (chosen through a contest) to serve as a categorical designation. Use of Meritage on the label is purely voluntary, however, and only a handful of eligible wineries—Dry Creek, Franciscan, Cosentino and a few others—have so far adopted it. Other wineries have chosen to use their own proprietary names, the most notable examples being the Robert Mondavi/Mouton Rothschild Opus One and the Dominus Estate Dominus. Incidentally, the Meritage designation can also be applied to Bordeaux-style white wines made with a blend of sauvignon blanc, sémillon and muscatel.

Once and for all, what's the scoop on having sex before an athletic contest? Does intercourse affect athletic performance?—R. S., Boston, Massachusetts.

Researchers at the University of Geneva Hospital put 16 professional athletes through some rigorous testing. Within two hours of making love to their usual partners, the athletes underwent electrocardiograph testing, maximal stress and endurance tests on an ergometric bicycle, mental-concentration tests and testosterone blood sampling. Ten hours after intercourse, the tests were repeated. Researchers found a slight difference on only one measure. There was a slower recovery time after the maximal stress test when the athletes had just had intercourse. There was no difference in recovery time ten hours after intercourse. In addition, the researchers found no difference between active and abstinent days. So, as long as you don't do it on the bus on the way to the game, it looks like sex is a perfect form of cross-training.

Recently, I saw a Mexicana Airlines ad that spoke glowingly of a Mexican food item not familiar to me—*huitlacoche*. It sounds enticing, but I haven't been able to find it. Is it available this side of the Rio Grande? What is *huitlacoche* and how is it used?—G. G., New York, New York.

Although new to you, huitlacoche *(also spelled* cuitlacoche*) is known as the corn truffle, or maize mushroom, and has been part of Mexico's gastronomic scene for centuries. It is just now becoming available in the States, through the efforts of El Aficionado, an importer of distinctive Mexican fare. Like truffles and mushrooms,* huitlacoche *is a fungus. Improbably, this rich blue-black substance grows inside the cornhusk, under the silk. When heated, it gives off a haunting, smoky-sweet aroma and a subtle blend of musky, earthy, mushroomy and sweet-corn tastes.* Huitlacoche *may be used in a variety of ways—in sauces, soups, omelets, dips and spreads, fillings for crepes, even desserts. Rosa Mexicano, a Mexican restaurant in New York, has concocted a* huitlacoche *ice cream.* Huitlacoche *can be obtained fresh during the summer corn season at better vegetable markets and at top Mexican restaurants. It is also found in the freezer cases of specialty-food shops. For information, contact El Aficionado, 540 East 20th Street, New York 10009. Telephone: 212-477-8947.*

This is an anatomical question. Imagine you are standing behind a beautiful young woman. She is unclothed or perhaps in a G string. With her legs together, she bends slightly forward at the waist, keeping her legs straight. Now, starting at her ankles, your eyes follow the curve created by the inside of her legs. From the knees, the curve is most seductive. It touches at the knees, then gracefully tapers apart, only to whisper back together at the inner thighs. From there, the curve blossoms into an arched diamond, through which a shadow of the labia can be seen. It is, without doubt, the most erotic feature of beautiful women. Is there any special name for this curve or for the budding diamond it produces?—M. M., Rohnert Park, California.

Yes: nirvana.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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THIS MALT BEVERAGE CONTAINS LESS THAN ½ OF 1% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME.

NO MORE HONEYMOONERS

By Kate Nolan

Maybe you've seen the Government's figure: Drug abuse costs us 33 billion dollars annually in lost productivity. Pretty sinister, eh? But a new study says there is an even more imposing threat to the workplace: marriage.

The Ohio Psychological Association conducted a survey in which 55 small-business managers rated the influence of various personal problems on the productivity of their workers. Twenty-two percent said drug abuse had a "very negative impact on productivity." OK, no surprise. But what can we make of the fact that almost twice as many—42 percent of them in all—put "divorce or other marital problems" in the "very negative" column, right beside the pharmacological stuff? It looks as though marital spats are screwing up American businesses at a higher clip than drugs are. Let's play the numbers game: Based on these figures, marriage costs America 60 billion dollars a year—not counting what Johnny Carson pays in alimony.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union had it wrong—*matrimony* is the curse of the working class. And the open pursuit of family values is bad for business. Yesterday's innocent tiff begets today's forklift accident, tomorrow's control-tower mishap or next Tuesday's misplaced bank deposit.

And, alarmingly, the marriage menace is on the rise. If they're right in Ohio, it looks as though American capitalism is due for a crash.

Washington's response to crisis being what it is, a plan to stamp out matrimony is, undoubtedly, already in the works.

"What we need is a marriage czar," somebody in the White House—Jim Baker or John Sununu?—has most likely said recently. "What's Marvin Mitchelson up to?"

Trusted advisors have probably gone to work on a plan of action for the newly named czar, who will roundly blame the crisis on the secular humanists, *The Simpsons* and Nintendo. And their blueprint for solving the matrimonial crisis will no doubt read something like this:

Interdiction—Cut marriage off at its source. Start with quick fixes such as 24-hour marriage chapels in Las Vegas and work up to churches, synagogues and other matrimonial cartels.

Reduce demand—Win the battle in the streets. Stamp out bridal registries. Mark *Bride's* magazine for special assault. Call it the new pornography. Target *thirtysomething*, *The Cosby Show* and *Roseanne*. Have Tipper Gore start a new committee: Single Head of Household Resource Center. (Note to Tipper: Better tell Al.) Have Donald Wildmon target radio stations that play schmaltzy love songs. Demand that record companies put labels on any LP that includes suggestive lyrics (examples: "Get me to the church on time" and "Going to the chapel and we're gonna get married"). Censor comic Henny Youngman (example: "Take my [bleep]. Please").

Legislation—Outlaw interstate travel with intent to marry. Require all jewelers to register wedding bands sold. Make blood tests mandatory—for killer diseases such as rabies and chicken pox—and prohibitively expensive. Establish FCC-like commission.

Education—Teach children to act responsibly, to know the connubial dangers and to learn to "Just say no" in the face of a proposal. Instruct them to inform authorities of any overheard proposals.

Employee testing—Institute random incompatibility testing to identify workers who are involved in malevolent marriages. Encourage workers to monitor one another and to divulge indications of marital discord. Teach them how to spot a domestic crisis. Such seemingly innocent remarks as "I hate it when he leaves the seat up" may be an SOS.

Rehabilitation—Work with the affected part of the population and try to reform it, put offenders on marriage-maintenance programs, order separate vacations. Subsidize Federal Singles Dating Service. Introduce American industry to the midafternoon brat break—seems to work for the Germans.

Of course, when the Administration declares war on matrimony, there will be whiners who argue that it is declaring war on America itself, that the proposals criminalize our brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law.

Sure they do. So does the war on drugs.

READER

ANTICHOICE PR

The Catholic Church is giving a public-relations firm $5,000,000 to design an anti-choice advertising campaign. IRS, take note: That looks to me like an abuse of the Church's tax-exempt status.

H. Bailey
New York, New York

All over the country, Catholic churches and schools are closing because dioceses lack the money to continue operating them. At the same time, the Catholic bishops of the United States have agreed to commit major money to an anti-abortion advertising campaign. That does not compute.

S. Hall
Chicago, Illinois

America's Roman Catholic bishops apparently think that one's stand on the abortion issue can be influenced in the same manner as one's choice of soft drink. How obnoxious to reduce an important personal-rights issue to the level of brand loyalty.

P. Riley
Sacramento, California

Roman Catholic bishops are entitled to all of the tools of free expression—even an advertising campaign. Having failed to persuade the flock from the pulpit, the bishops now want to reach it via more sophisticated, slick and/or sleazy avenues. As one commentator noted, "PR is what you turn to when the truth doesn't work." The Constitution requires separation of church and state, not separation of church and the market place of ideas. However, for the Church to put its money in a costly public-relations campaign to influence people's opinions about a politically hot topic is a sad statement at a time when the homeless fill the streets.

FOR THE RECORD

PRAIRIE HOME PURITAN

Humorist Garrison Keillor, speaking in defense of the National Endowment for the Arts before the Senate Subcommittee on Education, Arts and Humanities.

"My ancestors were Puritans from England. They arrived here in 1648 in the hope of finding greater restrictions than were permissible under English law at that time. But over the years, we Puritans have learned something about repression, and it's as true today as when my people arrived: Man's interest in the forbidden is sharp and constant.

"If Congress doesn't do something about obscene art, we'll have to build galleries twice as big to hold the people who want to see it. And if Congress does do something about obscene art, the galleries will need to be even bigger than that. We've heard three or four times this morning that, of eighty-five thousand works funded by the NEA, only twenty were controversial. I don't know why anyone would cite that as something to be proud of."

A QUESTION OF TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

As a staunch defender of the First Amendment, *Playboy*, I'm sure, will be outraged to learn that the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon (yes, the Wildmon who leads boycotts of television-program sponsors, who leads campaigns against men's magazines and erotic videos and who attacks the National Endowment for the Arts) is himself the victim of censorship.

Yes, by God, the newspaper *USA Today* has found one of the reverend's full-page ads detailing what his group, the American Family Association, finds offensive to be itself so offensive that the paper doesn't want to publish it. The ad graphically details just what the A.F.A. finds odious about NEA-sponsored art exhibits and performances. For example, it says that the NEA funded porn star Annie Sprinkle's performance in which, according to the ad, she invites the audience to "inspect her vagina and cervix with the aid of a flashlight" and performs "oral sex on rubber penises." It also defines the terms fisting and golden showers.

I'd like to see *USA Today* accept the ad—on the condition that the *AFA Journal* accept an ad for Sprinkle's show.

J. Hamilton
Olympia, Washington

Maybe USA Today *decided against publishing the ad because it wasn't true. Sprinkle's performance did not receive funding from the NEA.*

I thought you'd be interested in this excerpt from the *Congressional Record*. It is a portion of Al McCandless' speech before Congress. McCandless is an ultraconservative Republican Representative from California. This is apparently what Wildmon's friends think of him:

"Mr. Speaker, when individuals or groups intentionally use falsehoods, half-truths and incorrect information in an effort to raise money, I believe that our constituents should be warned. Specifically, I would like to address my comments to a group calling itself the American Family Association.

"I have received a number of inquiries from my constituents about articles which were printed in the *AFA Journal* about a letter asking for money for the A.F.A. signed by Donald E. Wildmon.... The letter contains several serious inaccuracies and misrepresentations about a vote which took place in the House of Representatives on September thirteenth, 1989.

"To charactize that vote, as the A.F.A. has, as a vote for 'supporting the NEA in its abuse and misuse of tax dollars' is a gross misrepresentation of the facts. For an organization which claims to support family values to resort to falsehoods designed to enrage people for the expressed purpose of raising money for itself is inexcusable. Such an organization is not deserving of either money or credibility.

"The [*AFA Journal*] has previously misrepresented the facts when, in its

January 1990 issue, it carried an article titled 'CONGRESS CONTINUES FUNDING PORNOGRAPHIC, ANTI-CHRISTIAN "ART" WITH TAX DOLLARS,' supposedly written by Congressman [Dana] Rohrabacher. Because he neither wrote the article nor gave the publication permission to use his name, Congressman Rohrabacher took the highly unusual step of disavowing the article.

"Mr. Speaker, our constituents deserve the facts and the truth. Unfortunately, apparently in its zeal for money, the A.F.A. has overlooked both."

(Name and address withheld by request)

McCandless was not the only Congressman to attack Wildmon before Congress. Representative Robin Tallon, a Democrat from South Carolina, also expressed difficulties with Wildmon. The following is Tallon's speech recorded in the "Congressional Record":

"I know that many of my colleagues have been swamped by angry protests from constituents who have been misinformed as to the Congressional action on the National Endowment for the Arts. The American Family Association has been circulating distorted interpretations of the Congressional votes related to NEA funding and [the AFA Journal] *has misinformed its readership as to the nature of many NEA grants.*

"In fact, I voted to remove funding for the NEA equivalent to several controversial projects considered to be obscene. I am disappointed that the A.F.A. chooses to deliberately misinform my constituency, and I am appalled that I should have to defend myself against falsely generated material."

MALE BASHING

I thought *Playboy* readers would find recent goings on in middle America interesting. In 1988, the city of Wichita formed a task force to study the issue of domestic violence. I requested time to address the task force, in order to share with it sociological data establishing that within the spectrum of domestic violence, women commit violence against men at an incident rate on par with men's violence against women. The task force granted me five minutes to speak. However, when it released findings and recommendations several months later, it noted in its report that I had made a presentation on wife abuse—not husband abuse.

The major recommendation of the report was that Wichita implement a policy requiring a police officer answering a domestic-violence dispute to make an arrest if he determined probable cause that a crime had been committed, and the victim would have no choice as to whether or not the offender were prosecuted. Local officers have already undergone in-service instruction on domestic violence by the local women's crisis center. Such instruction educates cops to believe that 95 percent of domestic violence is perpetrated by men. What we can expect, then, is that 95 percent of those arrested

WHAT THEY LEARN IN SCHOOL

By Jerome Stern

In the schools now, they want them to know all about marijuana, crack, heroin and amphetamines,
Because then they won't be interested in marijuana, crack, heroin and amphetamines,
But they don't want to tell them about sex, because if the schools tell them about sex, then they will be interested in sex,
But if the schools don't tell them anything about sex,
Then they will have high morals, and no one will get pregnant, and everything will be all right,
And they do want them to know a lot about computers so they will outcompute the Japanese,
But they don't want them to know anything about real science, because then they will lose their faith and become secular humanists,
And they do want them to know all about this great land of ours so they will be patriotic,
But they don't want them to learn about the tragedy and pain in its real history, because then they will be critical about this great land of ours, and we will be passively taken over by a foreign power,
And they want them to learn how to think for themselves so they can get good jobs and be successful,
But they don't want them to have books that confront them with real ideas, because that will confuse their values,
And they'd like them to be good parents,
But they can't teach them about families, because that takes them back to how you get to be a family,
And they want to warn them about how not to get AIDS,
But that would mean telling them how not to get AIDS,
And they'd like them to know the Constitution,
But they don't like some of those amendments, except when they are invoked by the people they agree with,
And they'd like them to vote,
But they don't want them to discuss current events, because it might be controversial and upset them and make them want to take drugs, which they already have told them all about,
And they want to teach them the importance of morality,
But they also want them to learn that Winning is not everything—it is the Only Thing,
And they want them to be well read,
But they don't want them to read Chaucer or Shakespeare or Aristophanes or Mark Twain or Ernest Hemingway or John Steinbeck, because that will corrupt them,
And they don't want them to know anything about art, because that will make them weird,
But they do want them to know about music so they can march in the band,
And they mainly want to teach them not to question, not to challenge, not to imagine but to be obedient and behave well so that they can hold them forever as children to their bosom as the second millennium lurches toward its panicky close.

Jerome Stern is a professor of English at Florida State University in Tallahassee. This monolog originally aired on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered," a daily news broadcast.

READER RESPONSE (continued)

for domestic violence will be male—and at least 50 percent of the time, the wrong person will have been arrested.

Douglas E. Mould, Ph.D.
Wichita, Kansas

TAKING CENSUS

As of April first, 57 percent of the households that had received a census form had returned it to the Census Bureau. No doubt many of the people who filled out the form trust the Government's assurance that the information will not be given to any public or private agency. But let's look at history.

During World War One, the Census Bureau handed the Justice Department the names of draft-age men. Armed with that information, the Justice Department was able to go after draft resisters. During World War Two, it didn't give out names, but it gave the Armed Services enough information for them to round up Japanese Americans for relocation.

In peacetime, the Census Bureau has released information that has enabled city governments to evict people from "illegal" two-family dwellings. In 1983, the IRS attempted to combine census data with private mailing lists in order to swoop down on people it figured were tax cheats. With the use of more sophisticated computers, the IRS will undoubtedly be able to abuse census data more thoroughly.

The Census Bureau has a standard line for citizens nervous about privacy: "You divulge more when you apply for a credit card than you do on the census." Why is it that only Uncle Sam's *carte rouge, blanche et bleu* asks us our race and whether we are living with an unmarried partner?

There are still states with antifornication laws as well as sodomy laws. Are unmarried partners, gay or straight, really going to turn themselves in to the Feds? And are women on welfare really going to acknowledge that their boyfriends live with them? By the looks of the census return rate, fewer people than the Government would like are stupid enough to tell the truth to the Government.

John Dentinger
Los Angeles, California

A RETURN TO NORML

While reading William J. Helmer's "Saint Valentine's Day, the Massacre Continues" (*The Playboy Forum*, March), it struck me that something has gone awry. Helmer suggests that nobody has proposed legalizing domestic marijuana. Whatever happened to NORML?

Hugh M. Hefner and *Playboy* have assisted NORML in its fight to legalize marijuana.

NORML has fought the Drug Enforcement Administration for 17 years, petitioning to remove marijuana from the list of highly addictive narcotics with no medicinal value. NORML has kept many of the most oppressed nonviolent members of society out of jail and has tried to keep the Government at least somewhat honest about marijuana.

On Labor Day weekend, we will celebrate our 20th anniversary. Don't ignore us now.

Al Byrne
National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws
2001 S Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20009

Helmer proposes to legalize domestic marijuana in a package that includes decriminalizing the sale of hard drugs and penalizing hard-drug use. The package he is proposing is unique.

BOYCOTT BOX SCORE

Right-to-Life organizations recently urged followers to boycott 11 environmental and wildlife groups. Why? Because groups such as the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth and the National Audubon Society advocate family planning to slow world population growth. Gee, maybe this explains why only 20,000,000 people turned out for Earth Day.

Thankfully, other misguided boycotts have landed with an equally resounding thud. The Reverend Donald Wildmon, our favorite Southern-fried fundamentalist, has had ongoing boycotts against many products, including, most recently, Clorox—for sponsoring *Miami Vice* and *China Beach*. Clorox, which did not cave in to the extremists, recorded an increase in sales—from $330,000,000 in the first quarter of 1989 to $367,000,000 in the first quarter of 1990, and from $272,000,000 in the second quarter of 1989 to $295,000,000 in the second quarter of 1990.

Another boycott that backfired occurred when antichoice extremists threatened to boycott AT&T unless it withdrew support from Planned Parenthood. AT&T caved in—with the following results: Some P.P. backers sent in higher-than-usual donations, some sent AT&T stock, others switched telephone service to Ma Bell's competitors. Sympathetic AT&T employees took up a collection for Planned Parenthood. A full-page ad (right) called attention to AT&T's PR gaffe.

CAVING IN TO EXTREMISTS, AT&T HANGS UP ON PLANNED PARENTHOOD.

Planned Parenthood Federation of America

Meanwhile, we have an eye on our favorite boycott, launched when the governor of Idaho vetoed one of the most repressive anti-abortion bills to come out of a state legislature since the Supreme Court reconsidered *Roe vs. Wade*. Right-to-Lifers called for a boycott of Idaho potatoes. Duds against spuds. No more Mr. Potato Head.

If history repeats itself, it's time to speculate on potato futures.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BARE-BREAST BROUHAHA

NASHVILLE—*The Tennessee legislature has been locked in debate over the state's governor's antipornography bill, which includes the display of women's bare breasts*

in its list of criminal nudity. The house passed the bill, but it stalled in the senate after one senator showed his colleagues a picture of Madonna baring a breast in Vanity Fair *and commented that under the governor's proposal, the magazine would be considered criminal. An amendment to delete women's breasts was adopted. Enough said.*

DIAL A DEAL

ST. PAUL—*In order to make drug dealing a little more difficult and a little less secure, the U S West telephone company has replaced some of its modern Touch-Tone pay phones with old-fashioned rotary-dial models. Rotaries don't work with the pagers pushers use to conduct business; thus, dealers are forced to make and take calls from their home phones, which can be tapped. Drug trafficking has decreased noticeably in some city locations. However, one company is already marketing a pager that can be used with a rotary dial.*

BLOCK THAT SHOW

LOS ANGELES—*Americans are all for censoring other people's TV viewing, according to a survey commissioned by* Parents Magazine. *"People do not think that they need restricted programing as much as they think that other people do. They're concerned about the programs that may be watched by young people, whom they want to protect, or by people who are predisposed to be violent and aggressive and may copy behavior they see on television," said sociologist Jack Levin. Seventy-four percent of those polled want to censor four-letter words; 72 percent want to cut out ridiculing religion; 64 percent would delete mocking traditional institutions such as marriage; 55 percent would censor scenes even suggesting homosexual activity; and 54 percent want to expurgate objective discussions of Satanism.*

WHO'S BEEFING?

The Farm Animal Reform Movement's one-day national "meat-out," promoted by celebrities Doris Day, River Phoenix and Casey Kasem, succeeded in Pittsburgh, where soup kitchens served nonanimal life to the homeless, but did not go over well in Iowa, a land of pork and beef. Des Moines mayor John Dorian caught so much flak for issuing a vegetarian proclamation that he quickly rejoined the meat eaters. He conceded that "it's probably something that should never have been signed."

PR GETS F

BOSTON—*The sexual behavior of college students hasn't changed much in the past 14 years, despite the advent of AIDS and the increase in the incidence of sexually transmitted diseases. Researchers who conducted a study at Brown University concluded that "public-health campaigns have not had a substantial influence on the habits and behavior of these well-educated young adults."*

PORN DIDN'T MAKE HIM DO IT

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY—*Ted Bundy used the porn-made-me-do-it argument and John List used the religion-made-me-do-it defense. List, killer of his wife, mother and three children, was, according to his lawyer, a deeply religious man and loving father who murdered his family to send their souls to heaven. Will James Dobson, the religious broadcaster who used Bundy to crusade against pornography, use List to crusade against religion? Somehow, we doubt it.*

HOT ENVIRONMENT

SACRAMENTO—*Legal experts are calling a California supreme court ruling "the cutting edge of change." The rule? That employees have a right to sue for sexual harassment even if they themselves are not harassed. Calling her complaint "environmental sexual harassment," a nurse won the right to sue, claiming that a doctor had bothered her by grabbing her breasts and squeezing her so hard he cracked her ribs. When she complained to hospital administrators, the doctor ceased his activity—on her—but continued harassing other nurses. "I had to watch it and it was stressful and unprofessional," said the nurse. The court agreed.*

HOLE IN THE WALL GANG

COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO—*People have a right to expect privacy in a public-rest-room stall—even if it has a four-inch hole in its wall. In reversing the conviction of a man accused of masturbating behind the closed door of a toilet stall, the court of appeals agreed that before peering through the hole and catching the man in the act of "obscene live conduct," a misdemeanor, the police needed probable cause that the suspect was committing a crime. They had originally staked out the public rest room to uncover homosexual activity.*

THE GREAT ROCK

the parents' music resource

THE BATTLE BEGINS

In the beginning was the word and the word was sex. The war to put warning labels on record albums began in 1985, when Tipper Gore, Senator Albert Gore, Jr.'s, wife, heard her daughter play Prince's song *Darling Nikki*: "I met her in a hotel lobby, masturbating with a magazine." Tipper was shocked and, along with Susan Baker, wife of James A. Baker III, organized the Parents' Music Resource Center (P.M.R.C.). The influential wives prodded Congress into holding hearings to showcase their simplistic belief that rock lyrics cause violence and sexual irresponsibility.

As a result of the hearings, record companies reluctantly agreed to place warning stickers on albums that contained explicit lyrics. But they didn't move fast enough for some.

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT LYRICS

The label the record industry will use.

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION, Doug Marlette, *New York Newsday*

SAY WHAT, TIPPER?

"We are strong advocates of the First Amendment and its protections of free speech and free expression. We do not and have not advocated or supported restrictions on those rights. We have never proposed Government action."

—TIPPER GORE and SUSAN BAKER

"Slapping on labels that are pejorative, that imply that records have 'bad things' on them, is a violation of the First Amendment."

—BARRY LYNN, legislative counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union

THE PUBLIC VOTE

In the first three years of the labeling debate, the P.M.R.C. took in $213,115 in contributions, while the record industry grossed 14.5 billion dollars.

THE BATTLE CONTINUES

The current round of the labeling wars began when Tipper wanna-be Jean Dixon, a Missouri state representative, became the first legislator to propose a bill making labeling mandatory for records that contain "unsuitable" lyrics. Her bill would ban the sale of unlabeled records to anyone and would provide for compensation to victims of crimes caused by listening to lyrics. A second violation of the bill would be a felony.

The threat of the mandatory labels (which would obscure half of a cassette, one quarter of a compact disc and one fifth of an LP) prompted the recording industry to renew its efforts to self-label albums.

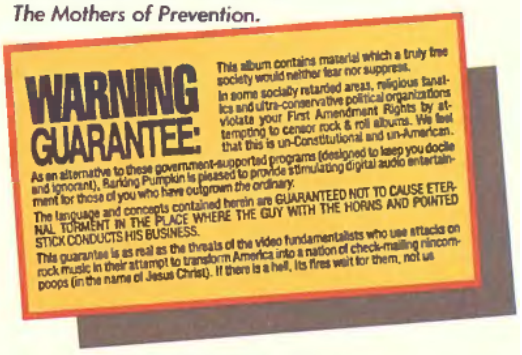
Of more than 7500 albums released between January 1986 and August 1989, 49 bore warning labels or had lyrics displayed on the jacket. The P.M.R.C. thinks 72 more should have carried warnings.

Coconuts, Record Town, Tape World, Great American Music, Spec's Music, Peaches, Tracks, Hastings, Wax Works, Sound Warehouse and National Record-Mart will sell albums with warning stickers only to consumers 18 and older.

Head of TVT Records Steve Gattleib's idea of a proper label.

A PORTION OF THE PURCHASE PRICE OF THIS ITEM WILL BE DONATED TO THE CAUSE OF DEFENDING FREE SPEECH.
WARNING!
CONTAINS
ARTISTIC EXPRESSION
REFLECTS PERSONAL BELIEFS OF CREATIVE INDIVIDUALS; MAY BE OBJECTIONABLE TO CERTAIN POLITICIANS AND PRESSURE GROUPS

Frank Zappa put this label on *The Mothers of Prevention.*


WARNING GUARANTEE:
This album contains material which a truly free society would neither fear nor suppress.
In some socially retarded areas, religious fanatics and ultra-conservative political organizations violate your First Amendment Rights by attempting to censor rock & roll albums. We feel that this is un-Constitutional and un-American.
As an alternative to these government-supported programs (designed to keep you docile and ignorant), Barking Pumpkin is pleased to provide stimulating digital audio entertainment for those of you who have outgrown the ordinary.
The language and concepts contained herein are GUARANTEED NOT TO CAUSE ETERNAL TORMENT IN THE PLACE WHERE THE GUY WITH THE HORNS AND POINTED STICK CONDUCTS HIS BUSINESS.
This guarantee is as real as the threats of the video fundamentalists who use attacks on rock music in their attempt to transform America into a nation of check-mailing nincompoops (in the name of Jesus Christ). If there is a hell, its fires wait for them, not us

WARNINGS SELL

In 1989, 2 Live Crew released two versions of an album. The album titled *As Nasty As They Wanna Be* carried a warning: EXPLICIT LANGUAGE CONTAINED. The album titled *As Clean As They Wanna Be* carried a sticker: THIS ALBUM DOES NOT CONTAIN EXPLICIT LYRICS.

Nasty has sold 1,200,000 to date; *Clean* has sold 200,000.

LABELING WAR

center versus the world

WARNING:

May contain explicit lyrics descriptive of or advocating one or more of the following:

suicide
incest
bestiality
sadomasochism
sexual activity in a violent context
murder
morbid violence
illegal use of drugs or alcohol

PARENTAL ADVISORY

The Pennsylvania state legislature proposed this label.

FEVER PITCH

"Rock music is junk food for the soul—a diet of sex, drugs and nonstop pleasure seeking—which all too often is a deadly poison. . . . If this stuff isn't the Devil's music, what is?"

—STUART GOLDMAN, nationally syndicated columnist for the *National Review*

"[Rock] is a diabolical scheme of Satan to steal, to kill and to destroy. And it has gathered into its maw the children, the boys, the girls, the teenagers, the young adults by the millions upon a life of drugs, of Satan worship, of illicit sex, of the powers of darkness that has mutilated, decimated, damned, denigrated, degraded and destroyed."

—JIMMY SWAGGART

"Some music is a help to the Devil."

—ARCHBISHOP JOHN CARDINAL O'CONNOR

REPERCUSSIONS

In 1988, the owner of a record store in Alabama was convicted of selling obscene recordings: 2 Live Crew's *Move Something*. He was fined $500. An appeals court overturned the conviction.

Last March, a Florida record-store clerk was arrested for selling harmful material to a minor—2 Live Crew's *As Nasty As They Wanna Be*. The clerk could receive as much as five years in jail and a $5000 fine.

THE GOOD GUYS

Two organizations opposed to rock censorship are: Music in Action, 705 President Street, Brooklyn, New York 11215

Rock & Roll Confidential, Box 15052, Long Beach, California 90815

Jean Dixon's proposed legislotion mode the P.M.R.C. look liberol.

PRESS POSITIONS

"Slap on a [warning] sticker because somebody . . . might complain and a whole album is categorized by its nastiest moment, no discussion necessary."

—JON PARELES, music critic for *The New York Times*

"I think the republic will survive *Me So Horny*. Whether it will survive efforts by overzealous lawmakers to 'protect us from it' is less certain."

—CLARENCE PAGE, columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*

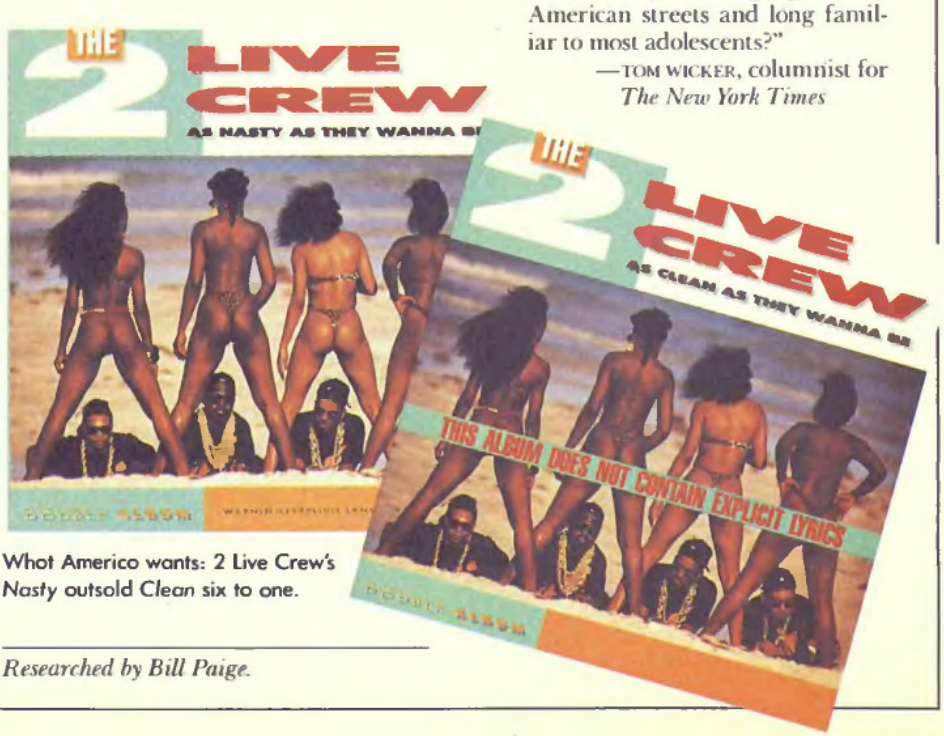
WHY *NOT* LABEL?

"The P.M.R.C. promotes its program as a harmless type of consumer-information service, providing 'guidelines' that will assist baffled parents in the determination of the 'suitability' of records listened to by 'very young children.' The methods it proposes have several unfortunate side effects, not the least of which is the reduction of all American music, recorded and live, to the intellectual level of a Saturday-morning cartoon show."

—FRANK ZAPPA

"If a state can ban, or require retailers to label, a commercial recording, why can't it require booksellers to label books, since many may contain words or ideas as explicit as any 'rap' lyric—the language of which is mostly the language of the American streets and long familiar to most adolescents?"

—TOM WICKER, columnist for *The New York Times*


THE 2 LIVE CREW
AS NASTY AS THEY WANNA BE
THE 2 LIVE CREW
AS CLEAN AS THEY WANNA BE
THIS ALBUM DOES NOT CONTAIN EXPLICIT LYRICS

What America wants: 2 Live Crew's *Nasty* outsold *Clean* six to one.

Researched by Bill Paige.

KEEPING THE SIN OUT OF CINCINNATI

By Stephen Chapman

Asked if he thought sex was dirty, Woody Allen replied, "It is if you're doing it right." Apparently, the citizens of Cincinnati agree, having decreed that no depictions of erotic passion shall be allowed to disturb the moral equilibrium and civic serenity of Tehran-on-the-Ohio.

When I say no depictions, I mean no depictions. Adult bookstores and movie theaters? Sorry. Peep shows and strip joints? Forget it. Pornographic video cassettes? Get serious. Raunchy skin magazines? Let me give you directions to Cleveland. Anyone in need of sexual stimuli in Cincinnati had better have a vivid imagination, or at least a good memory.

It's not really fair of me to ridicule the enduring spirit of prudery among Cincinnatians, who as consenting adults have the right to enjoy whatever sexual practices they choose, even such near-extinct ones as chastity. Unfortunately, the people of Cincinnati have decided that mere abstention on their own part isn't enough to keep the sin out of Cincinnati.

The citizenry has empowered law-enforcement authorities to use their full powers to dictate what anyone in the geographic vicinity may see, hear or read. A jail cell awaits any entrepreneur presuming to supply libidinous locals with what they want.

This policy gets noticed in the rest of the country only in exceptionally absurd cases—such as the obscenity indictment of the director of the Contemporary Arts Center for putting on an exhibit by a critically respected photographer, the late Robert Mapplethorpe, who had a pronounced taste for sado-masochism and homoeroticism.

The relevant Supreme Court decision made a point that the local prosecutor snoozed through when he took Constitutional Law 101: If it's art, it's not obscene, and if it's not obscene, you can't touch it. Even with the current conservative Supreme Court, the prosecution's case has as much chance of passing muster as Billy Crystal has of being chosen grand marshal of the Columbus Day parade.

But the real problem is not that Cincinnati is overzealous in enforcing its anti-obscenity policy. The problem is the policy itself. The Supreme Court has said that the First Amendment protects sexually graphic works of art from Government censorship. But why stop at art?

Reprinted by permission, U.F.S.

If the Government has no business telling an art museum it can't show pictures of naked people doing certain things, why does it have any business telling *Hustler* magazine it can't show pictures of naked people doing certain things?

The First Amendment says, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." The Court has tacked on an asterisk with the note "Void in cases of obscenity." But as Justice Hugo Black used to say, "I read 'no law abridging' to mean no law abridging." There's nothing about pornography that justifies an exception.

The arguments made for this exception are not exactly of hurricane force. One is that the framers of the Constitution never intended to protect *Wanda Whips Wall Street* from the censor. True, but they also didn't mean to protect blasphemy, which was generally illegal at the time. Nor did James Madison set out to enshrine the freedom to decorate a jacket with the phrase FUCK THE DRAFT.

But no one would argue in 1990 that someone could be put in prison for insulting the Almighty. And the Supreme Court has ruled that if someone chooses to communicate a political message with obscene words, he has a right. "One man's vulgarity," noted the Court, "is another man's lyric."

The principle of the First Amendment—that the Government has no right to interfere in voluntary communications among adults—applies just as clearly to pornography as it does to artistic or religious or political material.

The usual rationale for a ban on obscenity is that it is necessary to preserve the moral standards of the community. But the same argument could be used to ban Nazi marches, Malcolm X's autobiography, Madonna's music—in fact, almost anything most people don't like.

In a free society, the way to preserve moral standards is by individual and group efforts, not by Government commands. If a libertine community may not ban fundamentalist publications, why should a fundamentalist community be allowed to ban libertine publications?

The existence of pornography makes a lot of Americans uncomfortable, and not only in the more wholesome precincts of Ohio. But our political system was designed to uphold freedom, not comfort. A freedom that stops where the average resident of Cincinnati begins to blush isn't quite worthy of the name.

Stephen Chapman is a columnist for the Chicago Tribune.

"Best deal in town."
–PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

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- $200 in your choice of Table Action chips or dollar slot machine action as outlined above.
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- A souvenir photo of yourself with ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
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- You receive all of the above with no obligation to gamble with any of your own monay.
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FREE GIFT

For a limited time, if you accept our invitation, you will receive one of the valuable gifts below — guaranteed. Selection by random drawing upon arrival for your vacation. (Shipping included.)

13" Sylvania color TV with touch channel selection. Value: $189

Zenith VCR with remote. Value: $299

U.S. currency—a five hundred dollar bill. Value: $500

Hawaiian Holiday— 6 days 5 nights in Waikiki plus additional benefits. Value: $300+

Real Slot Machine plus $300 in quarters. Value: $1,395

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If you vacation mid-week to avoid weekend crowds, we'll give you a choice of an extra $100.00 in Casino Action ($50.00 Slots/$50.00 Table) OR an extra night's accommodations absolutely free.

You'll stay at the famous Vegas World Hotel-Casino on the fabulous "Strip."

A Mega-Million dollar 1000+ room space-age hotel-casino extravaganza. Featured twice on "60 Minutes," the Merv Griffin Show and Ripley's Believe It Or Not. Enjoy action, entertainment, excitement and resort accommodations virtually free as part of the VIP package. Reservations for this special Gift/Vacation are extremely limited.

Offer expires August 8, 1990

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by calling our toll free number or fill out and mail the coupon. A redeemable reservation fee of $198 per person is required. For this fee, you will receive chips, scrip and one of the valuable gifts shown making your vacation virtually free.

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Vacation anytime until January 1, 1992

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3. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE — We guarantee you reservations on the dates you choose or your reservation fee will be refunded in full.
4. RESERVATIONS — No Thursday or Saturday arrivals. Rescheduling of reservations must be received in our office 72 hours prior to planned check-in time or this offer and your reservation fee will be forfeited. Your invitation is also completely transferable to anyone you choose.
5. All gifts furnished by National Premiums with the exception of the Hawaiian Holiday which is provided by Holiday Travel of America and subject to their conditions. You may also exchange any awarded free gift for a substitute gift as posted in casino.
6. Transportation and any other individual expenses are not included.
7. Terms and conditions may in no way be altered. So we may adequately plan room availability, you must act before **August 8, 1990.**

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Bob Stupak's VEGAS WORLD HOTEL CASINO

YES I wish to take advantage of your Las Vegas VIP Vacation/Gift opportunity. I have enclosed my reservation fee (check or money order) for $396 for two people. I understand I have **until January 1, 1992** to take my vacation, and that during my stay, I will receive all of the benefits listed. Limit one gift per couple. (Please make check payable to: Vegas World Vacation Club.)

Mail to: VEGAS WORLD Hotel-Casino
Dept. VC, 2000 Las Vegas Blvd. South, Las Vegas, NV 89104

Please read the "Privileges and Provisions" of your invitation thoroughly to make the most of your vacation and to know exactly what you're entitled to receive.

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ American Express

Acct. No._____ Exp. Date_____

Name _____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Phone_____

I wish to make my reservation for the following arrival date:

_____, 19____

☐ I will make my reservation at a later date.

Signature _____

OFFER EXPIRES AUGUST 8, 1990 C9134 PB

UP TO HERE WITH GREEN

spare us the niceties of earth day, which deflected attention from the true perils faced by our planet

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

I admit it, I betrayed the green revolution. Bette Midler, lying in the hospital, playing mother earth in the prime-time TV extravaganza, had made me feel pretty bad about spoiling the air with rapid acceleration. The very next morning, I was stuck in traffic for an hour on the San Diego Freeway. When I finally saw daylight, my foot hit that gas pedal as hard and fast as it could. Varoom . . . it felt good. Then the traffic and the guilt closed in again.

Hey, don't get me wrong. I'm ecosensitive. I hate spending three hours a day in my polluting car. Take the train instead, I can hear one of those Hollywood types preach. You have to be kidding. What train? Efficient mass transit does not exist here or in many parts of the country. Why didn't Bette and Robin and Barbra and Meryl complain about that? Was it just too controversial? Shrewdly deflected by the companies that have co-opted the environmental movement and turned it into nothing more than a plaintive plea for separated garbage?

Look, I recycle. And I ask the guy at McDonald's for a glass instead of a Styrofoam cup. But he never has one, just as my car dealer didn't have the electric car I wanted, so I had to get a gas-guzzler. Individual effort is fine, but putting the emphasis on guilt won't save the earth. To suggest it will is a sham aimed at making ecological issues noncontroversial.

So Earth Day came and went without any serious discussion of what's really important: population explosion, the threat posed by nuclear power and weaponry, conspicuous consumption, the mad Styrofoam-cup-and-aluminum-can invasion of Third World markets and the exploitation by the industrialized nations of the nonrenewable resources of the rest of the world.

Admittedly, it's safer to talk about putting a plastic bottle in the toilet to conserve water than about putting millions of condoms on a rainbow of penises. But who are we kidding? At the present rate, the population of the Third World, already a great burden on cropland and other resources, will double in the next 33 years. China's population alone increased by 100,000,000 since the last time anyone noticed. Yet the U.S. Government still opposes UN-sponsored birth-control programs lest the Right-to-Life lobby get exorcised.

Nor is overpopulation concern only for the developing world. The U.S. population is growing at a clip of 2,200,000 a year and by the year 2000 will be more than double what it was in 1940. What obscurantist nonsense to discuss the world's ecological problems without confronting the population boom. That boom exacerbates problems such as waste management, carbon-dioxide emissions, the destruction of forests and demands on the water supply.

There has long been much salivating in U.S. business circles over the vast potential of the near-virgin Third World market. "There are eight hundred million gullets in China," the PepsiCo V.P. for finance told me in 1975, "and I want to see a Pepsi in every one of them." Now, let's say Western marketeers realize their dreams and the less developed market opens up for even more expensive exports than a Pepsi (and now a Coke) in China or a Big Mac in Moscow. Take the private auto. It's a disaster in the making—literally hundreds of millions of additional cars doing the nasty things that cars in the West do. Of course, the developed countries led by the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund have no plan to encourage alternatives to mass transit. After all, we don't do it here for ourselves. Instead, the pressure is on to sell more and more cars, which, given the lack of other means of transportation, should find a welcome market. Already, Fiat and other multinationals are racing to double and triple the number of cars in the Soviet Union.

Do we really want the Soviet Union to be just like us? The U.S., with only five percent of the world's population, accounts for close to one third of the hydrocarbons, sulphur oxide and carbon monoxide released into the earth's atmosphere. What will happen as other nations claim their right to release pollutants proportionate to their population?

Population growth is not by itself the root of the problem, as Barry Commoner points out in his excellent book *Making Peace with the Planet*. If intelligently managed, the resources of this earth could support a much higher population than the one expected in the next 30 years. The problem is that there is no reason to expect this intelligence in the newly developing world if it can't be found in the richer, more experienced countries that make up less than one fourth of the world's population but manage to consume 75 percent of its energy.

If the market economy has produced this result during centuries of relatively leisurely growth in the privileged world, how can we expect more eco-sanity from desperately poor countries in their frantic attempt to catch up?

Let's be candid. The economic model of the wealthy nations is compatible with the fragile ecology of the planet only if most of the world's people are left out of the equation. *We* get to eat high on the hog—excuse me, the food chain—because *they* often don't eat at all. Then there are all the other goods—oil, nickel, bauxite, wool, sugar, wood—doled out in proportion to that tyrannically powerful if benign-sounding statistic called per capita income.

Per capita income: what they have divided by how many they have. In the 77 percent of the world that's defined as developing, it represents a scant six percent of what it is in the industrialized countries. If those Third World countries ever do develop and get to use up even 20 percent of what we in the West consume, the planet will not be able, as currently constituted, to stand the crunch on resources.

I'm easy to please. Why didn't Meryl Streep, in her Earth Day cameo, just mention that the production, sale and consumption of goods that we enjoy depend on the strict continuance of abject poverty in the world? And abject it is. Today, a billion people live in absolute poverty, meaning stunted growth, miserable health, dangerous water supplies and virtually total illiteracy. Not what Pepsi has in mind for its new generation.

To include these disenfranchised among the citizenry, not to mention the billions slightly better off, means restructuring the way we live. It means rethinking the way we drive, eat and house ourselves. It will require world-wide planning to utilize the planet's resources. If that's not done, don't act surprised when the people outside the wealth loop do things to improve their lot that are harmful to birds and bushes.

But I gave at the office, you say. At least our country did. Cut it out. Most of our foreign aid has been military-oriented and distributed selectively to advance our own narrow *(concluded on page 141)*

Cambridge

IS IT THE FLAVOR?

IS IT THE FLAVOR?

IS IT THE FLAVOR?

IS IT THE PRICE?

IS IT THE PRICE?

IS IT THE PRICE?

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LARRY KING

a candid conversation with the reigning champ of broadcast talk about life on the air, sex in strange places and surviving infotainment

Even the President of the United States watches "Larry King Live."

King discovered that fact at an exclusive cocktail party before the 46th Annual Radio and Television Correspondents' Association dinner last March in Washington, D.C.

"Hey, Larry," said George Bush, "where'd you get that guy?" He was referring to the previous night's show and to King's first guest, a testy Black Panther who, though recently set free on a technicality after 19 years in jail, had lost none of his facility for answering questions with evasive rhetoric.

King answered Bush without missing a beat. "I don't get them, Mr. President. My producers do." Which, according to Larry King mythology, is true: He doesn't book his guests, nor does he prepare for his interviews.

"Well," Bush continued, "he was really something. Really something."

Here's what else was really something: When the President told King he would be leaving the dinner early ("I promised the wife we'd leave early," said Bush, "otherwise, she'd kill me")—after his own remarks and before King and political mimic Jim Morris entertained—King refused to let the President slip away.

"You gotta stay," he implored. After all, Morris would be doing Bush at length. "You really should stay, Mr. President. Just as part of . . . the act."

Come showtime, King had prevailed. The President and the First Lady remained on the dais throughout.

That's the effect Larry King has on people. For five years, his hourlong "Larry King Live" has been the highest-rated show on CNN. His nightly radio call-in talk show has run on the Mutual Broadcasting System since 1978 and is now beamed to more than 360 stations. After three decades, Larry King has become America's bedtime story, its night owls' lullaby.

But, of course, listening to King satisfy America's lust for chat is not all sweet music. On the radio, he can often be curt with callers who ramble and pontificate. On TV, he sits close enough to the guest to intimidate. That may not be his purpose, but it's definitely part of the subtext. King requires total control. And it works. His fans love him not only for the wide range of guests—from Presidents to starlets to weirdos—but also for a style that falls somewhere between fluffy and forceful, yet is neither. King can be intense, often demanding, yet he is also clever enough to ask questions so obvious that they are both unanticipated by today's media-savvy guests and ultimately revealing.

According to King, the secrets of his success are simple, God-given gifts: enthusiasm, a facile glibness, a willingness to listen and an insatiable curiosity. He is a guy who just wants to know what the other guy knows.

Born Lawrence Harvey Zeiger in Brooklyn, New York, he had a childhood plagued by tragedy: An older brother had died of a burst appendix, then his father died when King was ten. The family went on welfare and moved to a poorer neighborhood. Once a motivated student, King drifted through high school, skipped college and headed for Miami, where he quickly landed a morning disc-jockey job (it was station management who urged the name change just moments before King first went on the air). In 1960, when King was 26, he began to host a coffee-klatch interview show broadcast from Pumpernick's Restaurant, with guests ranging from Lenny Bruce and Jackie Gleason to Richard Nixon and H-bomb physicist Edward Teller. The show took off and King became a star.

Along with success came a lust for acclaim—and turbulence. King overspent, gambled and squired many of the area's finest-looking women. He married a Playboy Bunny, had a daughter, divorced, remarried the Bunny and divorced again when, in 1971, he was accused of stealing $5000 from a business associate, explaining he'd only taken the money, not stolen it. The matter was later dropped. He was $352,000 in debt on a

"If you catch me using the word I once a year, that's a lot. It has no place. 'I saw your movie.' So what? 'I read your book.' Bullshit. Who cares? Saying 'Boy, I loved your book' is just jerking off the guest."

"Through TV, eastern Europe saw freedom. We opened the crack. You can lie about the bourgeois American but not about Americans' being able to stand in the street and say 'Fuck you' to the President. They saw that."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANOY O'ROURKE

"Looks are probably number six or seven on the list of things women find important. The best thing I have going with women is a sense of humor. And voice. Never discount voice. [Deepens voice] *Voice is a major turn-on."*

$70,000 annual income. King declared bankruptcy. His station, WIOD, dismissed him and, lambasted by the press, King left town.

For four years, he wandered around the South, taking odd jobs, awaiting forgiveness. In 1975, he returned to Miami, was rehired by his former employers and quickly regained his popularity. He had soon acquired a newspaper column, a local TV talk show, a new wife and, courtesy of the Mutual Broadcasting System, a national radio talk show based in Washington, D.C.

By 1985, he was hosting "Larry King Live" for cable czar Ted Turner and, divorced for the third time, dating actress Angie Dickinson. Then his heart struck back and, on December 1, 1987, he went under the knife for a bypass.

King emerged from surgery chastened, mellowed and, ironically, in even greater demand: Among the many reported offers was the post-"Nightline" slot, with an option to take over the earlier show if Ted Koppel ever left. King stayed with Turner for a play-or-pay contract worth $800,000 yearly for five years—this on top of the income he receives from the radio show, the weekly column he writes for USA Today, *the speaking fees and the books, which include "Larry King by Larry King," "Tell It to the King," "Mr. King, You're Having a Heart Attack" and the forthcoming "Larry King, Tell Me More."*

Playboy *asked Contributing Editor* **David Rensin** *(whose last "Playboy Interview" was with Eddie Murphy in February) to fly to Washington and spend a week questioning the man who, according to the "Guinness Book of World Records," claims to have logged more national radio hours than any other person alive. Rensin's report:*

"Interviewing the interviewer can be the interviewer's dream. Throughout the three days King and I spent together, he answered my questions with energy and intelligence; he also made it a point not to repeat stories already on the record in his books. In other words, he helped me do my job.

"My first evening with King provided me with the best example of why he's so good at what he does, as well as of the kind of pressure under which he works. I entered the CNN studios for the evening broadcast of "Larry King Live" to find that all hell had broken loose: It was ten minutes before showtime, and the guests scheduled to open the program via satellite from CNN's Los Angeles bureau were nowhere to be found. Producer Tammy Haddad was trying frantically to pull in a provisional replacement—from anywhere.

" 'Problem, Tammy?' said King nonchalantly.

" 'Only that the bone-marrow couple haven't gotten to the studio yet, Larry,' she replied, then, in an aside to me, 'In all the years, no guest has ever not shown up.' King remained unfazed. He leafed through a copy of Rolling Stone, *then a copy of* Exposure, *an L.A.-based lifestyle magazine for the young and trendy. He did a few toe touches and a long stretch. He stuffed a handful of jelly beans into his mouth. 'Well,' King said, finally, 'this is live TV. I'm going into the studio. I'm on in six minutes.'*

"The guests finally arrived at 8:59:30. As Haddad hurried to have them miked, she turned to me and said, 'Things are usually calmer here.'

"And once the show began—when the final countdown had been made and the camera's red light blinked on—things did become calm. There's a certain smoothness to the way King operates; he makes his guests feel comfortable, humanized, listened to. And you know he's listening when, with the threat of a disconnect hanging humid in the air, he'll tell a caller, 'Get to the point, sir. Quickly.'

"So let's do just that."

PLAYBOY: Let's take the first question straight from the cover of your best seller. Why *should* anyone tell it to the King?

KING: You get the benefits of a fairly long, live broadcast interview and a chance to tell your side of the story fully. And I'm going to *hear* it fully. It ain't going to be edited. It's not like Barbara Walters—sitting with you for four hours and it eventually comes down to twenty minutes on the air.

"Like Sinatra says, 'You're standing backstage. It's the seventeen thousandth time, the man says, "And now . . ." and you still get that charge.' "

PLAYBOY: You're not a Walters fan, then.

KING: There's a nonreal quality to her interviews, kind of a "Let's go sit on a rock; we'll take pictures together and I'll ask you about flowers" thing. We don't come away feeling, Boy, wasn't that something? Her strength is more who she gets than what she gets from them. And that's a disappointment. Also, I hear her lisp, so I'm not a fair judge. When I hear a lisp, I lose contact. It's Elmer Fudd. And some of the questions are inane. I liked her better when she did news interviews. The best I ever saw was with Sadat and Begin. She wasn't interested in who Sadat was sleeping with or whether he went to Spago's.

PLAYBOY: What are your strengths?

KING: I'm intensely curious. I'm sincerely interested. I'm nonjudgmental. I like to know what importance the *subject* puts on an event. I am a pretty good communicator. I know how to tell a story. I have a good voice and a good sense of pace. All of this, by the way, I take no credit for. I'm not playing up. I don't know where I got that from. I know I didn't sit down and work at it. I don't ponder what I do. I don't even think I work hard. I just love what I do and it comes easily to me. This ain't brain surgery.

PLAYBOY: What's more important: nailing a great answer or generating good will and retaining access?

KING: I never think of access or good will. I just want a good interview. I want guests to be informative and entertaining. I've never been concerned about someone's liking me tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: Is it important that your guests trust you?

KING: Absolutely. [*Points to a framed letter on his wall*] There's a letter from Sinatra about his trust in me. My subjects know that I am not there to harm them.

PLAYBOY: What do you do if you see them getting into hot water despite your well-intended questions?

KING: If it's a politician, I don't care at all.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KING: Because they're elected.

PLAYBOY: So screw 'em?

KING: Well, not screw 'em. If you stand up for public office, then you're working under a different set of rules. Sinatra, for example, has never asked you for a thing. You don't have to buy his record or go to his movie or to his concert. But if I ask for your vote, and you give it to me, I have a higher public obligation to you.

Still, I don't want to see anybody really squirm. But some people you can't even help. I tried to help Raquel Welch when she said, "I'm going to take this through all fifty-two states." I said, "You mean the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico?"

PLAYBOY: You've been at this game—doing radio and TV, writing for newspapers, publishing successful books—for more than thirty years. What does it feel like to sit in your chair?

KING: [*Smiles*] Something happens when the red light goes on. A juice takes over, and suddenly, everything else is tuned out. I've never lost that little jolt. Like Sinatra says, "You're standing backstage. You're seventy-three years old. It's the seventeen thousandth time, and the man says, 'And now . . .' and you *still* get that charge." Every day is a new day. Just yesterday, I talked with a famous Catholic priest who has written a hundred and ten books. Then I learned a great deal about a medical procedure I knew nothing about. Today, I'm going to meet a Hall of Fame baseball star. I get to pry into people's minds—and get paid for it.

PLAYBOY: Then why not have even *more* fun and do a daytime show, like Geraldo, Oprah and Phil?

KING: I couldn't do a show with six people who have had a brutal thing happen to them, on a regular basis. I would go crazy. I like interviewing people who are more established, even if they are a rung below celebrity. I *do* people on the street, I *do* victims, but dealing just with human beings who've had intense problems—which is basically what daytime television does—wouldn't be expansive enough for me. I

need a broader landscape.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate the hosts of those shows?

KING: Geraldo is a good guy, a great friend, loyal to people who work around him. But the show's overproduced. Geraldo used to fill in for me before he started his own show. Everyone on the crew liked working with him. That says a lot.

PLAYBOY: Oprah?

KING: She's an involved host. There's a lot of "I" in the show: "I've been there. I lost the weight, I gained the weight. You have the disease, I have the disease." I'm more impressed with her as an actress.

PLAYBOY: Phil?

KING: I was on his show a couple of months ago. He introduced me by saying, "If I die and come back, I want to come back as Larry King." When I was in the hospital recovering from heart surgery, he came to visit me. Didn't make a big deal of it. He said, "I make more money than you, so my vote can be bigger than your vote, and my grandchildren will inherit more than your grandchildren. But I'd love to be doing what you're doing: on at nine o'clock at night and able to talk with a Congressman for a half hour and not have to do today's priest who slept with a choir girl." I thought that was very sincere.

PLAYBOY: Should he move on?

KING: I'd like to know if he's ready. If I were handling Phil, I'd get him hired at CBS, have him do the *CBS Morning News*. There would be no co-host, just a newsman to interact with. I'd bet he'd do damn well, make it a three-way battle in the morning. But he couldn't make as much money.

PLAYBOY: Sally Jesse Raphaël?

KING: White Oprah. I worked with Sally when she worked in Miami and helped get her the job there. Her advice show on radio is OK, but I don't like layman's advice.

PLAYBOY: Jesse Jackson?

KING: Jesse's talk show won't make it. He's too used to being *asked* questions rather than asking them. To be a successful talk-show host, you *must* remove your own ego. And that's impossible for Jesse.

PLAYBOY: Do you have booking conflicts with those other talk shows?

KING: No. My producers and Ted Koppel's producers often are shooting for the same guests. You try to get people first when they get to town. Koppel's audience is about twice as big, because he goes on at eleven-thirty and he has a larger universe. A lot of people would like to do *Larry King Live* because they usually appear by themselves. They don't have fifteen other people around.

But I don't focus on the competition. There's no other talk show on against me. I don't know that anyone would say, "Larry King got that guest ahead of me. Jesus Christ!" Nor do we say, "That fucking Ted Koppel."

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you personally have nothing to do with bookings?

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KING: Yes. I trust my producers. I'm not an expert on what people watch. But I'm in total control on the air.

PLAYBOY: What's the world's best question?

KING: "Why?" And the world's worst question is "Did?"

PLAYBOY: Part of the Larry King mythology is that you don't prepare for your TV or radio interviews. True?

KING: Yes. But nobody believes that. I read a lot, if that's preparation. I'm aware of what's going on in the world. Sometimes the producers give me blue cards [with information]. But I don't make *specific* preparations. I don't *want* to know the answers. I don't want to read previous quotes. I like just winging it. In fact, I physically couldn't do both my radio and TV jobs if I did prepare. I don't even know the names of the guests on my television show *tonight*.

PLAYBOY: Oh, come on. . . .

KING: That's not a boast; I just started that way. When I began on radio, broadcasting from a restaurant in Miami, I had no producer. Guests were whoever came in. I got comfortable with knowing less. I've discussed this with Mike Wallace. He prepares because he feels it's like a courtroom and that the good lawyer in a courtroom is never surprised—which is true. The great lawyer Edward Bennett Williams told me that if a lawyer hears something in a courtroom that surprises him, he has failed. I am the opposite. I *like* being surprised.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when Donald Trump asked you on *Larry King Live* to please sit farther away from him because you had bad breath?

KING: That was funny. But you're taking things out of context. The first question I asked Trump was, "Is there a method to getting an edge in negotiations that you could relate to us?" And he said, "Larry, you have bad breath," and he physically backed off. He was trying to be funny. Then he leaned forward and said, "See, I now have the edge. You're thrown because I've commented about your breath." He made a very good point: Shock 'em. But it didn't work [on the air]. Later, he told me he got more mail on that than anything he'd ever done in public. Critical mail. He had a good idea. He just chose a bad example.

PLAYBOY: How do you get an edge on *your* guests?

KING: It's not a contest. It's an experience. I'm there to learn as much as I can while being entertaining. I never anticipate a guest's being hostile or lying. And I don't bring a personal bias to the interview.

PLAYBOY: How can you not?

KING: Sure, there's technically a bias in any question you ask. *The New York Times* publishes "all the news that's fit to print." According to whom? According to them. But if you catch me using the word I once a year, that's a lot. It has no place. "I saw your movie." So what? "I read your book." Bullshit. Who cares about "I"? Saying "Boy, I loved your book. It was thrilling" is just jerking off the guest.

PLAYBOY: Name your top five interviewers.

KING: Koppel is a great *news* interviewer. He has good pace, broad knowledge, curiosity about the world and is very involved in world affairs. Ted was raised in news and I was not. He told me once, and I think it's a fair description, that if we both came upon a fire and a fireman came running out, his first question would be "What caused this fire?" My first question would be "Why do you want to fight fires?"

Mike Wallace is the best of the hard-hitting interviewers, because he's very bright and he has a crisp, wonderful voice. It always holds me. If I go through the room and he is on television, I stop. I like that little errant chip he carries and that little smile he gives the guest of almost disbelief. And I like the way he's prepared.

Bryant Gumbel. I get to see him in snatches, when I'm working out on my treadmill. He does excellent four-or-five-minute interviews, which are hard. You can't broaden into anything. It's easy to host a morning show, by the way. You bring in six guests, you ask them any little thing you want and then some guy does the weather. Everything is sitting there for you; all you do is move it along. Bryant's got his groove. But I want to know if he misses doing sports [full time]. If he were offered the CBS prime sportscaster spot, for example, I'm betting he'd do it.

Bob Costas is fourth. He has branched out and is well prepared. He's learning to ask shorter questions. He's curious, he's bright. He's not a dominant figure. He's got a very dry sense of humor and a nice edge to him. There's a little smartass, New York kid to him, and that's OK, too. He wears well. He's also the best baseball announcer alive.

And I'm the fifth.

PLAYBOY: No women in your top five. Do you think there will be a female news anchor any time soon?

KING: If Peter Jennings had finished last in the ratings, ABC would have put Diane Sawyer in, because Roone Arledge loves her. Sawyer is a terrific journalist, but she can't do a celebrity interview at all. Personally, I like her. She's not an icy blonde, and, of course, I also got a wonderful three-page letter from her about how she watched my show every night and had learned a lot from watching it. [*Smiles*]

CBS might be forced to hire a female anchor if Rather left, for economics' sake: "Let's try something if we're third." That's the time to take risks. Mary Alice Williams is a terrific anchor, but NBC would never give her the lead slot. She's in her forties now. See, that's the difference: a young guy in his fifties, an older woman in her forties. It's interesting, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Haven't Jane Pauley's exit from the *Today* show and occasional substitute anchoring put her in the running?

KING: Jane will never be the six-thirty anchor. Not strong enough for the time period. Those are still male jobs, like morning-radio hosts.

You know, Deborah Norville is a pretty good anchor; I'm *interested* in what she says when she's delivering the news. She needs to sharpen her interviewing skills tremendously—she's a little too wordy and her hesitation shows. But if she came out and said, "This is what I want to do; I don't want to do cooking in the morning; I don't want to banter with Willard; I want to be an anchor," she'd have the best shot.

PLAYBOY: How are you in *off*-camera situations; that is, are you any good interviewing household help and production assistants?

KING: [*Laughs*] I do so little of that. I don't hire anyone associated with the programs. All the producers have been hired by the executive producer. The maid who cleans my apartment was recommended to me by a service—I met her for a minute. I've never even fired anyone. I don't have to deal with those things.

PLAYBOY: When your daughter, Chaia, was a teenager, you were a single parent. What about grilling the boys who wanted to take her out?

KING: Yeah, I would do that. And both guys she wound up seeing I didn't like. [*Laughs*] The problem is when it's personal. It's like negotiating for yourself. The great negotiator cares, but not that much. The great interviewer cares, but not that much. You care, but you don't crazily care; otherwise, you're emotionally involved with the guest. And if you're emotionally involved with the guest, then you're laying your heart out. And that ain't your role.

But if it's your daughter's guy, you're emotionally involved. You want him to be a young doctor who has all his eggs in a row. You don't want to hear—as her first boyfriend said—"I really don't know what I want to do." Oh, Jesus, there was a pain! I never got such a pain in my stomach—not even in a broadcast interview.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the person you most wanted to interview but never did was Laurence Olivier. Now that he's gone, who's your next choice?

KING: Mikhail Gorbachev. If he would talk English.

PLAYBOY: But he doesn't.

KING: Tip O'Neill swore that when he spoke to him, he spoke English. Gorbachev's too global now not to come on my show—and CNN goes into the Moscow cable system twenty-four hours a day.

PLAYBOY: What would you like to ask him?

KING: Everything. Change. Growing up. The system. When he saw that things were wrong. Who was his mentor? K.G.B. Thoughts on America. Reagan. Raisa's role in his life. The future. Fidel Castro. Old guard, new guard. Was he surprised by Romania, shocked about Ceausescu? Tiananmen Square. Endless.

PLAYBOY: Do you trust him?

KING: I have no reason not to. Lithuania is a bitch, but, hey, Panama was a bitch to us. We tend to think we own states around us.

What if the Virgin Islands said, "We don't want to be a protectorate of yours anymore. Fuck you. Goodbye, America." We'd go there tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: Any others?

KING: I'd like to look back on Castro's career with him. Ted Turner would set that up. I'd also like to interview Qaddafi. I like messianic people: dreamers and visionaries and wild guys. He'd be toughest to get.

PLAYBOY: Those don't seem like guests who would take calls from the audience. Can you make an exception?

KING: Ted Kennedy wouldn't take calls. We taped him.

PLAYBOY: How do calls work to your advantage?

KING: On radio, it's like having a hundred interviewers. Television is a little different—the calls are screened. Plus, it's exciting to hear American citizens talk with a former American President, no matter what they ask.

PLAYBOY: Or a President's wife. When you spoke with Nancy Reagan after the publication of her autobiography, *My Turn*, she seemed ill at ease and evasive. And you didn't let callers pressure her.

KING: If a subject is apprehensive—if he is on a forced book tour, let's say—ain't nothing you can do. There's no law that says he *has* to talk. It's my responsibility as the host to do the best I can with the material at hand. I did the best I could. But I liked her and didn't expect to.

PLAYBOY: Explain.

KING: I found her more moderate politically—a little spunkier—than I thought she'd be and, at the same time, a little weaker. I found a lot of humanness in her. I liked her sense of loyalty. I thought that was a very good sign. And I told her that after the show. All the years when the Reagans were in the White House, I was certainly not an admirer of her husband's Presidency and I tended not to like her. But, on the show, I discovered a fragility that I liked.

PLAYBOY: How did she react to your honesty?

KING: She was very open and invited me to lunch. I had lunch with her and the President about a month after that, in Los Angeles. We talked only about show business. It was a hoot. And then she got him to do the show for a full hour.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you didn't ask the President during that hour that you'd want to ask him now?

KING: He probably knows less now about Iran/*Contra* than he did then. We're *never* going to know what he knew. He's too old now.

PLAYBOY: How about other past guests? Any follow-up questions you'd like to ask those people? George Bush, for example.

KING: I'd ask him, "Do you like *being* the President more than having to face the decisions a President faces?" Kennedy liked the decisions; he didn't care much for the ribbon cutting. I'd ask Bush if he likes the problem solving as much as he likes picking up the wineglass at a state dinner.

PLAYBOY: Dan Quayle.

KING: "How much do you think about being President? Every time Bush gets in an airplane, do you, deep down, really think about it?"

PLAYBOY: Richard Nixon.

KING: "Do you think about what tomorrow will think? Or is that too abstract? What will be in Washington for Richard Nixon a hundred years from today? A statue?"

PLAYBOY: Dan Rather.

KING: "Do you want to do this the rest of your life? Do you ever get the feeling, Dan, that someday it's going to explode?" If I told you one of the four major newscasters in America did something weird on his show last night, you'd think Rather before I finished the sentence. He has that image.

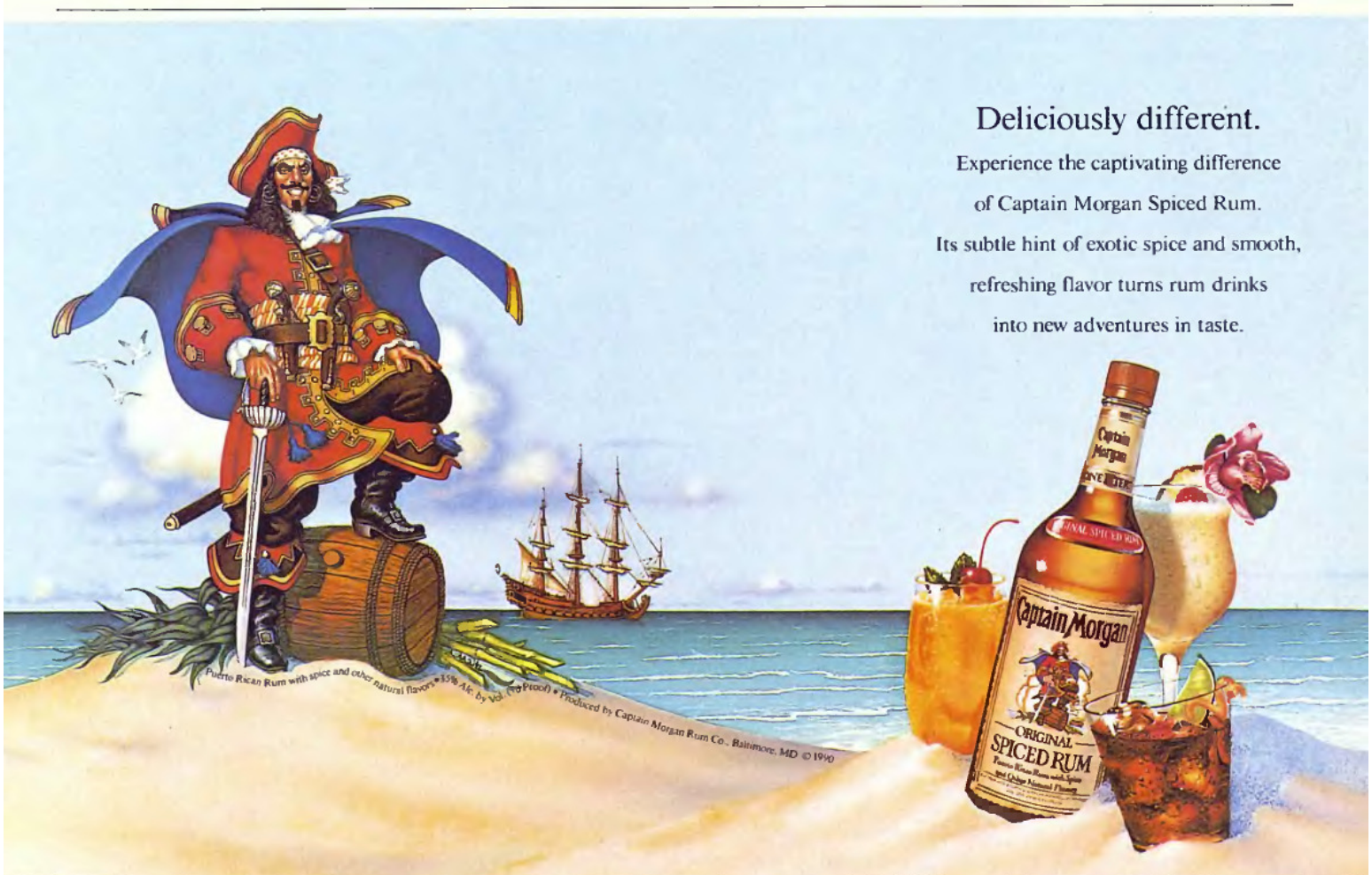
PLAYBOY: Bernard Shaw.

KING: "Do you think, Bernie, there might be one day you'll go on a broadcast, loosen the tie, take off the jacket and say, 'Here, you mother—here's what I think'?"

PLAYBOY: Sam Donaldson.

KING: "Do you regret doing *PrimeTime Live*? When you look at what is obviously a career mistake, how do you deal with it?" He *is* one of the best White House correspondents we've ever had, but if you want to work ten o'clock Thursday night, you've got to be *show business*. And there ain't one show-business bone in him.

PLAYBOY: George Will.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KING: "What's the next game we're going to?" [*Laughs*] Actually, I'd like to know how he feels about being a Republican writer who is *persona non grata* at the White House. In fact, the only one Bush doesn't like. So what is it like to have gone from being a major *in* at the Reagan White House to a major *out*?

PLAYBOY: [Washington, D.C., mayor] Marion Barry.

KING: It's almost impossible to ask Marion Barry anything. He's not going to answer. Marion Barry is not going to tell you anything about himself. I've never met an addict who said he licked it. You *can't* lick it; it's a lifelong thing. But Barry doesn't view it that way. He thinks he has a political problem. That's a total cop-out.

PLAYBOY: Do your callers ever get you off the hook by asking the tough questions? In other words, do you *let* your audience do the dirty work for you?

KING: Sometimes a caller will ask a question I would never ask. But I can be protective of my guests. I'll step in if I feel that the question is rude. The guest is a guest—he's in my home, on my show. "Do you beat your wife?" is rude; I'd cut that off. Each call is a judgment call, and I've got to make the judgment.

PLAYBOY: You've been criticized for being rude to callers.

KING: Yeah, I think I am. I'm curt. The show is not a personal service. If I have a doctor on and a lady calls in and says, "I would like to give you my medical history to help you answer this question," I have to force that lady to get to the point at hand, or I'm going to lose the audience. I regard the caller as a person *on the air*. I ask myself, Is this person interesting? Is he keeping the pace going? Is the question good? Is he on the mark? If he's trying to be funny, is he funny? I have to make these decisions and make them quickly.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you wanted to throw a guest off the air because you were simply disgusted with the person?

KING: I didn't like George Wallace the first time we spoke. His attitudes were so racist. This was in the Sixties, when he was governor of Alabama and didn't want "them nigras" in school. Racism is the number-one thing that gets me up the craw. But I've never thrown anybody off the air.

I used to complain about guests. And I would be sarcastic. But my temper surfaces less since my heart attack. When I get that feeling, I take a deep breath, suck it in, say, "It ain't the end of the world. This, too, shall pass." And forget it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you discover that a guest has lied to you?

KING: I don't feel personally betrayed. I don't take any of these shows personally. Besides, they're not out to fool *me*, just the viewer or the listener. So there's a sadness about it.

PLAYBOY: When you are certain that there is a big gulf between the subject's image and reality, as in the case of Gary Hart, how do you handle the interview?

KING: Hart's a good example, because he fools *himself*. He does not conceive of having done something wrong. That's a much more difficult challenge to an interviewer than someone deliberately trying to fool you. Hart has an attitude problem similar to Nixon's, which is, "Hey, it happened to other people. J.F.K. did it and you didn't pick on *him*." You can't change that person.

PLAYBOY: So what do you do?

KING: I'd try to get him to where he can see that what he did was wrong. What's sad about Hart is that he never learned that *screwing around ain't the thing*. It's the *lying*. People aren't mad at Marion Barry because he took drugs. A lot of people take drugs. But don't lie. I've discovered that if you tell the truth to people, you can have it all. I don't *care* what you did. But if you lie, once they get hold of it—— [*Claps his hands and smiles wickedly*] That's Hart's mistake. Also, he said, "Follow me around." So, hey, baby, fair game.

PLAYBOY: Would you call yourself a good judge of character?

KING: I think I'm pretty good. But there's also a naïveté to my questions. When someone's lying, I suppose I can sense they're uncomfortable, that they'd rather not have been asked that particular question. Hmmm. That's very interesting. I *don't* know how examining I am.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

KING: I tend to believe. I watch the Secretary of State, the politician, the candidate answer the question—like on *Meet the Press*—and if the politician says, "I was not at the meeting that I was accused of being at," I tend to believe him.

No one's ever asked me this question. It's a very good question; and a good question is one that forces you to think.

PLAYBOY: You've logged so many hours on TV and radio. Are you ever terrified about slipping up and inadvertently saying something stupid that will provoke a national controversy?

KING: No, though occasionally, I get a little terrified in the last hour of my radio show, when I'm tired, of falling half asleep and making a nonsensical statement. Like, if someone called and said, "Hitler was a great guy," and I said, "I agree." [*Laughs*] But I trust my instincts.

PLAYBOY: Al Campanis and Jimmy the Greek probably trusted theirs, too.

KING: You have to *think* a certain way to *goof* that way. I could never say "nigger" on the air, because I don't say nigger. I could never do the joke that [Republican nominee for governor of Texas] Clayton Williams did, comparing bad weather to rape—saying that if it's inevitable, the only thing you can do is "relax and enjoy it." I *could* say "fuck" if someone got me mad. But I could probably beat that rap.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you sensed that your interview subject were about to make a major *faux pas*. Would you go for it?

KING: Oh, yeah, I'd go for it. Sure. They're saying it, you follow it up. Koppel tried to get Campanis off the hook. You try the first time, especially if you realize they've reached some place in life. So I'd repeat the statement. "Are you saying whites are smarter than blacks?" And then if *they* repeat it, it's their ball game. But give them the right to say, "I didn't mean that." In Campanis' case, I think Koppel followed up because it looked to me like Al might have been a little drunk, and when you've got that situation, you've got to be careful. You're totally in control then. You can do anything you want to when someone is drinking.

But beyond that, no. A story's a story. I do not want to watch someone bleed. But, on the other hand, I'm not there to totally cocoon and protect someone.

PLAYBOY: Whose fifteen minutes of fame have already gone on too long?

KING: Jessica Hahn's, Jimmy Swaggart's, Tammy Faye and Jim Bakker's. Trump is too rich to have it go on too long, because he can affect too many things, though I don't know that a Donald Trump love story is going to be as big in August as it was in January. Donald is dating: So what? After a while, we want a new Donald.

PLAYBOY: What guest surprised you the most by being nothing like your expectations?

KING: It's not so much that he was great but that I was prepared to hate him and wound up really liking him: G. Gordon Liddy, the madman of Watergate. He's totally honest. He's a maniac, and I love maniacs. If I were in prison, I would like to be in prison with him.

PLAYBOY: What did you ask him?

KING: "Did you really plan to kill Jack Anderson because of what he was writing?" He said, "Absolutely." I said, "What if a group of people are planning to kill you for the same reason?" He said, "Fair game."

PLAYBOY: Moving from a maniac to your boss, what was it like interviewing Ted Turner?

KING: He's better than most. Well, no, he's not a great guest. You've got to work a lot with Ted. He's to the point, so you've got to be on the money. But I love his mental processes. He's the classic maverick.

Ted's surpassed the heads of the networks at being well known in America. I'm always wondering what he's going to do next. He's a dynamic risk taker. His one fault is that he tends to be cheap. If Ted can save a dollar, he'll save a dollar. If it takes four hundred thousand dollars to keep you, he'll never give you four hundred and ten thousand dollars. You won't get a surprise check or a Christmas bonus from Ted Turner. Yet he'll spend six hundred and forty-two million dollars if that's what it takes. That, to me, is a weakness.

PLAYBOY: How does Turner compare with Trump?

KING: Trump's on the front page because he likes the front page. Turner doesn't need the front page. Trump does. Why? You would think Trump's richer than Turner. He's not. They're both worth

about one point eight billion dollars, according to *Forbes* magazine. But Turner's crazier than Trump. He's more of a risk taker. He has been involved with more women than Trump. Trump has a marriage that broke up and three kids. A very normal American life. A lot of guys have marriages with three kids, and they leave them at the age of forty. Doesn't that happen a lot? Turner had five kids, left the [second] wife and eventually went after Jane Fonda.

PLAYBOY: Got any relationship advice for Ted and Jane?

KING: I like Jane. She's spunky. They probably share the same politics. Ted has become very liberal. Economically, it would make a lot of sense. She has a lot of causes, Ted has causes and he would put the money behind the causes. That's a good marriage. And they certainly are attractive together.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of liberal politics, another favorite of yours is New York governor Mario Cuomo. He's also a close friend. Is it tough interviewing friends?

KING: Yes, because you hate to ask questions you know the answers to.

PLAYBOY: How about one we *don't* know the answer to: Is he ever going to run for President?

KING: He's running.

PLAYBOY: Really? Has he confided in you?

KING: No. But we spent an-exciting hour together on the show recently. He's on a different plane. I think he finally sees that he is well suited for the job, that no one in the party is grabbing the key. There comes a time when you think you're ready, and I think Mario thinks he's ready. He's had two terms as governor. He'll no doubt win a third. He sees that he can have opinions that are minority opinions, such as on capital punishment, and still retain a high degree of credibility. People like him. But it's hard to go more than eight years in any one office. Mario Cuomo ain't gonna be sitting there for eleven years in Albany.

PLAYBOY: Is George Bush afraid of Cuomo?

KING: I don't think Presidents are afraid of anything. You're *President*. You know the clout that Presidents have. Certainly, he'd rather run against Dukakis than against Cuomo. But once you're elected President, hey. The best line about Michael Dukakis is similar to one Casey Stengel once said. Elston Howard was the first black player on the Yankees, and Stengel said, "We finally get a black player and he can't run." Well, we finally get a Greek-ethnic candidate—without emotion. The only Greek American who's *not* emotional is Michael Dukakis. He tossed that away. He had the Presidency.

PLAYBOY: Last time Cuomo was on your show, he seemed almost—for lack of a better word—saintly, with his message of erasing negativity in the world.

KING: Mario Cuomo is the only politician I've ever met who can give a three-minute answer that will move the homeless, the blue-collar worker, the white-collar worker

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and the Yale professor—and hit them all at different levels while answering the same question. He has a unique ability to touch a lot of nerves simultaneously.

PLAYBOY: Have you asked him about the public speculation that someday the press might dig up some third cousin four times removed who is in the Mafia?

KING: He's got a short fuse about that. But if Cuomo had this skeleton in his closet—even if he didn't know it was there—I think the press would have found it already. I don't think he worries about it.

PLAYBOY: Frank Sinatra is another person constantly alleged to have Mob ties. Ever ask him about it?

KING: I've asked Mafia leaders about him. Most of the time, they just deny knowing him and say they like him. [*Grimaces*] That just drives me up the wall.

But here's a great story that will answer your question. For years, I had accepted the rumor that Sinatra's Mafia connections got him the role in *From Here to Eternity*. And so, apparently, did Mario Puzo, as we remember from *The Godfather*. But I never asked Frank about it—though I asked him about *The Godfather*. He hated the book. Then one night, I'm interviewing Eli Wallach, and I said, "Have you ever turned down a role and then regretted it?" And he said, "Yeah, I got the part of Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*. We're out in California, we're ready to shoot and Tennessee Williams called me. He said, 'Eli, I'd like you to do *The Rose Tattoo*.' I had an affinity for that play. So I went to Jerry Wald, the producer, and I said, 'Listen, I know I'm signed. I know we're ready to shoot, but can I get out of it? Can I go do *The Rose Tattoo*?' And he said to me, 'Well, Sinatra did a very good read of this. You won it, Eli, but he was a close second. So OK.'" So I asked Sinatra, "When *The Godfather* came out, why didn't you announce that Eli Wallach originally got the *From Here to Eternity* role, and then gave it up? That you had to do a read, just like Wallach had to do a read?"

PLAYBOY: What was his answer?

KING: "Fuck them. They don't know? I don't have to tell 'em. I don't have to explain anything." I've asked Sinatra about the press, though. He gave me the best answer I've ever heard about what's wrong with gossip columnists. Sinatra's definition: "Gossip columnists feed off the alleged or real misfortunes of people infinitely more talented than they are." Summed it up. No response is possible.

PLAYBOY: Did he mention what he thought of his unauthorized biographer, Kitty Kelley?

KING: She's a schmuck.

PLAYBOY: Do the media force-feed gossip to the public about who is sleeping with whom, who drinks, uses drugs? Or are we just getting the dirt we actually want?

KING: We have this need to get more. We can't even let Malcolm Forbes die in peace. Isn't that the worst of us? What is this recent Forbes story [about his alleged homosexuality] designed to do other than titillate? There's no purpose. I don't like that kind of thing. I respect people who remain above that. Like Roseanne Barr. She makes people laugh on television every week; all the rest is bullshit. Who an actor sleeps with has nothing to do with how he acts tomorrow. Absolutely nothing. Unless he thinks it does and wants to talk about it with me.

PLAYBOY: How about tabloid TV? Do you think there's a place in the world for it?

KING: There's a place in the world for everything. My favorite thing in the world is the First Amendment. Do I like to watch tabloid TV? Sometimes. Do I like to watch re-enactments? Sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Do you like to watch Maury Povich?

KING: I like Maury. He's a pretty serious journalist and was an excellent news anchor and a pretty good talk-show host. He's a *mensch*. Comes from good stock. But I'd like to know if he really likes what he's doing. I couldn't do a daily tabloid show for all the money in the world. All he's dealing with is people in trouble. That's like being a dentist. Maury's the dentist. Whoever they're covering that day is in the chair. Dentists come in and everybody's unhappy.

"We can't even let Malcolm Forbes die in peace. I don't like that. I respect Roseanne Barr. She makes people laugh every week; all the rest is bullshit."

PLAYBOY: As long as we're on the subject of media abuses, critics have called your *USA Today* column "incoherent, presumptuous neogossip."

KING: [*Laughs*] One guy called it fascist. Once a month, I run a thing called "It's My Two Cents." It's a stream-of-consciousness thing.

PLAYBOY: What's your methodology? Do you jot notes, keep files for later use?

KING: I put the paper in the typewriter and I bang something out.

PLAYBOY: Can you do it for us now?

KING: OK. Today's edition: "I never would have bet *My Left Foot* would win anything. . . . I'm sure the Canadiens are going to win the Stanley Cup. . . . No matter what the weather, to me, it ain't spring until baseball starts. . . . If the girl's still knocking you, she still cares for you. . . . I love the way USAir has painted its new planes." [*Pauses*] The press is the only place I've gotten a negative reaction. I can't understand it. I'll bet no one can start reading the column and not finish it. If I just gave you those first five, you'd definitely read number six.

PLAYBOY: How come you didn't do the ill-fated *USA Today* TV show?

KING: One of my most spectacular mispredictions was about that show. I thought it couldn't miss. I was asked to be a part of it once a week—to do my column on television—for a lot of money. I thought Turner would easily let me do it. But he said he didn't want me to be part of a failure. He said, "That show has no chance. The success of *USA Today*, the newspaper, is based on the fact that this is a newspaper for people who get their news from television. It's sold in boxes that look like a television set. But now it's trying to be its own circle. It's a television show based on a newspaper that is based on a television show." And then he gave me a great analogy. He said, "It would be like *CNN*'s starting a daily newspaper: *CNN News*. It doesn't make any sense. We're a television show for people who read newspapers. What are we publishing a newspaper for?" *USA Today* is trying to reinvent its own wheel.

PLAYBOY: How have the media changed?

KING: Everybody knows everything now. We know about grosses; we know about rentals; we know about pictures and if they make money or if they don't. The decision is made in a weekend. We know if it's a hit or if it's a miss. We know who's hot; we know who's in and who's not. This is now a given. And I work for the guy who changed it all the most. Ted Turner made it global. We are infotainment freaks.

PLAYBOY: What's the cumulative effect?

KING: We've lost our innocence.

PLAYBOY: Is that bad, good or inevitable?

KING: Inevitable and bad. You can't do anything about it. When I was a kid and would sit up in Ebbets Field, I would look in the dugout and wonder what they looked like. What are they saying in the dugout? What do they do in the dugout? And I'd never know that world. Never. But now we know everything about everything.

Albert Brooks, a great friend and one of the funniest people I know, said it best one night at dinner. He said that twenty years ago, he was standing in line in Des Moines for a John Wayne movie with Aunt Mathilda and Aunt Gerte. Aunt Mathilda says to Aunt Gerte, "I hear this is a great movie." And Aunt Gerte says, "Yeah, John Wayne, Jane Russell. There's a lot of action. I think he winds up getting her. It's a wonderful story." Same two people, Mathilda and Gerte, same city—only it's today. They're in line for Clint Eastwood's new movie. "If they don't make the ten million this weekend, they don't equal the gross." "Yeah, but the foreign sales. They've got tremendous foreign sales. And Clint always does well in video. So they'll release the video early." "That's right. The video will probably come out within three months and they'll make their costs back. The director took five percent in lieu of fee."

By the way, here's the plus side to it: You can't have a Hitler anymore. He's on *Larry*

King Live. Ted Koppel's got Tojo. "Tojo, what are you doing? You can't have a concentration camp. You can't hide." Gorbachev realized that. It ain't gonna work. The world's changed. So the pluses outweigh the minuses.

PLAYBOY: And the changes we're witnessing in eastern Europe, Russia, South Africa. . . .

KING: Television did it. Through TV, eastern Europe saw freedom. We opened the crack. Once we opened the crack, it's gone. You could have lied to eastern Europe about the bourgeois American. You could have lied to them about the poverty. But you couldn't lie to them about Americans' being able to stand in the street and say "Fuck you" to the President. We could hold signs and they couldn't. We could vote and they couldn't. And they saw that.

The plus side is also that the Noriegas, the Castros, the Bothas—they're gone. Tomorrow's guy is Vaclav Havel in Czechoslovakia.

PLAYBOY: Was Nixon right when he said the media have too much power?

KING: You know, I don't know what "the media" is. In thirty-two years, I've never seen a collective media action. I have *never* seen CBS call NBC and NBC call CNN and say, "We all got Gary Hart, guys. We'll meet together at six and we're all leading with this tonight." There has never been a media collusion. Look at how many nights different stories lead the news on different channels. This is easily one of the most competitive businesses there is.

PLAYBOY: Even if there is no media collusion, *Tell It to the King* suggests that, at least with politicians, the situation is quite the opposite. You write about Reagan's drinking with Ted Kennedy, Goldwater and J.F.K. lusting after the same woman, etc. Is there a great truth underlying those stories that America should know?

KING: The great truth is, political people are in a game. They have learned about the nature of compromise. They've learned that when they reach the Senate and the Congress, they're all here in a company town. The company is Government, and they're all working for the same person, and that person is the taxpayer, in the form of the Government. And they tend to develop friendships based on just being guys who happen to be in the same business. So, in other words, this is not Ford and General Motors and Chrysler. This is all Ford. When there are arguments, they're between the plant manager, who says, "Let's put a fin on this year," and the engineer, who says, "Let's round out the tail." *But they all want to sell Fords.*

However, in the media, we're out fighting for a story. Get that story, get that guest—and if I get that guest before you get him, I'm doing better. There's no reason for CBS and CNN to compromise.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. How surprised are you that your work has made you a celebrity in your own right?

KING: Everybody who's made it pinches

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

himself and says, "Wow!" And if he says he doesn't, he's lying. Bush says it. Marvin Davis. Joe DiMaggio. Why? Because it was all a roll of the dice. After all, what is talent? That's subjective. Somebody had to like you. I once asked Stan Musial, "Stan, did you ever drive by that statue of you?" He said, "Yeah, sometimes at three in the morning, I drive by that statue. And I say, 'Wow! Coal miner's kid from Pennsylvania is looking at a statue of himself.'"

PLAYBOY: How did you get started in the interview business?

KING: When I was five years old, I wanted to be Arthur Godfrey; I wanted to be Red Barber. Other kids wanted to be firemen or policemen. I would roll up the score card, sit in the last row at Ebbets Field and broadcast a game when I was ten years old. I used to go to watch radio shows. I wasn't sure what *kind* of announcer I wanted to be, I just wanted on.

PLAYBOY: How did you settle on the talk-radio format?

KING: I was already a morning disc jockey doing a cut-up, hip, satirical show. Lenny [Bruce] used to come on and we would kid around: slow down records, change speeds, interrupt newsmen. We made a name for ourselves. We got written up in *The Miami Herald*. Then the owner of Pumpernick's Restaurant said, "I've got an idea for a coffee-klatch show, midmorning, in my restaurant, that I'd like you to host." The station said, "Would you *like* to make another hundred dollars a week?" Well, geez, I was making only ninety. My first day, May first, 1960, when I said "Good morning," introduced the guests and started asking questions, I *knew* this is what I wanted to do. And that show caught on. *The Miami Herald* said something like, "This is a better show at nine in the morning than *The Tonight Show* is at night." Everything since spun off from that.

PLAYBOY: When did you become Larry King?

KING: The first day I went on the air. Ten minutes before I went on, I changed my name.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you use your own?

KING: This was 1957. The station manager asked what name I wanted to use. I said, "Larry Zeiger." He said, "Zeiger, Zeiger, Zeiger. One, too ethnic. Two, people won't know how to spell it." Today, of course, there'd be no question that I'd use that name.

PLAYBOY: Back up. Too ethnic in Miami Beach?

KING: He was thinking of my *career*. Anyway, he had the paper open to an ad for King's Wholesale Liquors. He said, "How about Larry King?" I said, "That sounds fine." Then I went on, sat down in the control room and I panicked. I faded the music and turned up the mike. And couldn't think of anything to say. I was scared and thought I was blowing it. My boss opened the studio door. All he said was, "This is the *communications* business." And he slammed the door.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

KING: What I would still do today: I said, "Good morning. I'm scared to death. This is my first day ever on the air. I've got a new name. I was just given this name ten minutes ago. I've just been hired. I always wanted to be in radio. I'm very nervous. I hope I do the right thing."

I was direct and honest and open, and I've been that way ever since. And I knew in ten minutes that this was going to be a lifetime high if I could swing it.

PLAYBOY: How does your family feel about your changing your name?

KING: My brother introduced me at a speaking engagement once by holding up an American Express card and saying, "You don't know me, but my name is Martin Zeiger." My mother understood completely. Her son had gotten on the radio. The number-one wish of his life at the age of twenty-three had come true. The funniest thing I ever got from her was a birthday card that said, "Dear Larry King."

PLAYBOY: Could you ever be a has-been?

KING: If it all crumbled and I'm looking to host a show in Toledo? I'd try to latch on to something in sports. I'd work for a team.

"She was a married lady who was up for the summer. One night she said, 'Let's take a walk.' We walked by the baseball field and had sex on home plate."

Get a little older and be the public-address announcer at the ball park. Yeah, put me at the game. Nice, relaxed job.

PLAYBOY: Do you love baseball so much that had the owners come to you after [former baseball commissioner Bart] Giamatti had died, you'd have taken his job?

KING: [*Immediately*] Yes. It's the all-time best job in the world. You go to all the games and you can make decisions that affect something you have an intense love for. If you're a control freak, like me, and you can control the number-one avocation of your life, why not take it? With one proviso: I'd drop the radio show; I'd keep *Larry King Live*. They wouldn't have gone for that, though.

PLAYBOY: Much of the material in your books comes from things that happened *off* the air: private communications, conversations overheard. Is it ethical to include that information?

KING: Angie Dickinson told me, and she was right, "You walk a line where all those people love and know and respect you, and you should either not print or check with them before you print certain things." I agree with her. So in the upcoming book, we aren't leaving those stories out, we're just leaving out some names. In other words, we got a couple of great Barbra Streisand stories, told to me by an actor who worked with her. We just don't tell you who the actor is.

PLAYBOY: Even so, how can you justify writing about Barry Goldwater's sleeping with a secretary on a business trip overseas?

KING: That was told to me by Senator George A. Smathers. Goldwater later told me that a couple of the facts were wrong. But he wasn't upset, because his wife had passed away. Had Goldwater's wife been alive, I would not have run that story. And today, if I were running it, I would call him and *tell* him I was running it.

PLAYBOY: What about his kids' feelings?

KING: It is not unknown generally that Barry Goldwater liked the ladies. By the way, that is no retraction at all. I regarded the Goldwater story as a major plus.

PLAYBOY: In what sense?

KING: A lot of people have an image of Goldwater as a hard-crusted, not funny, extreme right-wing, moralistic, prudish man. And he is the opposite of all those things. He just has different opinions. He has a sense of humor. He had a friendship with Jack Kennedy; I don't think people knew about that. And I think sometimes, with political figures, you're balancing history a little with those stories. I don't feel bad about it.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel about a Larry King story's showing up in somebody else's book?

KING: That would be fine. I decided a long time ago, after having all that financial trouble and losing my job in Miami, that once I opened up and wrote about it, I was fair game. A friend of mine said, "You should try to live your life so that anything you do"—not say, because we say a lot of things—"could be on the front page of *The Washington Post*." I've really tried.

PLAYBOY: Do you live more carefully now?

KING: [*Sighs*] I'm fifty-six years old, so I won't risk things now where I would have—impetuously—in the past.

PLAYBOY: What things?

KING: I was a cocksman, if that's the term. I liked fooling around. If it was there, I would go for it.

PLAYBOY: What was your first sexual experience like?

KING: On home plate at Grossinger's Hotel in the Catskills. I was a bus boy. I was seventeen. She was a married lady who was up there for the summer. Her husband would come up on weekends. She was making little eyes at me while I was putting butter on her plate during the week. And one Thursday or Friday night, she said, "Let's take a walk." We walked by the baseball field and had sex on home plate. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: A home run in every sense of the word.

KING: I wasn't very good. And then her husband came up the following weekend,

(continued on page 151)

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A B C D E F
L M N P O R
250 YEARS BEFORE THERE WAS A GERMANY,
THERE WAS A DUTCH BEER CALLED GROLSCH.
Holland was enjoying Grolsch beer when present-day Germany was a patchwork of feuding tribes and fiefdoms. Things have changed since then, but, fortunately for the beer enthusiast, the purely natural, non-pasteurized, uniquely satisfying qualities of Grolsch have not. Grolsch
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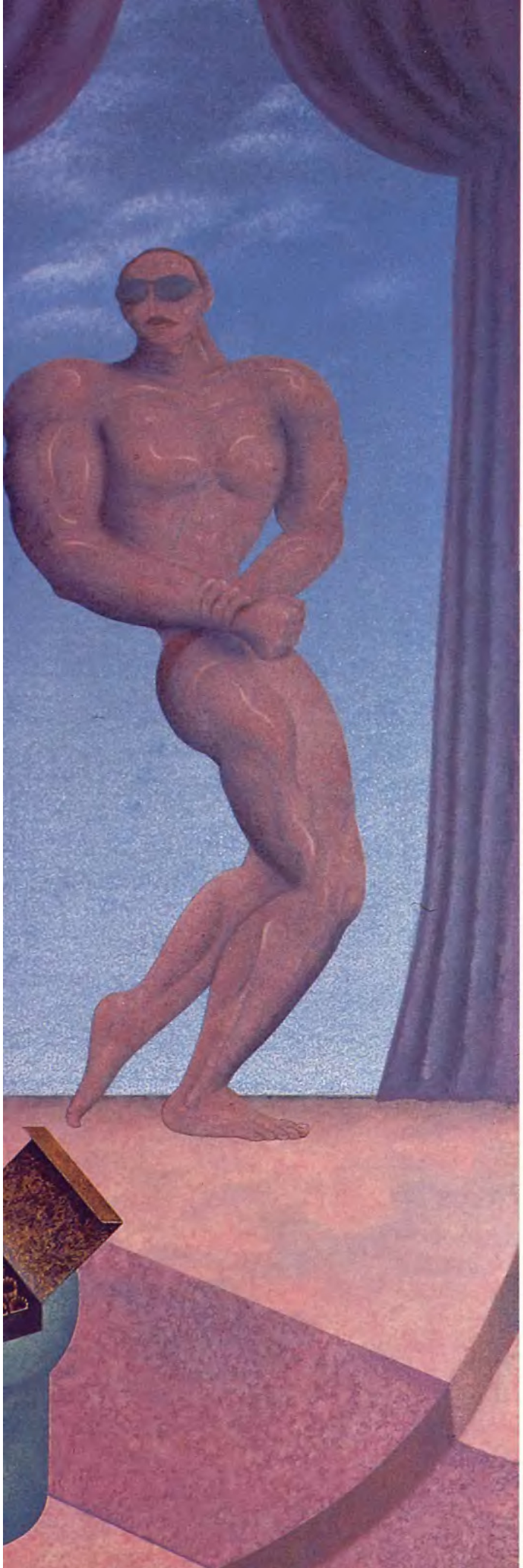


BODY

what i am is a skin mechanic, and what i'm gonna do is tune you and tone you, you sweet girl

ALPHONSE—called Fonse by everybody but his wife—Turnipseed, dressed in a JC Penney suit that was green and too tight, stood directly behind his son, Motor, who had both of his elbows on the registration desk, one on either side of the form he was filling out. From time to time, he briefly touched the point of the ballpoint pen to the tip of his tongue as he wrote.

Alphonse's wife, Earnestine, and her daughter, Earline, were wearing JC Penney "marked-down dress-ups"—red imitation-silk skirts and blouses with enormous pleated bows in back. They had spent a week rebuilding the garments to accommodate their girth, being as they were what Earnestine always referred to as "naturally stout women."

She stood with her daughter now sharing a bag of pork skins, both of them patiently chewing and shifting from foot to foot, causing the shiny red bows to undulate over their massive hips.

Motor looked up, ran his ink-stained tongue over his lips and slapped the pen down on the marble-topped desk. "That's it. She's done."

"And how will you be paying for this, sir?" asked the clerk.

"How's 'at?" said Alphonse.

"He thought to use money," said Motor.

Earnestine pushed forward and took the keys, then said to the clerk, "Honey, don't you worry about a thing. These are my men—nasty at times to them they don't know real good, and both of'm sometimes mean as snakes—but they mine. And I'm gone see they behave."

•

The way to the elevators led through the hotel's courtyard, complete with palm trees and swimming pool. All around them, in the pool, in chaise longues, were enormously muscled men, their

fiction **By HARRY CREWS**

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

bodies veined and hairless—and women without body fat, their skin diaphanous, their movements languid and deliberate, abdominal walls ridged with rows of muscle so sharply defined as to seem unreal, the mad imaginings of a mad artist. As Alphonse was trying to make out the window of the room they were trying to reach, an enormous, hairless, veined man diagonally across the pool from them dropped to one knee, placed his fists on his hips and went into a lat-spread pose. Slowly, great thick wings of muscle emerged from his hips to his armpits, and kept on emerging until it looked as though his upper body would explode. His eyes seemed glazed, distant, focused on something only he could see. First, veins rose and stood in his forehead, then in his neck, and finally in his shoulders and arms, the veins working like worms suddenly come alive. He did not appear to be breathing. Alphonse and his family stopped to watch him. They stood stock-still, the breath seeming to have gone out of them, too.

"What do you reckon he's doing?" Alphonse said.

Earline said, "I know what he's doing. He's having a fit is what he's doing. I seen it in movies when I was getting my degree in Problems in Living."

The bodybuilder's veins, starting to appear now in the abdominal wall, were as big as pencils.

"He needs help," said Earline. "He may be gone cataronic."

"Cataronic," said Motor. "Don't believe I know much about that."

Earline said, "In your basic cataronic state, you cain't or sometimes just won't move. And you can see he's starting to tremble. And if he's breathing, I shore cain't tell it. He may need mouth-to-mouth is what he may need.

"Look how red his face is. And it ain't nobody making a move to help. Probably ain't had no training like I have. One thing's for shore, he cain't last much longer like he is."

"Well, in that case," said Motor, "les jump that sucker and save his ass in the name of love for our fellow man."

•

Russell Morgan, the trainer of Shereel Dupont, nee Dorothy Turnipseed, who was a favorite to win the Cosmos contest, came storming into her room, his face flushed and a vein forking out above his nose and across his forehead. He dropped onto the couch beside her. From the way he was breathing, he could have just finished a two-mile run.

"What ails you?" Shereel asked.

"Oh, shit," said Russell, tearing away the blind from the window. "They've gone crazy down there."

The entire Turnipseed family was racing down the edge of the pool in a kind of flying wedge. The two women, Earnestine and Earline, moved surprisingly fast and light on their feet for women so heavy.

The bunch of them simultaneously hit the bodybuilder, still on his knees in the lat spread. So concentrated on his pose was he, so focused on his pumped and swelling body, Shereel knew that he probably never saw them coming and, like everybody else counting down the days to contest time, he was probably living on a six-and-a-half-ounce can of tuna fish with a fresh lemon squeezed on it, three stalks of celery and a vitamin packet a day, ripping the fat from the striated layers of muscle covering his body, getting cut up like a skinned squirrel.

So the Turnipseeds handled him like a baby. Motor sat on his chest. Earnestine had him by the hair of the head and Earline had the heel of her hand on his chin, trying to force his mouth open. Fonse stood above them, waving his arms, his mouth working around a cigarette, apparently shouting instructions.

"What the hell is she doing to Billy Bat?" said Russell.

"That's my sister, Earline."

"I didn't ask who it was, I asked what she's doing. My God, is she kissing him? Goddamn it, she is, she's kissing him."

"That's what it looks like."

Down below, they saw Earline pinch the bodybuilder's nose shut with her thumb and forefinger and clamp her mouth firmly on his.

"Oh, I see now," said Shereel. "She's just giving him C.P.R."

"C.P.R., for Christ's sake?"

"The kiss of life," said Shereel. "When she was going to school studying the Problems of Living, she told me all about it. One of the courses she had to pass. Even practiced on me."

"That man's in better shape than all those Turnipseeds put together. He doesn't need the kiss of life."

"Apparently, Earline thinks he does. And when you see somebody might need it, that's no time to stand and think."

Russell said, "What I saw was a great bodybuilder—a world beater—doing a lat pose and intimidating everybody around him."

"That's not what Earline saw, not from the looks of things."

"Do you understand the shit, the heat that could come down behind this?" said Russell. "I want your family to stay the hell away from you, you hear? I'll call the manager to set them up. Anything they want. I'll pay for it if I have to, but I'm goddamn well keeping them out of your hair till this thing is over."

•

Earline was lying naked in her suite on the king-sized bed shaped like a heart, which she very nearly filled, and staring at herself in the heart-shaped mirror above her. She watched as her hand slid into her purse lying beside her. She withdrew a Colonel Sanders drumstick wrapped in a napkin that she had put there to eat later instead of throwing it away, because little children were starving in Ethiopia. Earline stuck the drumstick in her mouth, stripped the meat off it slowly as she carefully examined herself in the mirror above the bed. God, there was a lot of her. With her feet nearly a yard apart, her thighs still met all the way to her knees.

But her skin was pretty. Nobody could deny her that, she thought. Pretty and soft and whiter than milk and without blemish. She stared a long time at the slightly reddish triangle of hair where it grew thick and curling at the base of her belly. How lovely and silky it was. She could not remember when she had seen it last. The mirror was the only reason she was seeing it now, and—she realized—the mirror was what made it too embarrassing to touch. But she wanted to touch it. She did. Its silkiness made her want to feel it on the ends of her fingers. It made her feel pretty.

She raised her hand and touched her lips, lips covered with a slippery film of grease from the Colonel Sanders drumstick. She moved her fingers over her lips and little jolts of pleasure radiated out from her mouth and took her whole body, all the way to her feet, making her toes wiggle, because she was not feeling her finger tips on her lips but rather Bill Bateman's lips when he had been pinned underneath her, squirming.

She closed her eyes so that she could not see her hand as she buried her fingers in the silky triangle of her pubic hair and gave it a long, not very gentle jerk, first this way and then that, all the while feeling Bill Bateman's monstrously hard chest swelling against her, each muscle individually leaping there, finally buried deeply in her breasts, which had come alive from the heat of him.

And all the while that her singing nerve endings were sending splattered, indecipherable messages to her brain, she kept telling herself over and over that she was a professionally trained therapist in Problems in Living. And the first problem of living—it had been endlessly drummed into her—was breathing. She had been stamped, certified and approved as one to keep the lungs breathing, to keep the heart beating. Then why had Bill Bateman—universally called The Bat, she had learned later, at the same time she had learned his name—why had The Bat turned into a single devouring pair of lips? She knew it was his tongue, first erratically thrashing and then stroking rhythmically inside her own mouth, that had taken her mind off her professional obligations.

She took her hand out of her hair

(continued on page 88)

"Look, Celia: I majored in chemistry, so I ought to know—doing it in the open air does not damage the ozone layer!"

BEAUTY ON THE BEACH

playboy playmate erika eleniak heats up the sand in *baywatch*

SHE MADE HER MODELING DEBUT at the age of ten in a tykes' underwear ad. By her teens, she had landed a feature role in the movie of the decade—the lips you see here provided the young hero's first kiss in *E.T.* Last year, she made her *Playboy* debut as a cover girl, then sizzled our centerfold as Miss July. And now, at the ripe young age of 20, Erika Eleniak is hotter than ever. "I guess I grew up fast," says the star of NBC's beachin' lifeguard series *Baywatch*. The show's fast and, if not necessarily loose, certainly suggestive enough to keep millions of viewers glued to their sets every Friday, hoping to see if Erika's bathing suit shrinks when wet. *Baywatch* has been called NBC's contribution to TV T and A—a show that uses life-and-death drama as a pretext for plots that put its heroine in (A) danger and (B) tight swimsuits. "We don't exploit anyone's body," producer Doug Schwartz told *Rolling Stone*, which called its piece on the show "Babe Watch." Said Erika, "Look at our bathing suits. We could have gotten really radical, but those are regulation suits." What went unexplained was the crux of the matter: Whether she wears a teeny bikini, a regulation lifeguard suit or a suit of armor, California girl Erika can't help looking radical. And, of course, she fully intends to move on from her role as Shauni McLain on *Baywatch* to more challenging parts, though she sees no need to apologize for playing a pretty girl on TV. After all, she owes a debt to the medium; Erika learned how to kiss by watching TV. One time, she was watching *The Brady Bunch* and saw Bobby getting kissed. "And *skyrockets* went off," she says. Young Erika tried it. "I kissed this guy and I swear, there *were* skyrockets." She brings that same sense of purpose to her current work. "People have no idea what it takes to be a lifeguard," she says. "It's also important to show how women deal with the job." *Baywatch*, she says, "is like *St. Elsewhere* on the beach." For now, she's delighted to be playing Shauni McLain. As for what the future holds, she has no insider's info. "But I don't want to be under anybody's thumb," says Erika. "I want to do my work, be in charge of my own life and just be a good person." Sounds like the perfect formula to us, Erika.

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
GIRLS OF THE BIG EAST
A CHILLING INTERVIEW WITH THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY
SEX IN THE EIGHTIES
AN EYE-OPENING REPORT FROM THE FIELD
SPRING BREAK
PHOTOS FROM THE FRONT LINES
SPECIAL DELIVERY
KARL "THE MAILMAN" MALONE

As Shauni McLain (second from left above, with her *Baywatch* co-stars), Erika adds beachin' beauty to NBC's lifeguard thriller. As Miss July 1989 and in her cover appearance that April (above right), she introduced *Playboy* readers to California chic, Eleniak style. On the facing page, she shows off the form that makes *Baywatch* watchable. More than mere sandy-haired decor, Erika brings verisimilitude to the series. She answers the show's critics with a simple truth—there's nothing wrong with looking good in your swimsuit, as long as nobody drowns when you're on duty.

Moderation

There are, of course, aspects of Eriko's tolent that can't be shown on TV. "Posing nude mokes you very aware of your body," she says. Trying to look good for the camera, "I focus on every last part of myself." In this, Eriko is no different from her highly focused fans.

As a teen, she says, "I was a Sixties reject. I tried everything." Experiments with drugs and alcohol left Erika cold. Now she warms up naturally in the Southern California sun. Born in 1969, Miss July 1989 realized years ago that the Nineties, not the Sixties, were her time.

Erika is not ashamed of her success. How many 20-year-olds can choose to drive to work in a BMW or a Benz? She's not ashamed of her famed body, either. How many people of any age look this good? But she keeps her head clear. "I'm a long-term girl." And the future looks even brighter than the present.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

AS WE MAKE WAR AGAINST OUR DRUG LUST, THE PEOPLE OF COLOMBIA SUFFER AND DIE FOR OUR SINS

article By JONATHAN SILVERS

WOUNDED COUNTRY

THE LIEUTENANT spoke little English, but in his struggle to make himself understood to those American journalists in his charge, there were flashes of what might be described as poetry. This morning, while leading a dozen of us through the wreckage of the week's fifth explosion, he stopped abruptly and pointed to a large depression in the plaza directly in front of the security-police headquarters. "The wound," he announced uncertainly, and marched ahead. A moment later, we were pressed against a makeshift barricade, gazing into the remains of a street where *narcotraficantes* had detonated 1100 pounds of dynamite at the peak of the morning rush.

And suddenly, the lieutenant's error—he had meant to translate the word crater—proved an uncomfortable metaphor. From our vantage point, ground zero was, indeed, a wound, vast and tragic, in the heart of downtown Bogotá. It bled, or at least appeared to; 30 feet below, the crevices in which the bodies of victims had been found were bright with crimson. On the triage grounds, a few yards from the epicenter, lay an abundance of medical waste: *(continued on page 80)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF LIPSCHUTZ

J. Lipschutz

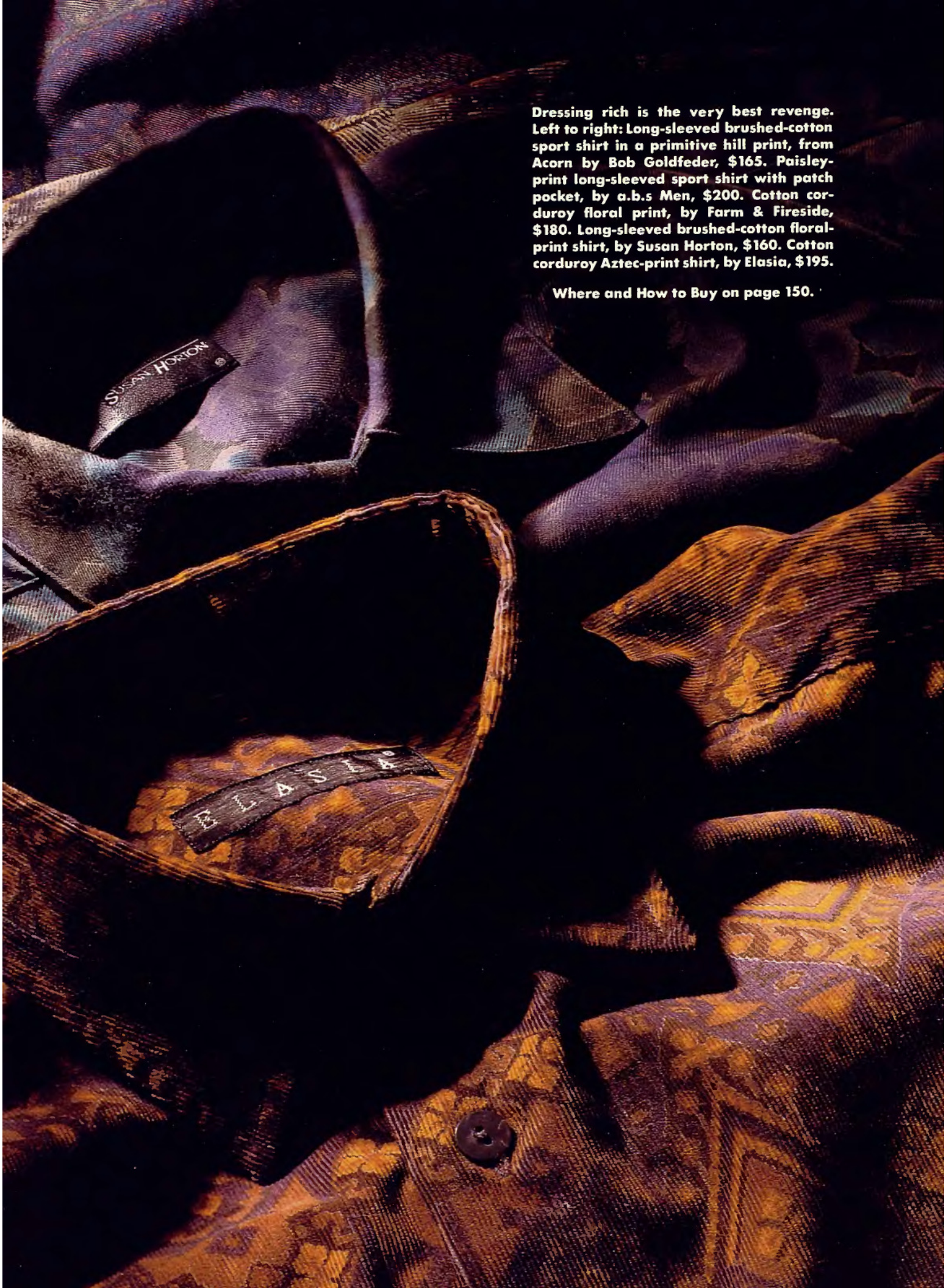
THE FINE PRINT

rich autumn colors are this year's grand design in shirts

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

You say you're bored with those dull solid-white dress shirts? Good news. Printed sport shirts in colors as rich as an English autumn are this fall's brightest fashion picks. The fabrics—including brushed cotton, silk and wool blends and even small-wale corduroy—are soft and supple yet still durable. Look for oversized, abstract patterns in the earthy, understated hues of an ancient tapestry. Some resemble blown-up tie prints with exploded paisleys or huge subtle florals; others are more realistic. Thanks to their colorations, all these shirts have a classic old-world quality; their appeal won't fade. And remember, these shirts are designed to be seen. Wear them with an open sports jacket and the right tie, not under a crew-neck sweater.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO



Dressing rich is the very best revenge. Left to right: Long-sleeved brushed-cotton sport shirt in a primitive hill print, from Acorn by Bob Goldfeder, $165. Paisley-print long-sleeved sport shirt with patch pocket, by a.b.s Men, $200. Cotton corduroy floral print, by Farm & Fireside, $180. Long-sleeved brushed-cotton floral-print shirt, by Susan Horton, $160. Cotton corduroy Aztec-print shirt, by Elasia, $195.

Where and How to Buy on page 150.

WOUNDED COUNTRY *(continued from page 76)*

"Parties spring up in the aftermath of explosions, the revelers high on 'the scent of recent danger.'"

bandages, plasma containers, blood-soaked rags, some still recognizable as clothing. From behind a hastily installed retaining wall spilled the twisted viscera of civilization—wires, pipes, beams.

The sight was so extraordinary that for ten minutes, we forgot our professional obligations and just stared—into the crater, at the ruptured skyline, at one another. Except for the low hum of a bulldozer in the distance, there was no sound; the blast had put an end to all commercial activity within a five-block radius. Each minute, the devastation became more and more surreal, the conflict that had produced it increasingly absurd.

Then deadline consciousness struck and the reverie ended. The sound and video technicians primed their equipment and surrounded the lieutenant, who obliged them by reciting, with official gravity, the latest statistics. Sixty-two dead. One thousand injured. Property damage exceeding $25,000,000. At a network correspondent's prompting ("And has there been significant progress in your investigation?"), he added a few hopeful remarks about apprehending those responsible and ending the "scourge of cocaine abuse," a pedantry that elicited smiles all around. He concluded the session by thanking us for the chance to let America "share our anguish."

That last remark was somewhat misleading. In spite of the destruction surrounding them, Bogotanos displayed remarkably little emotion of any kind. Of the hundreds left homeless and unemployed by the blast, only the very young and the very old cried. Everyone else sifted impassively through the rubble or negotiated with claims adjusters and government representatives. "I have five thousand things to do before I can even think about praying," said one merchant whose paper-goods business had been reduced to ash.

The sense of tragedy was further diminished by the pranks of overworked repair crews, who spat beer at one another in their pits. And by the endless procession of tourists, gawkers and, yes, journalists, armed with cameras and notebooks. And by the schoolboys playing war games on the blasted landscape.

Colombians are not so much insensitive to the tragedy as accustomed to it. There are 16,000 murders and countless bombings, arsons, kidnapings and assaults in a typical year. In North Bogotá, an enclave of the ruling class, virtually everyone I met had witnessed a shooting or a stabbing at close range, or else had stumbled upon a murder scene shortly after it had become one. Similarly, Medellín's barrio dwellers regularly awake to find their streets littered with corpses, five to ten each morning. "There was a time when a shooting would scare the hell out of me," said Gilberto, a 54-year-old Medellín furniture maker. "Not now. I've seen too many. We all have. They're more a nuisance than something to be afraid of."

Gilberto alternately blamed the violence on a surplus of handguns and on *Latino* youth. Each by itself he considered dangerous; the combination, lethal. "*Sangre caliente*. Hot blood. Two kids will start talking, one of them will provoke the other, and a minute later, they'll start shooting." To prove his point, he escorted me to the local gun store, which swarmed with tough young permit applicants. "Our future victims" was how Gilberto described them.

Sangre caliente, however, accounts for only a fraction of Colombian violence. The bulk of the fatalities are the work of the 150 or so death squads, citizen armies and leftist guerrilla brigades that advance their commercial or political interests by killing their competitors.

Between August 1989 and February 1990, Colombia's major cities endured more than 400 bombings, nearly 300 in Bogotá alone. The intensity of the attacks varied enormously. From August through October, the *narcos* showed surprising restraint in their selection of targets. In Bogotá, bombs were typically detonated in the very early morning and in places of symbolic value—schools, newspaper offices, political headquarters—that were likely to be deserted. Property damage was substantial, essential services were interrupted, but casualties were few.

"There was more confusion than terror," recalled María Jimena Duzán, a journalist for the crusading daily *El Espectador*. "After the first month, we decided that the *narcos* were more interested in breaking our spirit than in annihilating us."

The traffickers stepped up their campaign in November. There were more bombings with bigger bombs and several hundred fatalities but still no appreciable panic. A judge of the Public Order Court who oversees many of the major drug-related indictments suggested that by bombing so frequently, the traffickers may have inadvertently anesthetized the public: "Every night, there were bombs. And every morning, there were casualty reports. It was painful, but there finally comes a point when it becomes part of the background noise."

•

American drug warriors inevitably compare Bogotanos to Londoners of the Nazi blitz. And although the comparison is not entirely valid (few Englishmen made their living selling Nazi paraphernalia), there are some Bogotanos who have confronted the offensive with Churchillian defiance and a measure of ingenuity. Parties spring up in the aftermath of minor explosions, the revelers high on what a local poet called "the scent of recent danger." Craftsmen and architects have cashed in on the reconstruction boom. Telephone and electrical services were improved for 50,000 customers when aging substations were destroyed and replaced with modern equipment. Teachers, too, have taken advantage of their students' fascination with munitions by lecturing on chemistry and physics.

But these are exceptions. At the peak of the bombings, the city that guidebooks once described as "the Athens of Latin America" or "a swinging, sophisticated metropolis of almost 6,000,000 people" more often resembled a ghost town, and its people, apparitions who drifted from one metal detector to another. Restaurants, theaters, cantinas and hotel lobbies were all but deserted, their attendance a function of the week's casualties. During the day, workers and shoppers rushed through the downtown streets, afraid of being caught in cross fire or pelted with shrapnel.

Faced with these daunting conditions, about 50,000 people have already deserted Bogotá. Following a U.S. State Department travel advisory last October, 10,000 Americans and several thousand Europeans permanently assigned to Colombia were recalled by their employers. Many Colombian government officials quietly relocated their families to provincial retreats—or to the U.S.

There's an old saying that Colombia attracts only mercenaries, missionaries and misfits; it has perhaps never been more correct. The reduction in Bogotá's population has been partially offset by the stationing of 20,000 troops in and around the city. For the most part, they are very young, undereducated and inexperienced. They stand on the street corners in tight packs of three or four, fingers on the triggers of their automatics, and inspire in passers-by only slightly more confidence than the *narcos*.

There are other newcomers: American lawmakers on fact-finding junkets at the *(continued on page 147)*

"the arc of the ball..."

A SALUTE TO SOFTBALL

the ping of the bat"

A PLAYBOY SPECIAL SECTION ON THE RAMPAGING GAME OF SUMMER

SLOW-PITCH SOFTBALL, God bless it, has always been a sport of high numbers. Your average office stiff with a solid swing and a sure eye can bat .500, and the guy whose wife nags him to lose his gut can regularly use that heft to lose the ball in deepest center field.

Fast-pitch, the sport of strong-arm pitchers and frustrated batsmen, was the dominant form of the game 30 years ago; today, 90 percent of softball players prefer to take their cuts at the soft, juicy, irresistible, slow lob. With good reason: In slow-pitch, there's a play on every batter, the ball can be used to scatter picnickers and it sometimes lands in the parking lot. Softball is an ideal social game, it is accessible to players of all skill levels and it provides an alternative venue for beer consumption.

For those reasons, softball is racking up some big numbers of its own these days. With more than 40,000,000 participants (up from 25,000,000 in 1980), it stands as the nation's most popular team sport. Baseball may be the national pastime, but softball is what gets the country off its big fanny and into the field, where it belongs.

•

It all started on Thanksgiving Day, 1887, in the gymnasium of the Farragut Boat Club at the edge of Lake Michigan in Chicago, where a group of 20 or so young men had gathered to hear reports on the Harvard-Yale football game. When the game ended—Yale prevailed 17–8—one mischievous Eli picked up a stray boxing glove and lobbed it across the gym at a Harvard fan. The target saw the glove coming, grabbed a pole and batted it back.

Seeing this, a young reporter for the Chicago Board of Trade named George Hancock said, "I've got it. Let's play ball." Each team scored about 40 runs, and softball was on its way to greatness.

By 1900, the game had spread across the country, and during the Depression, it was determined that 11,000,000 Americans of both sexes played the game on 8696 diamondettes (as softball fields were often called). Dale Carnegie played, as did Babe Ruth, Lowell Thomas and cartoonist Rube Goldberg, who became something of a legend by pitching for five innings with a lighted cigar clenched between his teeth. It was a jolly time for the game. So jolly that attempts were made to ban beer and other alcohol from the playing field, which, in turn, gave rise to critic Alexander Woollcott's telling question "Why softball when there is highball?"

The game got a nice boost after World War Two when playgrounds and recreation departments began to wire softball diamonds for nighttime play. In the Seventies, it absolutely took off. Maybe it was all that little league the baby boomers had been forced to play when they were young. Maybe it was the yearning for sport and fitness. Or the advent of light beer. Whatever the reasons, the number of softballers doubled over the next 20 years and the equipment manufacturers found themselves with a $370,000,000 market. Five million league games will be played this year, which means that softballs will be lobbed, smashed and thrown the distance from home plate to Alpha Centauri, give or take a few light-years. You could look it up.

Faced with those kinds of numbers, the editors at *Playboy* figured it was time to play ball. So we've put together a lineup that includes hitting instruction, equipment, oddities, all-stars and, in this age of office and coed softball, some important tips on diamond etiquette. Think of this as your field guide to the summer game. Don't leave home plate without it.

Softball is synonymous with summer and outdoors, but it began as a winter, indoor game. It was first played in Chicago's Farragut Boat Club (top) in November 1887, and soon "indoor baseball" teams (above) caught on all over the city. The game went outdoors in spring, and by the Thirties, the entire country was playing.

THE HARD GUYS OF SOFTBALL

Here's a bar bet for you: Which two baseball greats got their start in softball?

Time's up.

Tommy "Old Reliable" Henrich and Ernie "Let's Play Two" Banks. In fact, those two also make up the entire list of famous softballers, once you discount all the people who got famous before they stepped onto the field. That's because in softballdom, the fame goes to the teams, which, come to think of it, is a pretty democratic way of doing things.

Just about the biggest team going right now is Steele's Silver Bullets, a.k.a. The Men of Steele. They are a band of barnstorming, Ruthian monsters who go out and hit home runs high over the heads of the hapless slow-pitchers who oppose them. Mike "The Machine" Macenko is their leader, an athlete who failed to rate the cover of any national magazine even after whacking 3143 home runs over the course of the Eighties. Factor that into your Rotisserie League stats and see where it gets you.

The men are in the employ of Steele's Sports of Grafton, Ohio, with the added sponsorship of Coors Light. Steele's makes and sells bats, so these guys routinely field test them with 16 downtowners in a game. As a team, they batted .670 and stroked 3730 home runs last year. All those pyrotechnics have led to 1344 wins in the past five years. But the really scary part is that they have actually *lost* 100 games. Think about the guys who beat them.

Think about Superior/Apollo of Windsor Locks, Connecticut, for instance. Head to head against The Men of Steele last season, they won 11 of 15. Frank LaTeano, the team's sponsor and coach, recruits nationally, picking up players from a bunch of superteams that collapsed in the late Eighties. LaTeano admits that some of his guys are monsters, "but they are also true athletes who are multitalented and can get that third out when you need one."

Yet even *they* weren't named the number-one team last year. That distinction—earned through a tortuous process reminiscent of the way collegiate football champs are determined—went to Ritch's Salvage of Harrisburg, North Carolina, which only goes to show that having an unwieldy name on your uniform won't wreck your team's chance of success.

ODD BALL

Codify any set of rules and people will find a way to bend, break or reinterpret them:

• Backward Ball—In 1908, the National Playground Association allowed leadoff base runners to choose the direction of infield traffic by running to first *or* third.

• Snowball—Priest Lake, Idaho, sponsors a winter tournament in which players use a pink ball and wear snowshoes.

• Gay Ball—Yvonne Zipter's *Diamonds Are a Dyke's Best Friend* bills itself as a report on "the lesbian national pastime."

• Shortfielder's Ball—The Little People of America play it at their convention.

• The Old Ball Game—There is a circuit in Florida for players 75 or older.

• City of Big Balls—Chicago's variant uses a ball that is a full 33⅓ percent

larger than the normal 12-inch ball, and nobody uses a baseball glove. Its devotees, past and present, include George Halas, "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn and Mike Royko.

GROUND RULES OF THE COED GAME

The first thing to know about coed softball is that it isn't played on a level field. Women have all the advantages.

When you play with guys, you're all

playing by the same rules, culturally and baseballistically. On the coed ball field, however, your instinct to protect and serve women gets tangled with your instinct to kill the enemy, thereby rendering you goofy. And this goofiness is attained precisely in your attempts not to act like a clod in front of the women whom, taken collectively, you'd like to impress.

About these women: Some of them will have only a passing interest in impeding the flight of the ball, with either bat or glove. But a growing minority of your diamondmates will be tough, serious players who would test you even without the sympathetic handicaps your gender imposes. Add the fact that you're psychologically vulnerable, playing a game you were supposed to master in boyhood, while women have nothing to lose, as nothing is expected of them. It's a jam Whitey Herzog couldn't maneuver out of.

To help explore this difficult terrain, we consulted a man who once had the opportunity to put a glove on Barbi Benton in a celebrity softball game but instead did the gentlemanly thing and threw her out at first. Now, there's an expert. His tip on coed softball: "Never underestimate. Make sure you've seen a woman swing a few times before you bring in the outfield. The embarrassment factor in a bloop single is far less than a home run over a drawn-in outfield."

Here are a few other ground rules

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

we should all be able to agree on:

• You are supposed to treat women with courtesy but stop short of condescension, even if they couldn't hit a dead fly with a mallet.

• If a woman can't hit or catch, don't point it out to her. She knows it. She hates it. You point it out and she'll miss the next one by an even wider margin. A humiliated woman is no fun in the bar after the game.

• Take it easy on the posturing. Treat women like the guys, but stop short of the scratching, spitting and vulgarity that have made softball such fun over the years.

• With all those babes around, you're going to be tempted to hot-dog it—swing four bats around your head, adjust that jockstrap. Don't do it. No woman worth having will buy that act.

• Handicap yourself to compensate for your superior athletic ability, but never acknowledge that you may be the least bit better than a female player. Handicaps range from modest (not playing her position for her, even if she couldn't catch a cold in a day-care center) to ridiculous (not letting men wear gloves). Once handicaps have been agreed upon, obey and ignore them.

In short, coed softball offers all the drawbacks of a woman-filled world and none of the advantages. That is, until the game's over and you're in a cool bar, glowing with vitality and fitness. Only then will you understand why you just wasted two hours with these silly, clumsy . . . these lissome, dewy creatures. Only then will they be fair game. Until then, remember: It's their game.

BIZ BALL

Corporate softball can be a whole new ball game. For one thing, the company flow chart is scrambled; suddenly, that pushy V.P. is benched because of his poor

fielding skills, while the incredible hulk from the mail room is accepting admiring glances from the secretarial cheering section. That won't make the veep happy, which can be a work problem for the hulk, if you know what we mean.

People do take the game pretty seriously. A high school girl was quoted in *The Washington Post* as saying that she played "because softball is the executive sport, and if I ever work for IBM . . . I'll need to know how to play." She might want to apply to the executive in Boise who had his secretary stand along the side lines holding a wad of crisp new bills; she'd ante up for every hit and tack on bonuses for extra bases. The same guy marched his charges down to a screening of Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*. Softball, softball, *über Alles*.

Clearly, corporate softball guidelines are in order:

• Make sure the boss plays. He may turn your Murderer's Row into a second-degree misdemeanor, but put him on the bench and the uniform fund dries up, the year-end banquet is canceled.

• Softball skill is inversely proportionate to salary. Recruiters should always begin in the mail room and among the security forces; head for the honchos only when league registration fees are due.

• Put accountants on the mound. They are versed in deception, cool as the numbers mount up and too scrawny to fully occupy space elsewhere on the field.

• Team practices should always be on company time. Get Personnel to plead corporate morale on your behalf.

• Don't extend field relationships into the office. If a colleague makes a good point in a sales meeting, it is *not* acceptable to slap him (or her) on the butt.

• If corporate honor is at stake, hire consultants (a.k.a. ringers). In Central Park, available ringers rove from field to field, offering their services.

• If you're playing against clients or colleagues, don't engage in conduct unbecoming. A New York attorney explains that her opponents are often people she works with. "The key," she says, "is balancing your professional image with your conduct on the field." Translation: Don't spike the president of the bar association.

• Bring in the national sales force during play-offs. Salesmen are famous for being ex-jocks and can often add offensive punch when you need it most.

• If you're a dork, don't play.

THE FAME GAME

Softball is such an accessible game that even people with no appreciable skills can play. That leaves the field wide open for celebs, politicians and TV executives.

• The Broadway Show League, now in its 36th season, fills three diamonds in Central Park on Thursday afternoons.

• The Congressional League has had as many as 250 teams—a frightening statement about bloated bureaucracy.

• In East Hampton, on Long Island, there is the annual Artists & Writers game. Recent lights of the competition have been John Irving, George Plimpton and Carl Bernstein.

• Brandon Tartikoff, president of NBC Entertainment and a fanatical softball player, leads a weekly charge of studio execs, writers, sycophants and toadies onto a softball field in West L.A. The goal is to share a base with a powerful executive and make pitches from close range.

HITTING the ball. *Smoking* it. *Jacking* it. *Mashing a tater*. The words themselves are quick violence, and why not? There's nothing nice about what the game's greatest sluggers do to poor, defenseless softballs.

"I really *compressed* that one," says Bruce "The Incredible Hulk" Meade of the tater he launched in a game 12 years ago in Amarillo, Texas. Quick quiz: How far did Meade's moon shot travel? Was it 250 feet, the length of an average softball tater? Or 380, the distance your basic major-league baseball—far livelier than a softball—goes when Jose Canseco compresses one? Was it 450—tape-measure distance even for baseball heroes? Try 500. Then take three more giant steps. "The wind was blowing in, too," says Meade, recalling his legendary 510-foot shot, the longest home run ever hit in a softball game.

Great sluggers share one quality. Mike "The Machine" Macenko, Meade's rival in the softball pantheon, calls it selective aggression. "You can't go to the plate with a nice-guy attitude. Get up there and *hit* it," says Macenko. In 1987, he hit it to the tune of (this is not a typo) 844 home runs, breaking the previous record by 341. He had 1534 R.B.I.s in 350 games. His 508-foot homer, second only to Meade's blast in softball lore, sailed over a parking lot and struck a car owned by a commissioner of the Amateur Softball Association.

Softball's top aggressors gave the tape measure a rest to share their secrets with *Playboy* readers. There's a catch, though. If you're going to read further, go get a bat and stop thinking like a nice guy. Macenko and Meade have no patience for park-league guys who go to the plate hoping for a walk or a bloop single. Big-time softball ain't about speed or defense or looking pretty in your uniform. It's about hurting the ball.

"If you've got any frustrations in your life, take them out on that ball," says Macenko. "If there's one mistake park-league hitters make, it's that they're not aggressive enough. They take a lot of pitches, waiting for that perfect strike." His advice: "Get up there and take a good cut. *Always* be aggressive."

"Slow-pitch softball used to be thought of as a girls' game," says Meade. "Not anymore."

These days, the only soft thing about the game is the ball.

One other thing: Most of the game's greats sport Mighty Casey mustaches. Grow one.

And swing hard.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

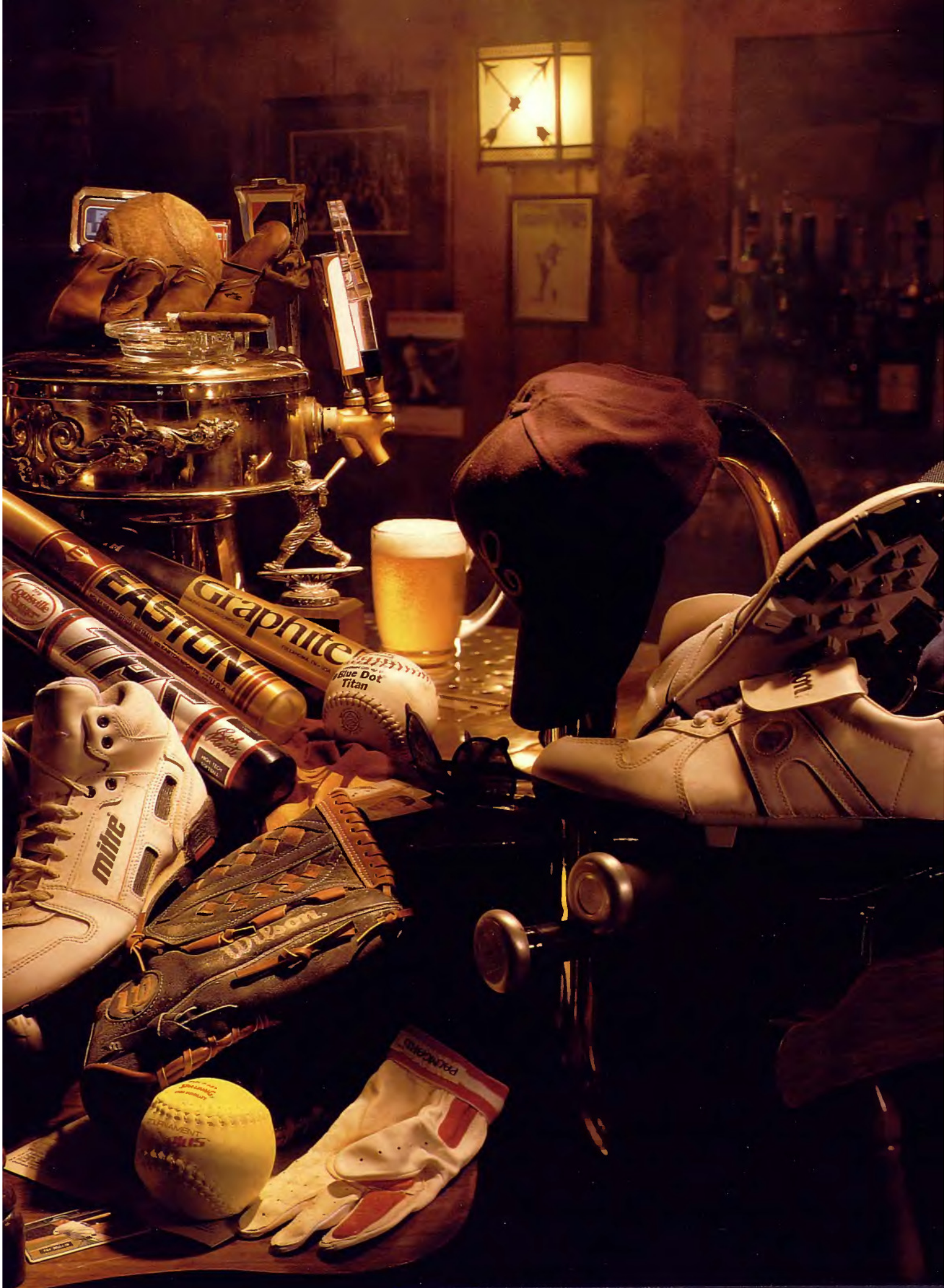
1. Take a threatening practice swing to laasen your muscles and make the pitcher think twice. Grip the bat lightly, with the pinkie of your bottom hand *under* the handle of the bat. **2.** As the ball descends, rack backward. When it drops into the hitting zone, stride directly toward it. Shift your weight forward and pivot an yaur front leg with a ferocious hip turn. Your hands trail your hips as you *throw* the bat at the ball. Your front arm is nearly straight and your top hand is under the bat as you cock your wrists. **3.** Your belt buckle spins to face the pitcher. Your chin is tucked against your forward shaulder, eyes on the middle of the ball. Your swing is a slight uppercut. With yaur arms completely extended, you crush the softball about six inches in front of the plate. Your back wrist turns over, adding extra force at impact. **4.** Circle the bases, champ.

GAME PIECES

batting 1.000 with the gear that makes the game

Howard Cosell said it: "Sports is the toy department of human life." Gentlemen, let's go shopping. Clockwise from 12: The Blue Dot Titon MSP-47 is a leather-covered 12" softball, by Worth, $5.95. The Avenger rubber-cleated leather softball shoes ore from Wilson Sporting Goods, $27. U-Tote-Plush, a lorge-sized, padded equipment bog, holds three bats in a separate comportment, is foom-lined and comes with an optional shoulder strap, by Worth, $27.95. Palmgard padded fielder's hand-protection glove, by Markwort Sporting Goods, $17, is made to be worn inside the mitt. The Tournament Plus 12" softball that's covered with tocithone for optimum visibility is from Spalding Sports Worldwide, Chicopee, Massachusetts, $5. The Wilson Staff 8 13" softball glove is made of soft cowhide ond hos on angle-weave closed web, from Wilson Sporting Goods, $72. High-top Power Drive Hi rubber-cleated leather softball shoes are by Mitre Sports, $60. Worth's soft-leather 12½" RD2-11 fielder's glove sports an open-web construction, $129. The TPS Rich Plonte model aluminum softball bat is by Louisville Slugger, $107. Easton's SX100 power generator is o perimeter-weighted aluminum-alloy softball bat with a patented weighted knob, o power-plug insert and a leather grip, $100. Worth hos mode the TRXS bat in lightweight 100 percent graphite, $79.95. Remember what oilman and boseboll-team owner Marvin Dovis once said: "As men get older, the toys get more expensive."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO


EASTON
Graphite
Blue Dot
Titan
mitre
Wilson

BODY *(continued from page 66)*

"Everything was heart-shaped and bright red. No woman belonged in such rooms without a man."

between her legs and opened her eyes and saw in the mirror above her that her breasts, snugly caught under her arms, had turned a bright red and that her nipples had hardened in an unseemly way.

She sat up on the side of the bed, with her hands caught under her stomach, which sat now squarely in her lap. She breathed deeply and slowly. From where she sat, everything she could see was heart-shaped and bright red, done in velour or velvet or maybe both. The thought came to her that no woman belonged in such rooms without a man, and that thought was scariest of all, because she had had so little contact with men in her life. She knew she was a pretty girl, but large, very large. Yes, she did have wonderful skin, but God, such a lot of it.

She padded nakedly across the bedroom to the door that led into the bathroom. She moved on the balls of her feet as though she were stealing through a place where she did not belong and, consequently, might at any minute be discovered, found out and confronted.

The bathroom was enormous, but it was not its size that brought the rush of rising blood in her. Not only was the sunken heart of the bathtub big enough for two people—a man and a woman, the thought screamed inside her head—but there were two toilets. Two! And not only were they shaped like hearts, they were close enough for two people sitting on them to hold hands. The possibility of two people doing such a thing made her feel faint.

She moved closer, still creeping quietly on the balls of her feet, to better see the two dainty little thrones, but before she even got close enough to verify what she already knew, it was obvious that one of them could only be a bidet. She knew what it was for and even knew the word, though she had no notion where she had ever learned the word bidet, and certainly she had never seen one. She crept closer and peered into it and entirely against her will, she not only imagined sitting on it but also imagined Bill "The Bat" Bateman sitting beside her. More than that, they were holding hands naturally and without shame. She clearly felt his thick, callused hand in hers and his hot and wonderful eyes locked on hers.

•

When she finally did hear the bell on the door of the Bridal Bower chiming out *Here Comes the Bride*, she had no notion at all how long it had been ringing. She turned on her heels and charged out of the bathroom, moving with surprising swiftness and lightness, because in spite of her size, she had a gait that was as smooth as glass.

"Minute," she called. "I'm coming just in a sec."

Over by the door lay her open suitcase, a blue packing-crate-size thing that she and her mother had once found on a trip to Jacksonville. Earline bent, her cheeks flaring open like a vast flower, and pulled out her print housecoat, the first thing that had come to hand in the suitcase.

She was still belting it around her middle as she opened the door, saying, "You old honey, I kept hollering I'd be just a sec," and found herself face to face not with a member of her family but looking, rather, dead into the face of Bill "The Bat" Bateman, who was wearing wraparound aviator sunglasses and the same posing briefs he had been wearing down by the pool when she had thrown him on his back and given him C.P.R.

They stood regarding each other until finally, Bill Bateman slowly dropped his hand from the bell and said, "Well, hi there again."

Earline's eyes followed his hand as he dropped it to his side and her eyes came to rest on the tiny red bikini briefs he was wearing, or, more precisely, on the ingenious way he had arranged his cock and balls behind the thin triangle of fabric, drawing his cock up and turning it in such a way that the head of it proposed itself to her like a tiny doorknob, a doorknob that for one totally insane instant she felt she might actually reach out and take into her hand. She was suddenly intensely aware of the globes of her breasts swinging loose under her thin print housecoat and she gathered it tightly at her throat with both hands and said, "I thought you was Motor or maybe Fonse." She spoke without raising her eyes, directly addressing the knob of his cock.

Bill Bateman's expression did not change and his voice was as light and quick as a young boy's. "Motor or Fonse, you say?"

The accent was Southern and Earline was glad for that, for the familiarity of it, and realized that in her confusion, she was very nearly strangling herself, so tightly did she squeeze the housecoat at her throat. She released her grip a bit and said, "Or maybe even my momma." She knew she was babbling but could not help it. At least, though, she had managed to raise her eyes from the posing briefs to the sunglasses he was wearing, which she thought were just the cutest things.

"Nosirree," he said. "I'm Bill Bateman, called The Bat by near 'bouts everybody since I been eighteen years old." As he spoke, his chest gradually swelled, the thick wings of muscle underneath his arms flaring, until Earline imagined he might be about to drop to one knee right there in the doorway and commence doing what he had done earlier down by the pool that had confused her into thinking he might be at death's door. But then as quickly as he swelled up, he deflated, his famed wings disappearing somewhere into his back. "And I just came by up here to say I was sorry about down there by the pool. I didn't understand exactly, you see, how. . . ."

"Mercy me," said Earline. "I ought to be the one doing the apologizing, 'cause if anybody misunderstood, it had to be me and me alone, not even my family. They just went along with it 'cause I got the degree in Problems in Living, and I just told'm. . . ."

"No need for nobody to apologize for nothing," said The Bat. "And that's how come I come by, to say that."

Which was a lie. He had come by to admire her fat. Bill Bateman was a secret connoisseur of fat, especially of fat women.

"I know your name," said Earline, "and I ain't even innerduced myself."

"Oh, I know all about you," said The Bat, "and you family, too." He leaned and stuck his blunt head through the door and quickly scanned the room.

"This here is the Bridal Bower," said Earline, "is how come it looks like it do."

The Bat snatched his head back into the hall and away from her ballooning breasts toward which he had been inclining. "Don't git me wrong," he said. "I didn't know you was in no Bridal Bower."

Earline blushed deeply but was enormously pleased, nonetheless. "Now, Mr. Bat, you ol' thing, it ain't nobody in here but me. I ain't got no use for a Bridal Bower. I thought to have me a career before I went on ahead and got myself married. A course, it is real hard this day and time for a girl like me to stay single very long."

Bill Bateman immediately leaned in toward her, his head specifically inclining toward her breasts, between which he thought, if given the opportunity, he could make his head disappear. "Now, I know that is right for a dead-solid fact, a pretty girl like you."

Earline thought she might swoon. "Ittas just the only one of these big ol' places they had left, but it is real nice, even if I do say so myself." She stopped and took a long, deep breath, because standing there in her nervous state in front of The Bat in nothing but a thin

(continued on page 153)

"I just can't lead my people based in Manhattan. I must return to New Mexico."

BLUEGRASS BELLE

in kentucky, where good breeding counts, miss august is one fine filly

GO FIGURE. The girl spends her entire life growing up in Lexington—the fertile crescent of the U.S. Thoroughbred horse market. Her father is in the horse business. Her boyfriend is in the horse business. She has been riding since she was three years old. Naturally, Melissa Evridge will embark on an equestrian career. Whoa, there. Wait just a Kentucky minute. Miss August has opted out of the family enterprise and has decided that if anyone belongs in the winner's circle, she does. Luckily for us. Life seems to be a series of exciting choices for Missy Evridge. After she appeared in *Playboy*'s *Girls of the Southeastern Conference* last October, things started happening to this small-town girl with big-city dreams. All of a sudden, she had to decide whether or not to leave school, move to New York or Los Angeles and continue her modeling career or even take the plunge into acting. "Being in *Playboy* really had an impact on my life. It made me sort of a minicelebrity here in Lexington," she says now. "Of course, some people here weren't as pleased with it as I was." She was invited to leave the bank where she was working at the time but now, looking back philosophically, declares, "It was probably for the best. I've decided to devote all my time to finishing my schooling. That's very important to me. Eventually, I'd love to model and act and still have Lexington as my home base," Missy says with a determined look on her face. "I did

"Growing up in Lexington, I've been around horses my whole life," says Miss August. "I'm an OK rider. Not great but fair. It's been a great business for my family. I just developed other interests, I guess. It's lucky for me that I developed in all the right areas."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

live in New York for a while but didn't like it much. Lexington is really a small town. Everyone seems so interconnected. It makes it feel like family, and I like that feeling. Plus, there's more for me to accomplish here in my own back yard." She's not just saying that, either. Melissa is a card-carrying member of Greenpeace and more than a bit concerned about the environment. "Watch me. When I go places, I'm always picking up other people's litter. It makes me so mad that we're trashing the places we live in. Everybody can make a difference. I'd just like to make people more aware of their space."

"I'd always dreamed of becoming Miss America," says Missy. "As I grew older, I decided that beauty pageants were too exploitative of the girls who competed. That kind of exposure isn't for me. I like to be the one making the choices that have a direct impact on my life. That is what's so great about being a Playmate. I can be part of something important and still say I've made my own decisions."

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Melissa Evridge

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: MELISSA EVRIDGE

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 113

BIRTH DATE: 11-2-68 BIRTHPLACE: LEXINGTON, KY.

AMBITIONS: TO FURTHER MY MODELING CAREER AND TO LIVE A FULL, HAPPY LIFE

TURN-ONS: SOFT JAZZ, WALKS ON THE BEACH, GOOD TIMES WITH FRIENDS

TURN-OFFS: PEOPLE WHO PRETEND TO BE SOMETHING THEY AREN'T, PEOPLE WHO LITTER

IDEAL MAN: ALL-AMERICAN TYPE, POLITE AND SENSITIVE, SEXY, ATHLETIC & FUN

FANTASY TRIP: AUSTRALIA - I HAVE SEEN SUCH BREATH-TAKING PICTURES AND I WOULD LOVE TO EXPERIENCE IT MYSELF

FAVORITE MOVIES: DIRTY DANCING, WEST SIDE STORY

FAVORITE FOODS: PIZZA, CHINESE FOOD & MEXICAN FOOD

IT'S IMPORTANT TO ME THAT: PEOPLE START TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR OUR ENVIRONMENT

Hamming it up at 15

Christmas break at home

The "determined" look!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A prominent East Coast socialite sat her daughter down for a talk before the debutante ball. "Darling," she advised, "you must be careful of certain lecherous young men. They will offer you martinis and before you know it, they'll push you onto a couch and . . . well, our family will be disgraced."

The next morning, the mother asked her daughter how things had gone. "Great," the girl replied. "A young man *did* offer me several martinis, just as you said. But I made *him* drink them all and before you know it, he was smashed out of his mind. So I pushed him onto a couch and screwed his brains out and . . . well, I guess *his* family is lookin' pretty bad!"

What's the difference between a lawyer and a vulture? A lawyer's wing tips come off.

Hey, it's your birthday," one friend said to another as they met for a drink. "Why so blue?"

"Ah, the guys at work gave me a sweater," he replied.

"Wrong size?"

"Nah. It's just that last year, they gave me a moaner and groaner."

After receiving several complaints of loud pounding on the walls of an upstairs room, the motel night clerk ran up and knocked on the door.

An elderly man answered. "Sir," the clerk said sternly, "don't you realize there are other guests here who are trying to get some sleep?"

"To hell with *them*," the old man screamed. "I just got my first erection in twenty years and both my hands are asleep."

Have you ever had sex rodeo style? That's where you mount your wife from behind, tell her, "This is how my girlfriend and I do it," and then try to stay on for eight seconds.

As a golfer teed up at precisely his reserved time, he was tapped on the shoulder. The intruder handed him a note reading, "I am deaf and mute. Please let me play through."

"This is *my* tee-off time," the golfer bellowed, shaking his head vigorously. "Your handicap doesn't entitle you to play through." Then he proceeded to drive his ball straight down the fairway.

"Nice shot," the fellow's caddie said as they headed off the tee, leaving the deaf-mute fuming.

While lining up his next shot, the golfer was struck on the head by a ball. Turning around angrily, he spotted the deaf-mute holding up his hand. "What the hell is he doing?" the golfer said, squinting into the sun.

"I believe he's holding up four fingers, sir," his caddie replied.

Cynics suggest that Donald Trump is thinking about marketing a new breakfast cereal called You Ain't Gettin' Nut 'n' Honey.

A salesman pulled off the highway and stopped at a restaurant for a quick bite. Before he left, he visited the rest room and noticed a box attached to the wall with a hole in it and a sign reading LET ME BE YOUR WIFE—25 CENTS. Intrigued, the fellow inserted a quarter and slipped his penis into the hole.

A few moments later, he came crashing through the rest-room door, screaming in pain. The alarmed restaurant manager hurried over. "Sir, what's the matter?"

"I tried your damn 'Let me be your wife' machine and I'm suing!"

"Didn't it work?"

"Yeah, it worked, all right," he groaned. "I just didn't know it was going to sew a damn button on my dick."

How can you tell if a male WASP is sexually aroused? By his stiff upper lip.

While walking down Fifth Avenue, a woman wearing a full-length mink coat was stopped by an animal-rights activist. "Lady, do you know how many animals were killed to make that coat?" he demanded.

"Do you know how many animals I had to fuck to get it?" she replied.

How do religious fanatics chase away agnostic neighbors? They burn question marks on their lawns.

A big brute of a fellow died and found himself in front of the pearly gates. "Hello, son," Saint Peter said, jangling his keys. "What did you do down on earth?"

"I was a member of the Washington, D.C., SWAT team," he replied.

"Well, I don't think there's any point in your trying to get in here," Saint Peter said.

"I'm not trying to get in," the cop retorted. "I'm giving you all five minutes to get out!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"You have the right to remain silent—this doesn't change anything, you understand. . . . You have the right. . . ."

JERRY SEINFELD'S BLAND AMBITION

will america's slowest fast-rising comedian finally hit it big?

personality by

STEPHEN RANDALL

JERRY SEINFELD is one happy stand-up comic. In front of him, filling the cavernous Bren Events Center at the University of California at Irvine, are 1746 people who have paid to see Seinfeld and only Seinfeld. That's a lot of people for a stand-up comic—more, for instance, than Bob Hope drew when he played Irvine—and it's doubly impressive when you consider that this is a Sunday in the middle of a three-day holiday weekend when most sensible students are off skiing or getting their laundry done at Mom's.

"Here we are in the gym," jokes Seinfeld. "We're in the gym and we're going to pretend it's a night club. We won't notice the scoreboard, we'll just pretend it's a little intimate cabaret somewhere on campus."

This isn't Seinfeld's first trip to Irvine, a conservative Orange County community about an hour south of Los Angeles. But last time—a mere ten months ago—he wasn't headlining at the gigantic school gym, he was doing what he had always done, playing a small comedy club just off campus. For 14 years, the 36-year-old comic has appeared at clubs, opened for big-name acts and done frequent guest shots on Carson and *Letterman*, but during the past year, there has been a measurable spurt in his career. He sold out New York's Town Hall, which seats 1500, found himself courted by NBC for a sitcom and was booked by Letterman as the only legit guest for his seventh-anniversary show. Suddenly, there is a buzz around him, a certain understanding that after 14 long years of paying dues, Jerry Seinfeld is on the cusp of being the Next Big Deal in comedy.

If one can judge by crowd reaction here in Irvine, Seinfeld is already a big deal. His casual observational humor—he's sort of a white Bill Cosby but with more punch lines—causes rollicking waves of laughter. It's middle-of-the-road stuff—about his neighbors with the pet monkey ("If you need a pet that roller-skates and smokes cigars, it's time to think about a family. You're so close"), about commercials ("They say Tide cleans bloodstains. I say if you've got a T-shirt with bloodstains, then maybe laundry isn't your biggest problem"), about the post office ("Watching postal employees is like watching a lava lamp")—but the delivery and the timing are honed by constant practice, taking the material up several notches. There's nothing shocking here—not even a stray four-letter word—nor anything that could conceivably go over the head of anyone with even a moderate television education. That's one of the reasons the turnout is so large—Seinfeld has an appeal that crosses generational boundaries. It's the type of crowd you'd expect to see at a baseball game or a family reunion, not at a college comedy concert: students, with arms around their dates, sitting next to senior citizens, and lots of couples in between, some who simply live nearby and others who work or teach at the university.

But no one—not even one elderly woman who has dressed for the Cocoanut Grove, with big chandelier earrings and glitter in her hair—is more out of place at a college concert than an adult man sitting all alone, taking notes. I know. That's what I'm doing. And there's another one next to me. He's alone, he's taking notes. Balding and athletic, he's too old to be a fledgling comic stealing jokes and too intense to be a hobbyist. Since Seinfeld's publicist has assured me I'm the only one currently working on a Seinfeld story, I figure this guy is a critic. In fact, it occurs to me that he may even

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN REINGOLD

be the legendary Lawrence Christon, the country's first full-time comedy critic for a major newspaper. Christon has been on the comedy beat for the *Los Angeles Times* for more than ten years, and during that time, he has brought a rather rigorous set of standards to an art form populated by rule-breaking renegades. Certainly, no one else who writes about humor in L.A.—arguably the comedy capital of the country—is read by more people, in and out of the industry. We nod politely to each other, and I even watch his belongings at his request when he heads for the men's room, but neither one of us makes a stab at conversation. We're just a couple of guys who attend comedy concerts by ourselves and take lots of notes.

On stage, dressed like a creative type from the ad agency on *thirtysomething*—your basic sneakers-and-Armani look—Seinfeld weaves his way through his set. He exits to thunderous applause—so much, in fact, that he comes back for that oddity, the stand-up encore. Comedians don't get to do them much in clubs, where the bottom line rises or falls on the ability to clear out the club after one show and get those heavy drinkers seated for the next.

A Seinfeld encore consists of taking questions from the audience, a practice he introduces with a wry "Let's see how much material he *really* has. . . ." There are some questions—"Did you go to Catholic school?" ("Guess again," suggests Seinfeld)—but mostly, the audience, like music fans shouting out titles, wants to hear routines it already knows. "Socks," one guy yells. "Dogs," says another. And Seinfeld obliges. When one fan requests the "black box on airplanes" routine, he shakes his head. "I think Jimmy Aleck is the comedian you're looking for on that."

Backstage, which is really the girls' locker room, Seinfeld is tired but genial, signing autographs, enduring interviews by pesky, would-be comics from the campus radio and TV stations, answering more questions. Later, he'll walk to his car for the drive home, past hundreds of fliers posted to the walls and pillars on campus announcing, A.S.U.C.I. PRESENTS AMERICA'S MOST IMITATED COMEDIAN, JERRY SEINFELD. THE KEENLY PERCEPTIVE KING OF OBSERVATIONAL HUMOR.

•

Jerry Seinfeld is one *un*happy stand-up comic. It's two nights after his triumphant Irvine show, and he's at the Improv, a landmark L.A. comedy emporium, idly pushing his pasta salad around his plate. That morning's *Times* contained a review by the ferocious Christon of Seinfeld's performance. If that had been, indeed, Christon next to me, we saw very different shows. "LAUGHING ON EMPTY," read the headline, and that was the kind part.

> Jerry Seinfeld . . . bills himself with all due modesty as "America's most imitated comedian" as well as "the king of observational comedy"—news to us. . . . Seinfeld is a pleasant, effortless performer who works clean (no small feat in this time of the howling, offal-heaving monkey). . . . He doesn't traffic in the mindless hate—or self-hate—that characterizes so many other stand-ups. . . . He's expressive. He's clear. And he's completely empty. . . . There isn't a single portion of his act that isn't fun—amusing might be a better word—but ten minutes or so into it, you begin wondering what this is all about, when is he going to say something or at least come up with something piquant. . . . Seinfeld has no attention span. . . . He has no frame of reference. Yeats had a line about "paying homage to unevent." Seinfeld pays homage to insignificance, and he does it impeccably.

The Improv is *the* hangout for comics in L.A., so you can be sure that everyone in the club has read the review. Off to one side, Seinfeld's publicist is busy wringing his hands and looking pale. Seinfeld's manager spent the day in a state of red alert. He was at a crucial point in the negotiations with NBC, so he promptly photocopied ten or so good reviews Seinfeld had gotten from other newspapers and had them sent by messenger to the NBC brass, in the hope of offsetting whatever unpleasant effects the *Times* review might have had.

Seinfeld takes a drink of his Perrier and says what all performers say after a bad review. "It's one guy, and that's what he thought. There were eighteen hundred people there—what did *they* think? The audience makes the judgment and you can go right to them."

He does confess, however, that the beginning of the review—the part about the billing—really got to him. Neither he nor his manager had anything to do with it, he protests. It was all the school's fault. "*Most imitated*," he sputters. "*The king*...it made me sound like Siegfried and Roy. It's like a sideshow by-line. I should have said something in the show, when I came back for the encore. I should have never let it go." He even called Christon's office at the *Times* and left a message explaining the mix-up.

But there's more to Seinfeld's angst than the billing mistake. Whether he acknowledges it or not, the review hits on the problem that has plagued his career: He's a consummate comedian. He writes very funny material and delivers it in a polished manner that many other comics envy. But being funny hasn't always been enough. Seinfeld first appeared on *The Tonight Show* in May 1981, shortly after Garry Shandling made his debut. Shandling's career took off quickly—he even ended up guest-hosting for Carson—while Seinfeld kept on touring clubs. Steven Wright became a star after *one* appearance on *The Tonight Show*; Seinfeld has had more than 20.

Part of the problem, to be sure, is that Seinfeld is a hookless comedian. He has no gimmick. Unlike Shandling's single-guy lament or Richard Lewis' autoneuroticism, there's nothing unique about Seinfeld's material. He doesn't make Sam Kinison–sized waves or stand out physically like Louie Anderson or Gallagher. He's as well suited for the hip and cynical *Late Night with David Letterman* as he was in 18 appearances on the cornball *Merv Griffin* show. He's Mr. Generic.

Talk with Seinfeld's friends and colleagues and they'll point out the up side to his generic comedy. He wears well. There's no gimmick to get tired of. He's as funny the tenth time you see him as he was the first.

Jay Leno, who is a kindred spirit comedically as well as one of Seinfeld's closest friends, sympathizes. "By being a normal person who is a funny guy, Jerry has to do twenty appearances to only one the guy who is outrageous and strange has to do. With Jerry, you say, 'Oh, I saw a guy last night. He was very funny, but I can't remember who he was.' After a while, you get a reputation for being reasonably consistent and reasonably funny. That's how my career worked, and I think our careers have paralleled almost exactly, even though I am five or six years older. He is at the same point I was five or six years ago. He's getting some heat and people know who he is."

Seinfeld jokingly refers to his climb as "seepage, kind of slow seepage" and says he understands the problem. "I don't have big openings, you know. Everything in my act is of a similar quality. I don't have really big finishes. It's just—kind of like me, I guess. My life didn't have a big opening and I doubt I'll have a big finish. I'll probably die

(continued on page 132)

CALLING DICK TRACY

detective-chic styles from america's hottest comic-strip cop

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

OK, TOUGH GUYS. Tracy's on the two-way wrist radio with news about the hottest clothes to hit the fashion scene since Moon Maid touched down in her knee-high white go-go boots. The Dick Tracy style, featuring a sleuth type of fedora, a detective-cut trench coat and a crisp double-breasted three-piece suit—sans jazzy comic-strip colors, of course—makes a mighty sharp fashion statement while dressing you up in some very wearable clothing. You can complete the crime-stopper look with a silk striped rep tie and a straight-collar shirt. The gat is optional. Coming on the heels of the just-released Disney film *Dick Tracy*, directed by and starring Warren Beatty, the Tracy look is sure to make felons swear and ladies swoon. It's arresting.

Left: Wool three-piece single-breasted suit with matching vest and double-pleated suit pants, by Valentino Uomo, $750; cotton dress shirt, by Alexander Julian, $125; silk tie, by Valentino Cravatte, $64.50; fur felt fedora with grosgrain band, by Bollman Hats, about $50; talking digital-face Dick Tracy watch, by Global Trading Industries, $175.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GORDON MUNRO

Left: Double-breasted trench coat with belted cuffs, leather buckles and self-belt with loops, by Drizzle, about $335; worn over double-breasted three-piece suit with matching vest and double-pleated suit pants, $1050, and cotton dress shirt, $120, both by Lazo; silk striped rep tie, by XMI, $56; and fur felt hat with contrasting band, by Worth & Worth Ltd., about $150.

Right: Three-piece wool/flannel pinstripe suit with matching vest and double-pleated trousers, $700; worn with silk Jacquard tie, $50, both by Freedberg of Boston; cotton dress shirt, by Cezani, $42.50; linen pocket square, by Ferrell Reed, about $27.50; single-breasted trench coat, from Firma by Andrew Fezza, $325; and fur felt hat, by Stetson from J.J. Hat Center, $75.

Where and How to Buy on page 150.

Maybe There Is a God

six lessons in the pitfalls of public hypocrisy

By JOE DOMANICK

ROBERT BAUMAN

THE RISE: "I would not want my children taught or influenced by gay people," announced the three-term Congressman from Maryland. Robert Bauman, a devout Catholic, a family man with an adoring wife and four kids and a reputation as a crusading archconservative, fortified his words with action—as a prominent backer of the Family Protection Act, which sanctioned, among other things, the exclusion of gays from jobs and housing. Bauman also voted twice to bar gays from using Federal legal-aid money to battle discrimination. So solid were his antigay credentials that the Baltimore *Evening Sun* actually called him a "fag basher" in an editorial.

THE FALL: Bauman was arrested and charged with soliciting sex from an underage boy in a Washington, D.C., gay bar. Charges against him were dropped when he agreed to enter a rehabilitation program for his alcoholism, but his secret life—years of cruising Washington's "meat rack" district, a taste for homoerotic literature found by his wife under the seat of his car—finally caught up with him: His wife had their marriage annulled and he failed to win re-election to the House for a fourth term.

JIMMY SWAGGART

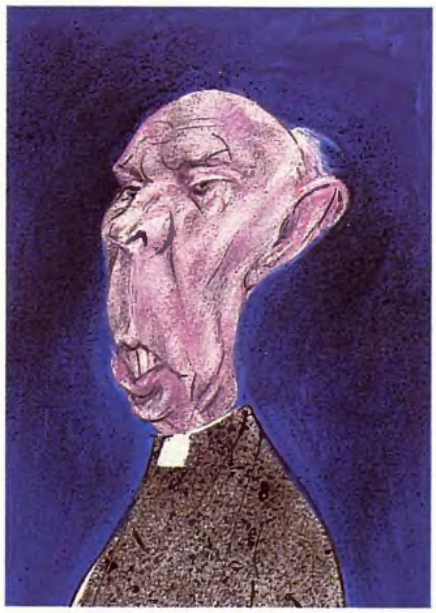
THE RISE: "An outlet for lust" is how Jimmy Swaggart characterized the sin of masturbation. "After masturbation is engaged in, the moral fiber is weakened until fornication and adultery follow." Cheered on by his TV ministry—at one time, the largest viewing audience of any TV evangelist in the world—the pyrotechnic Swaggart railed against all manner of evil in his sermons, including Roman Catholicism ("a false religion"), Judaism (Jews, "because of their rejection of Christ . . . have known sorrow and heartache"), homosexuality ("the worst sin in the world"), rock music ("demonically inspired") and Jim Bakker himself ("I'm ashamed, I'm embarrassed"). Swaggart was stern, strict and arrogant. "If you don't like what I say," he sniffed, "talk to my boss."

THE FALL: Swaggart was photographed by a rival minister's son as he left a grimy New Orleans motel room with a $20 hooker. Swaggart, said the prostitute, was a regular customer who liked to masturbate while he looked up her skirt or touched her in non-Biblical places. His syndicated TV ministry still exists but is now seen in about one fifth the homes it was seen in before the scandal.

FATHER BRUCE RITTER

THE RISE: "Pornography is immoral, and the source of my statement is God, not social science," declared Father Bruce Ritter, a Meese commission stalwart. Ritter's direct pipeline to the Almighty turned him into an antiporn, antisex zealot—he didn't like the idea of sex *within* a marriage unless it was for procreation ("It wastes the seed," complained the Catholic priest). As the revered founder of Covenant House, the world-wide network of shelters for runaway teenagers that was praised by Ronald Reagan during a State of the Union Address, he was deemed beyond reproach. He was a political powerhouse as well, doing battle with anyone who opposed him.

THE FALL: Three of Ritter's young runaway charges accused him of homosexual molestation and criminal behavior—he had illegally arranged for one of them to assume a false identity. He was also charged with a variety of financial improprieties, including the existence of a secret $1,000,000 trust fund designed, in part, to hide the size of his income. Ritter was forced to resign from Covenant House, and he was followed by nearly half of the board of directors, which had been deemed too deferential to the once-popular cleric.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BROONER

EDWIN MEESE III

THE RISE: Few men in America took their role as guardian of the public morality as seriously as Edwin Meese III. Nor were many as ill equipped for the job. As a top advisor to Ronald Reagan and, later, as his blundering Attorney General, Meese attempted singlehandedly to reinterpret the Constitution. After dismissing the A.C.L.U. as a "criminals' lobby" and urging employers, as good soldiers in the war on drugs, to spy on employees in "locker rooms, parking lots, even nearby taverns," he declared, "You don't have many suspects who are innocent of a crime. That's contradictory. If a person is innocent, then he's not a suspect." Meese had an interesting twist on the First Amendment, as well, when he spearheaded the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography in 1986. At one public hearing after another, it attempted to link erotic material with violence, despite the fact that there had been no evidence to support that allegation.

THE FALL: If all suspects are guilty, then send Meese a cake with a file in it. He barely escaped being indicted in the Wedtech scandal, and the Office of Government Ethics investigated charges that he had violated Federal ethics requirements, among other offenses, when his wife took an interest-free loan from a man later named to a Federal Government post and when Meese used White House connections to get himself an undeserved promotion to colonel in the Army Reserve. He resigned as Attorney General in 1988 after an independent counselor stated that he had "probably violated the criminal law" on four occasions since taking office.

JIM BAKKER

THE RISE: Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker built a TV-evangelism empire that allowed the couple to preach in 13,500,000 homes, brought in $130,000,000 a year and financed Heritage U.S.A., a theme park for Christians who couldn't handle the worldliness of Disneyland. There may have been a few personal perks as well—the occasional Rolls-Royce, perhaps even an air-conditioned doghouse for those dog days of summer. But it was the Bible, they claimed, not money, that inspired them. "I want to save the world for Jesus," said Jim earnestly. Sobbed Tammy during one of their frequent fund-raising drives, "I've offered to sell everything I own, because things don't really mean that much when it comes to getting out the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But if I sold every single thing I owned, Jim, it would probably keep us on the air only one more day." "Oh, no," Jim responded knowingly. "It wouldn't be that long."

THE FALL: The Gospel took a back seat to soap opera when Tammy's rumored affair with country singer Gary Paxton drove Jim into an ill-fated liaison with Jessica Hahn—one of several of his extramarital trysts with both men and women. After Jim was caught paying Hahn $265,000 in hush money, the empire began to crumble: Not only had the Bakkers siphoned millions of dollars to finance their own lavish lifestyle but they had also defrauded their flock, selling far more time-share arrangements at Heritage U.S.A. than the park could conceivably handle. Jim is currently serving a 45-year sentence in a Federal correctional institute. Tammy is seeking work as a cosmetics-company spokeswoman.

CHARLES KEATING, JR.

THE RISE: Charles H. Keating, Jr., the wealthy right-wing activist, never missed an opportunity to espouse strict Christian values. As a real-estate developer, he tried to put deed covenants into a planned community that would have prohibited residents from having abortions or bringing X-rated reading material or artwork into their own homes. While in Cincinnati, he founded the Citizens for Decency Through Law, which fought all forms of erotica, even harassing Ramada Inns for offering an adult cable channel to guests. "For those who believe in God," he thundered, "in His absolute supremacy as the Creator and Lawgiver of life . . . for those who believe in these things, no argument against pornography should be necessary." As the head of Lincoln Savings and Loan, he earned $3,200,000 a year and opposed Government regulation almost as vehemently as he did pornography.

THE FALL: After Keating sold about $200,000,000 in now-worthless bonds, the Federal Government filed suit, accusing him of squandering 1.1 billion dollars of Lincoln's savings deposits through "illegal, fraudulent and imprudent acts." Taxpayers, of course, will have to make good on those deposits. Lincoln's losses are 2.5 billion dollars; some 22,000 people who bought uninsured Lincoln bonds lost their entire investments and five U.S. Senators who went to his aid are being investigated by the Senate Ethics Committee and the FBI. Morality in the bedroom, it seems, did not extend to the board room.

THINK BIG, REAL BIG!

in the market for a king-sized tube? here's a guide to the largest tvs in town

modern living

By LAWRENCE B. JOHNSON

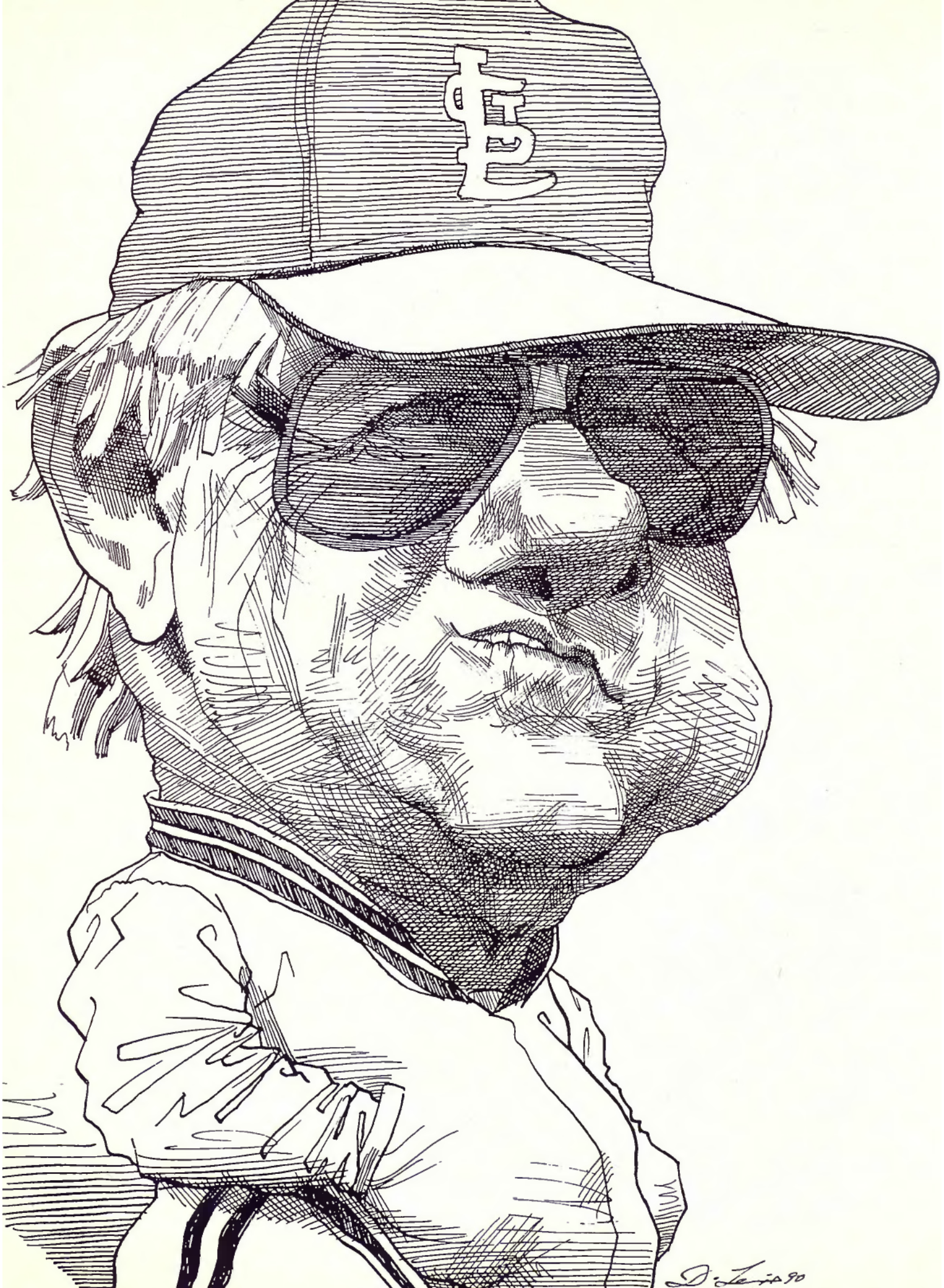
IF YOU HAVEN'T walked through a TV showroom lately, your mental picture may need adjusting. First, touch the buttons marked LOTS BIGGER, MUCH BRIGHTER and FAR SHARPER. Then turn up the sound. Not the old volume control; forget that. We're talking high-powered, bass-anchored, digital surround sound. The thunder of jet engines swells behind you. It's *Top Gun* coming in low, headed straight for that bobbing carrier.

Welcome to the world of home theater. You are now tuned in to impact television.

Just be careful how you refer to it: The new big-screen, high-resolution televisions are not "TV sets." They are "video monitors" (if there's a hookup to a hi-fi system and other video components) *(continued on page 138)*

Who says that size doesn't matter? With its 6' x 8' screen, Mitsubishi's humongous Model VS-12001 television is the life of the party, no matter how many people are invited, $20,000. The giant martini glasses, olives, Chinese-food takeout cartons and chopsticks are all from Think Big!, a New York store that specializes in outsized objects.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI



THE AUTOCRAT OF ASTROTURF

WHITEY HERZOG, BASEBALL'S BEST MANAGER, IS ONE KNOW-IT-ALL WHO REALLY DOES

EVERYBODY IN BASEBALL says the same three things about Whitey Herzog: He's the best manager in baseball or else the first name mentioned on a very short list. He's the most abrasively self-confident and outspoken executive in the sport. And, whether he's in the middle of a controversy or a pennant race, he seems to have a better time than everybody else.

Once, between the fifth and sixth games of the World Series, Herzog was asked if he'd be available for interviews during the off day. No, he said. Not unless you're in a fishing boat or on a golf course.

Which would it be? Fish or play golf?

"Both," said Herzog. Fish first, then golf. Maybe 36 holes if the sun stayed up long enough.

Herzog's life is one long extra-innings game. When you need only five hours' sleep a night, when the U.S. Army says you have an I.Q. of 140, when everything about the world fascinates you, when you're the kind of man who laid every one of the 18,000 bricks in his first home with his own hands, then you just naturally can't sleep much later than 5:30 A.M. Why sleep when being awake is such a kick? Herzog can always sit in that big, quiet house he designed himself and read until Mary Lou, his wife, wakes up.

"Mary Lou bought that game Trivial Pursuit for Christmas," says Herzog. "We got the family around. But we had to stop playing. I knew all the answers. Every damn question."

Herzog barely graduated from high school. He preferred skipping class so he could hitch rides with truckers, hang out in burlesque houses and watch the St. Louis Browns. But Dorrel Norman Elvert Herzog—a man in search of a nickname since birth—shocks people with his knowledge. Even Mary Lou, who has known him since they were kids, was impressed by his prowess. "She was amazed," he says, grinning. "She said, 'Where'd you learn all that stuff?' I told her, 'Whaddaya think I been doing down here all these years while you've been sleepin'? I read everything.'"

•

"Whitey has a special place in our game, like Casey Stengel once did," says Frank Cashen, general manager of the New York Mets and Herzog's archrival. "A few of our prominent citizens can, shall we say, scratch themselves at inopportune times and get away with it. Whitey can."

And Whitey does. Herzog the manager is revolutionary enough—preaching such heresies as "Relief pitching is more important than starting pitching" and "Speed beats power." But it's Herzog the cocky, self-reliant White Rat who fascinates people most.

Nobody else seems able to survive managing. Earl Weaver, Gene Mauch and Dick Williams, recent managers who resemble Herzog the most, have all retired—none contentedly. Cheerful Sparky Anderson ended up in a hospital with "total exhaustion." Billy Martin flamed out, too.

By contrast, Herzog is in beaming health and bumptious spirits. "Talk about a man who enjoys life," says Royals public-relations director Dean Vogelaar. "I've never seen anybody who can go as hard, twenty-four hours a day, as Whitey."

And talking every step of the way.

Since Weaver retired, Herzog has become baseball's annual best bet to add a quotation to *Bartlett's*. He once called the Oakland Coliseum "a graveyard with lights" and still refers to Candlestick Park as "a toilet bowl with the lid up." A hint of what he says in private after a few beers may be gleaned from what he says in public. "I'm not going to second-guess Dallas Green. All I'm going to say is that he just traded his best pitcher for a sack of garbage." He deliberately got thrown out of the seventh game of the 1985 World Series, telling umpire Don Denkinger, "We wouldn't even be here if you hadn't missed the fucking call last night."

"Whitey doesn't care whether people like what he says or not," says Milwaukee general manager Harry Dalton, chuckling. "With him, it's 'I think it; therefore, I say it.'"

•

Herzog has built contenders for 15 years with raw materials that other teams discard: mediocre pitchers who are lucky to go six innings and swift glove men who can't hit a ball to the warning track.

"You look at the Cards year after year and say, 'They're not that good.' But damn if *(continued on page 126)*

PLAYBOY PROFILE

By THOMAS BOSWELL

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

GIRLS OF CANADA

there's bounteous beauty just across that border

By Mike Armstrong CANADA. For most men, the mere mention of the place conjures up images of ice fishing, lean bacon and safe haven from military service. But for those of us who have done time in the Great White North—guys with chilling tales of hypothermia and confusing metric conversions—Canada means just one thing: women!

Surprised? Consider this: Hugh Hefner's last three girlfriends were Canadian, and last year he married one! Does he know something you don't? You bet he does. Hef has been riding the cutting edge since he figured out that pipe-and-pajama thing. You don't see him running off to Sweden or Italy in search of beautiful, exotic women. Take it from me, there's a new frontier to be conquered, and it's only about a $15 cab ride from downtown Buffalo.

The subject of Canadian women is one I feel confident discussing, for I am a Canadian citizen and I have the socialized health insurance to prove it. And, like so many of my fellow citizens, I feel compelled to let the world know that Canada is the greatest country on the face of this earth. (Regrettably, this undertaking has required my establishing permanent residence in the United States and moving into a terrific apartment in New York City.) *(text concluded on page 140)*

Bidding you ahoy from the deck of a Canadian tug (top left) is Shannon Green, a dental assistant from Vancouver, British Columbia. What sets Shannon's teeth on edge? "Crowded shopping areas and all those consecutive days of rain!" Below is Sonja Banman, an aerobics instructor from Richmond, B.C. Sonja is combing the Canadian wilds for the perfect guy—one with "a bare chest and soccer legs."

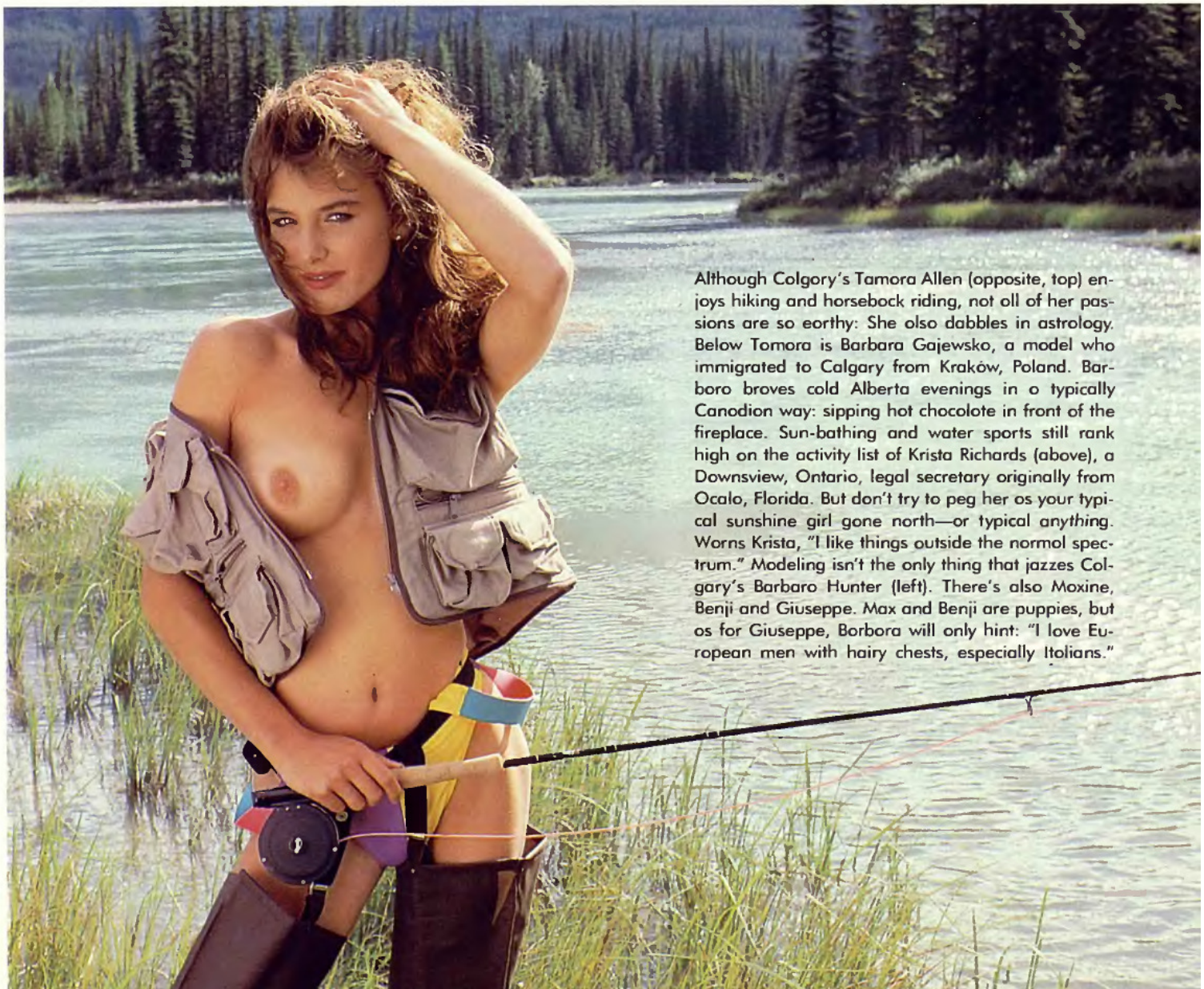
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

Moving clockwise around the facing page, from top left: Quebec City's Annie Savard is a ski bum (snaw and water) wha describes her dream man in three wards—in French: "*ramantique et amoureux.*" Lynette Armeneau hails from Edmantan, Alberta, where she warks in communicatians and craves *sushi* and Canadian bloody caesars (marys with clam juice). Taronta actress Lisa Heughan is the daughter af a famaus psychic, but her gaals are dawn to earth: to wark with animals and handicapped children. A "true Icelandic" from Richmand, Peggy-Sue Anderson has a thing for guys in boxer shorts; she's alsa partial to lingerie and her sister's lasagna. On this page is Laralie Tulik, a nanny and war-games enthusiast from Alberta. Smiling far the camera is old hat: Loralie has appeared in three calendars since 1989.

COWLEY

SPECIALIZED

Model Poyton Olsen (opposite, top) moved to Edmonton from Chilliwock, B.C. Her least favorite octivity, she says, is arguing with her boyfriend. Her favorite? "Making up with him." Below Poyton is Colgory's Rochel Boyne, o computer operotor who'd like to moke o million bucks before she's 30; we think she *looks* like o mil right now. Speoking of beouty oppreciation, Montreol solesgirl Cloudio Steele (obove) wonts to be on ort-museum curotor. Melody Stork (below) was born in Moose Jow, Saskatchewon, ond now models in ond oround Nonoimo, B.C. Her fost-paced schedule mokes for on unusual hobby: "collecting speeding tickets." June Hendry (right) is o woitress ond o future trov-el-agency owner from Rexdole, Ontorio. June fesses up to three doily musts: shopping, cooking ond toking boths.



Although Colgory's Tamora Allen (opposite, top) enjoys hiking and horsebock riding, not oll of her passions are so eorthy: She olso dabbles in astrology. Below Tomora is Barbara Gajewsko, a model who immigrated to Calgary from Kraków, Poland. Barboro broves cold Alberta evenings in o typically Canodion way: sipping hot chocolote in front of the fireplace. Sun-bathing and water sports still rank high on the activity list of Krista Richards (above), a Downsview, Ontario, legal secretary originally from Ocalo, Florida. But don't try to peg her os your typical sunshine girl gone north—or typical *anything*. Worns Krista, "I like things outside the normol spectrum." Modeling isn't the only thing that jazzes Colgary's Barbaro Hunter (left). There's also Moxine, Benji and Giuseppe. Max and Benji are puppies, but os for Giuseppe, Borbora will only hint: "I love European men with hairy chests, especially Itolians."

Colorful is the best way to describe Voncouver's Andrea Johnson (hitching o sleigh ride ot right). She's o pushover for onything red, bristles at beige ond admits to having once hod fuchsio hoir. Andreo hopes one doy "to moke outrageous custom shoes." Voncouver model Emilee Filonovo (below) is writing her "bionovel," in which she moy finolly tell the world obout her possion for Horleys, cigors ond Russion vodko—ond why she hos trouble keeping her Germon shepherd puppy out of her bubble boths. Christine Bickle (below right) is o secretary from Toronto. "I like toll, blond men who moke me hoppy," soys the 5'4" Christine. "I olso like hoving no worries." Finally, meet Mortine Bernier (opposite), o movie-stor-to-be from Pickering, Ontario. Mortine is engaged to Toronto Maple Leof right wing Daniel Morois—they'll face off at the oltor this summer.

AUTOCRAT OF ASTROTURF *(continued from page 115)*

"Nobody knows how Herzog got the better of the New York Mets. They had the talent. He got the rings."

they don't keep grinding it out for Whitey," says Cleveland general manager Hank Peters, a 40-year front-office veteran who first hired Herzog for a nonplaying baseball job in 1963. "He has the confidence to evaluate and the courage to act."

Herzog's St. Louis teams hit the fewest home runs in baseball. And his starting pitching staffs have been almost pathetic. How on earth did he win three National League pennants in the Eighties? Except for a couple of legendary bad breaks—Denkinger's blown call in 1985 and Jack Clark's ankle injury in 1987—he would probably have won three world titles in the past eight years.

Nobody knows exactly how Herzog got the better of the New York Mets in the Eighties. They had the talent. He got the rings. No wonder Peters says, "Whitey Herzog is the best judge of talent I've ever seen."

No setback seems to outflank Herzog's capacity for personnel improvisation. That's why 1990 may be a typical Herzog season. He has lost his All-Star catcher (Tony Pena) to free agency and his bull-pen star (Todd Worrell) isn't expected back from elbow surgery until midseason. In a situation where most managers would be expected to fail, it's assumed that Herzog, until proven otherwise, will find some ridiculous way to succeed.

Herzog creates the impression that he can bully, finesse or laugh his way through anything. On the first day of spring training this past March, after the 32-day lockout, every team scrambled to work out at the earliest date. Except the Cards, who began a day later than everybody else. The three-week spring was wonderful, said Whitey, far superior to seven weeks. "Shit, we just come down here in February so the general managers can play golf."

•

Herzog is the only man in baseball history who has held every significant job in the game—big-league player, third-base coach ("I was the best ever"), head scout, farm director, general manager and manager. He may know more baseball—firsthand and at more levels—than any man who has ever lived. Whether he does or not, he acts like it. One former colleague says, "He's one of my favorite people. But you just have to understand that his ego is bigger than the stadium."

"I'm not as stubborn now as I was," says Herzog. "I had a lot of Dutch in me. But when I *know* I'm right and someone disagrees with me, that's when I have a problem with him. Because when I know I'm right, I almost always *am* right."

Backing up that confidence is a commanding ball-park presence. His white burr-cut hair might as well be a rooster's comb, announcing his arrival. His hands are enormous. He also has the comfortable belly that he wants. He has had that thumbs-at-the-waist farmer hip cock mastered for years. But you need some heft, some ballast to pull off the look. Friendly, solid but daunting.

The man has been a ham, a hot dog, a dude ever since his mother started sticking him in amateur hours to sing. He loves to play a role to the hilt, hiding behind it all the time. Check out those old Fifties black-and-whites from his playing days; nobody in *Damn Yankees* dressed that sharply, not even the Devil. Although his eight-year playing career was mediocre, he could run and throw with the best and got more money than Mickey Mantle coming out of high school. Ted Williams even said that Herzog had one of the best swings he had ever seen. Too bad he couldn't hit a slow curve with a canoe paddle.

Back then, Satchel Paige nicknamed Herzog "Wild Child." Now, his style is shameless middle-American gothic. That's as it should be. He has boxed the compass and returned to his origins, as few men even dream of doing. Today, he lives just 40 miles from the small town of New Athens, Illinois, where he was born and raised.

"My bedroom now is bigger than the whole house I grew up in," he says, not so much proud of now, or ashamed of then, as surprised at how little difference it seems to make to him. The house is big and comfortable, with a confident, sweeping progression to the rooms, all of which are understated by jock standards. The memorabilia and awards are there, the signs of wealth and celebrity, yet the over-all impression is unpretentious.

Herzog has an enormous sense of self, but not an enormous sense of self-importance. He may be a showman and a shoot-from-the-lip go-to-hell guy, but he also respects and enjoys other people. And he doesn't think baseball is the whole world.

Perhaps that's because he has seen so much of it. "My family didn't have much money. They had to scratch," says Herzog. "My mom had to be a house cleaner." Some boys have a paper route. "My route was the whole town." He didn't just work in a funeral home; he dug the graves, then drove the hearse. Whether mopping the brewery, mowing lawns or fixing water pipes when it was ten degrees below zero, no job was too hard for him. Nothing was as bad as taking a pick into the mines, as his forebears had. New Athens had two lumberyards, a foundry, a brewery, a shoe factory, 13 grocery stores "and sixteen taverns, to make it all bearable," according to Herzog, who remembers his father as a goodhearted man who drank a lot, never took care of himself and died when he was 48. "I never asked my dad for a dime."

In those days, Herzog lived to play sports. And to get out of New Athens. Both of Herzog's brothers spent most of their lives in their home town. That suited them but not Whitey. Four years after he left to play in the minors, Herzog passed through New Athens on a team bus. He told his teammates who'd be sitting where on the street, who'd be sitting on which stools in which bars.

"Every one of 'em was right where I said they'd be," recalls Herzog. "Still are, unless they're dead."

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When one of Herzog's teams has a bad year—and his Cards have followed all three of their pennants with losing seasons—his response is unique in baseball. He shrugs, fishes a little more and starts planning for next year. Why make everybody miserable?

"I really enjoy managing. In July of 1979, the Royals lost fourteen out of fifteen. Our pitching fell apart. In two weeks, I gave only two signs, because we were always behind by five or six runs so fast. The writers brought me a half gallon of Scotch with a nice note. They thanked me for not being a jerk. I could've locked the clubhouse, blown up at everybody. I didn't. I managed my ass off that year to keep us in the race until the last week."

Herzog got fired after that season. "It's no big deal. The way to make more money is to get fired. The first time I got canned [in Texas], our friends wouldn't come around, because they didn't know how to act. So Mary Lou and I threw a party."

(continued on page 144)

"OK, but I've never heard of America's Horniest Home Videos."

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

If you're seeking the right glossware for a classic martini, look no further. Georg Jensen in Chicogo stocks a Swedish-mode crystol martini pitcher, $110, ond Intermezzo martini glass, $41, both by Orrefors; plus o sterling-silver Acorn-pottern stirrer, $380. We'll drink to that any time.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Sanyo Fisher's DAC 145 five-disc CD changer and analogue turntable allows you to play CDs and LPs on the same equipment, $349.95, including a 30-function remote control.

The Vespa PK50XL two-strake, air-cooled scooter has an automatic clutch system that chooses gears based on road conditions and rider weight, from Vespa of Chicago, $1915.

These brass binoculars were made in England about 1890 and feature adjustable viewing lenses for field, theater ar marine use, from Rosenthal-Truitt, Los Angeles, $435.

Touted as a coffee maker that "thinks," The Expert features an electronic microchip and a high-powered heating element that deliver great coffee quickly, by Mr. Coffee, $79.95.

Attached to handle bars, Timex' Velo-Trak bicycle computer measures speed, cadence and distance. On the wrist, it also offers standard time, date, alarm and timers, $75.

This solid-mahogany trio includes a cigar humidor, $1580, a table lighter, $322, and an ashtray, $738, all from Itag, Inc., New York. (Cigars are from Davidoff, New York.)

Where and How to Buy on page 150.

Technics' Sound Spoce Twin Load Horn Speaker isn't from *Alien*, but its curious design actually mirrors the shope and function of o fine musical instrument, $2000 a poir.

JERRY SEINFELD *(continued from page 106)*

"Seinfeld drives his girlfriend crazy by refolding her towel the right way after she takes a shower."

very calmly, look at my watch, look at the doctor and say, 'I think that will about do it.'"

Seinfeld, like Leno, has come of age during a time when life is tough for traditional observational comics. Fads change, and today the important thing for young comedians is to do something new (like Wright) or outrageous (like Andrew Dice Clay). Doing what comics have always done—taking the day-to-day life most of us lead, trying to chase a hair off the shower wall—and reinterpreting it as humor, well, that's no way for a stand-up to stand out. Leno is one of the few to make the leap from hokum to hip.

Even Seinfeld sees a connection between his recent career surge and Leno's success. "Jay has established himself now, so people started looking around again."

"You mean there was a vacancy in the observational-comic slot?" I ask.

"Yeah, in the level that Jay just vacated. So people started noticing me. But I had been there all along."

He eats a little of his pasta salad and heads for the Improv stage, where he'll do a 15-minute set. His good friend comedian Jimmy Brogan stands by with a watch to time the first several jokes. They're the new material he'll use the following night, when he makes his 23rd appearance on *The Tonight Show*.

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Fresh out of the shower, dressed only in his suit pants and socks, Seinfeld is padding about his West Hollywood condo, getting ready for *The Tonight Show*. It's a sparsely furnished, ultramodern look—what little furniture he owns is either black or gray—and everything is impeccably neat. Of course, when you travel 300 days a year, you don't need too many chairs, but the neatness is almost offputting. Seinfeld drives his girlfriend crazy by refolding her towel the *right* way after she takes a shower. "If someone walks into my house, even if she's very smart and very aware, there's nothing she can move—even if she moves it back to where she thought it was—that I won't notice." Leno describes his home as a "hospital room for stereos," and another friend, comic Jeff Cesario, warned Seinfeld, "One of these days, you're going to be living with a woman, things will be going great, you'll be getting ready to get married and then, boom, she'll bring home a throw pillow and it will be over."

"I like that kind of Zen Buddhist atmosphere, very physically clean, mentally clean," says Seinfeld. "I'm very organized." Despite his travel schedule—three or four cities a week—he's careful about discipline. He writes daily (always with a Bic pen and a legal-sized pad), practices yoga, has meditated for 18 years and eats a rigorous diet of healthful food—an amazing achievement, given the fact that comedy-club cuisine generally runs the gamut from hamburgers all the way to cheeseburgers. He spends half of his life sitting at bars, drinking mineral water. "Comedians either abstain from drugs and alcohol or are the worst substance abusers of all time," explains Leno. "There's no in-between."

Seinfeld pulls something light but high-protein out of his refrigerator, eats while standing up, then finishes dressing. He drives a few blocks to pick up Brogan, who provides emotional support for his *Tonight Show* appearances. (Seinfeld does the same for Brogan; in fact, a few years back, he was on the road when Brogan was booked on short notice for his first appearance on the show. Seinfeld heard about it from a friend and flew in for the one night.)

Brogan isn't the only one trying to shore up Seinfeld. On the surface, he seems hardly nervous at all, but around him, his publicist, his manager and the *Tonight Show* staff are tense. Everyone is worried about the review and feels the necessity to say something about it. Peter Lasally, the show's producer, goes out of his way to reassure him. George Shapiro, Seinfeld's manager, tells him how upset Carl Reiner, another client, was about the review. Leno calls to wish him well, just in case. Lawrence Christon may be miles away physically, but he's a powerful presence backstage in beautiful downtown Burbank.

Preoccupied by the talk about the review, Seinfeld gets off to a slow start, and he knows it. "You're like a fighter pilot out there," he says. "You're checking the dials and seeing if you can find the mistake." He makes a midflight correction, ends up with a killer routine, including one joke that *The Tonight Show* uses in its promos: "Nothing in life is fun for the whole family. There are no massage parlors with ice cream and free jewelry."

That night, after dinner with his manager, he returns home and finds a message from Christon on his machine. "He was as gracious and charming a guy as you could find," says Seinfeld. "He was sorry he'd gotten the wrong impression about the billing and said he was going to print a retraction."

No retraction ever appears. Ten days later, the *Times* publishes a letter from the man in charge of the show at Irvine, who takes the blame for the cheesy advertisement, but it also runs a letter praising Christon for exposing "the most overrated comedian in America."

Seinfeld assures me he doesn't care. Later, his publicist tells me that Seinfeld has fired him. "He was unhappy about the Christon deal," said the flack. "He felt I should have been more involved."

•

"There was a lot of copy coming through that week and I think the editor had a cold and they just didn't deal with it," explains Christon, who was, indeed, my fellow lonely comrade at the Irvine concert. "It wouldn't have been a retraction of the review, of course, just a retraction of the error. I had seen Seinfeld a number of times, so I don't think my knowing about the billing would have changed the text much, but it did give me a sharper angle of attack."

In the comedy business, everyone takes getting laughs seriously, but none is more earnest than Christon. He's 50 years old and spent years as a theater critic before he turned his attention to comedy. Unlike many people who write about humor, he never tries to compete by getting laughs; and while the *Times* occasionally runs letters from readers who complain that they need a thesaurus to understand him, Christon, by virtue of his tenure, the power of his paper and his intelligence, has clout.

"You always criticize in the name of something," he says. "You're not just saying you like it or dislike it. That's not criticism. That's opinion. To me, the great comedian gets the joke and the joke leads to something deeper." He likes Richard Pryor, Robin Williams and Lily Tomlin. He loves Jay Leno because Leno exposes the hypocrisy in the culture around us. Christon doesn't *dis*like Seinfeld. "He's a very likable fellow," he says. "He's clear, he

(continued on page 142)

"Now, that's a surprise; he usually prefers a wood at this distance."

20 QUESTIONS

DANA CARVEY

the man who launched a thousand skits recommends cotton underpants and explains why he isn't so special

It was in the fall of 1986 that "Saturday Night Live" viewers first encountered the Church Lady, that frumpy Satanphobe who regularly pillaged celebrity guests with her dismissive utterance, "Isn't that special?" and who performed a peculiar terpsichoreal rite dubbed the superior dance. The lady in question was no lady at all but boyish funnyman Dana Carvey, whose turns in drag contributed to a resurrection in ratings for a show many had consigned to perdition.

Producer Lorne Michaels had spotted Carvey working in an L.A. club and invited him to bring his repertory of characters and impressions to a then-rebuilding "S.N.L." Church Lady, though not performed in drag in Carvey's stand-up act, was part of a motley crew that now includes Hans, the muscular Austrian Fitnessführer, *burned-out rock star Derrick Stevens, Ching Change, the Oriental live-poultry* aficionado, *George Bush and Jimmy Stewart.*

An overnight success after ten years in comedy clubs and what he terms "misfired sitcoms," Carvey assumed the "Saturday Night Live" star mantle previously worn by Chevy Chase, Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi and Eddie Murphy. Carvey is now treading what he calls the "clichéed comic-career track" those comedians followed: clubs to television to movies. Earlier this year, he starred in "Opportunity Knocks," and he's currently filming "Beverly Hills Ninja."

Warren Kalbacker visited Carvey at his New York apartment between "S.N.L." rehearsals. He reports: "I set up my tape recorder and the telephone rang. It was for me. Fellow 'S.N.L.' cast member Jon Lovitz was calling to warn that Carvey was a 'compulsive liar' about his prowess at pool. I'd never done an interview in which the truthfulness of the subject was impugned right at the start. But I decided to go ahead, anyway. As Carvey's weight lifter Hans might say, I'd hear him now and maybe believe him later."

1.

PLAYBOY: Who hustles whom at the pool table?

CARVEY: When Jon Lovitz and I play, it's the Church Lady versus the Liar. I strip him of his manhood. I'm the teacher; he's the student. Basically, I destroy him. It's probably a way of channeling career competition. We found this twenty-four-hour pool hall on Sixteenth Street. It's a good way to wind down. We're paid to be animals on the air and we're always up till four or five after the show. And on Sunday, you're a total zombie. No matter how much you think you're relaxed about the show, it always fucks with your head.

2.

PLAYBOY: What deadly sins are committed backstage at *Saturday Night Live*?

CARVEY: There's fighting, jealousy, competition and aggressiveness—but apparently less than with any other cast. People from other years tell us we get along great. It's a more harmonious group. Lorne Michaels master-planned that. He passed up a lot of people who were maybe more talented than us but who might have been constantly pissed off at one another. We've really come together as a cast in the past year and a half. We have a certain sense of pride. Everyone said the show sucked, pull the plug. And then we came in and hit pay dirt.

3.

PLAYBOY: Isn't Dana Carvey special?

CARVEY: I hate people who think they're superior and special. I know what it's like to be on your hands and knees and ordered around and treated like an idiot. When I was a bus boy at the Holiday Inn near the Circle Star Theater in my home town of San Carlos, California, I waited on Michael Jackson and the whole Jackson family for a week. I was there in the hall with pancake syrup all over me and they'd say, "Hey, come here and get this tray." I always took Michael a plate of raw carrots before he went on stage. He would never look up at me. Actually, they were pretty good tippers, usually fifteen percent plus. But if they forgot to add on a tip, I'd sign a big one for myself. No big deal. Now, whenever I hear a Michael Jackson song, I get a craving for carrots. I don't know what that means. I guess it worked out real well for him, kept his body-fat percentage real low. Which is what I envy most about him.

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry that the Church Lady might possess the soul or, worse, the career of Dana Carvey?

CARVEY: It was a concern. It was like I *was* the Church Lady. I played a stand-up concert one night and looked at the marquee and it said, CHURCH LADY. And I was doing an hour of stand-up as myself and maybe five minutes of Church Lady. I couldn't prevent it; it was working so well. And it was helping the show. But I definitely had a complex about it. And for an entire year, she basically disappeared. During that time, I did Hans and George Bush and George Michael and appeared in Wayne's World. People now seem to know me a little more, so I don't feel so overwhelmed by the Church Lady anymore. I enjoy doing her more now. And the Church Lady can comment on the religious and political issues that loom about; say, if she has Ozzy Osbourne and Cardinal O'Connor on her show discussing satanic influences in music.

5.

PLAYBOY: Has the Church Lady achieved life everlasting?

CARVEY: She's immortal. She's too stubborn to die. She's relentless. She's powerful. When she's on the show, there's a definite bump up in the ratings. She's a real lady. She's not a man in a dress. There are some like her in trailer parks in Arkansas.

6.

PLAYBOY: Describe the contents of Church Lady's medicine cabinet.

CARVEY: Her medicine chest would be really stripped down. Probably aspirin and good tartar-control tooth paste. Toothbrush and Listerine. There might be a four-by-six picture of Minister Bob that she keeps in the Band-Aid box. One time, she saw him mowing the lawn in his tight little Bermuda shorts and she started feeling tempted by Satan. So to suppress her satanic desires, she popped a butter-rum Life Saver and sucked like there was no tomorrow.

7.

PLAYBOY: What implications for the future of America do you see in Wayne's World? Will Wayne and Garth be able to compete with boys from Stuttgart and Yokohama?

CARVEY: For every Wayne, there's a computer geek who's probably going to compete. Right now, these guys don't have any issues other than Aerosmith and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK OCKENFELS 3

Mötley Crüe. Wayne is a pretty good bullshitter. He's pretty smart. I have not analyzed where he's going to be in five years. Garth is just the best friend. He will get along in life because he is so loyal. He'll be a great company man someday. He'll have a little haircut and a little lunch pail. And he'll do exactly as they say. He'll get to work real early. He'll leave for work two hours before he has to be there.

8.

PLAYBOY: You've admitted to pride in your comedy and envy of Michael Jackson's low body fat. Are you tempted by lust?

CARVEY: It's not an issue. I'm never in a position to think about it. I really don't find myself attracted. . . . Mickey Rooney told me that money makes a guy handsomer. I guess he would know. But my wife met me ten, eleven years ago, so that's the great advantage. When she met me, I was a bus boy, but I was a damned good bus boy. She's probably a little more attracted to me now, but she would be with me even if I were still a bus boy. I'd have a different perspective if I were single, but I'm not. I guess some people don't change their perspective after they get married. They see something and decide they're going after that. Well, no. You can't.

9.

PLAYBOY: Besides resisting temptation, is there a secret to a good marriage?

CARVEY: Good clean cotton panties and Jockey shorts are underrated as aids to a good marriage. My wife and I hand-wash our underwear in the sink each night before dinner. It's a ritual. That really, really fresh clean cotton smell helps us relate to each other better. My wife and I are reclusive to the point where we're accused of being agoraphobic. Don't go to premieres. Never go anywhere. Ever. I'm always tired and cranky. I just like to watch TV.

10.

PLAYBOY: If Robin Leach guided us through your life, what would he breathlessly describe?

CARVEY: He'd show my palatial one-bedroom apartment on the twelfth floor of a building on the Upper West Side of Manhattan and my sprawling two-thousand-eight-hundred-and-forty-two-square-foot house on a flat half acre in California. I used to live next to Pat Benatar, but I never interacted with her. And there's my car. I have a Volvo, because I just want a machine to get me from point A to point B. To me, a car is a place to listen to music. I have an eight-thousand-dollar stereo system in it. When I sell the car, I'll advertise it as a stereo system with car included. I've got video games. I was into Super Mario Brothers until I started having trouble with my eyes. I decided it wasn't worth rescuing the princess to lose my eyesight. So I decided to lay off. I have Phil Hartman and Jon Lovitz over and we jam with acoustic guitars. We re-create side one of *Rubber Soul*. We're so good that people in the next room are convinced that the Beatles are back.

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you do bathroom humor in the Carvey bathroom?

CARVEY: All comedians like really blue humor off stage. The only jokes that comedians laugh at are crude and gross and usually homophobic. Everything else has been done so much it's generic to us. They like stuff that's very shocking. Maybe Andrew Dice Clay is the wave of the future.

12.

PLAYBOY: We understand you learned to run before you learned stand-up.

CARVEY: My whole act from the age of fourteen to twenty-one was distance running. I was all-Conference. But I never got into wearing a letter sweater. I started running in 1969, when you would get out there and people would shout, "Hey, who's chasing you?" or "Look, the guy's wearing underwear!" And you had to go to a sporting-goods store to buy cross-country shoes and the clerk would ask you to describe them to him. Maybe they had a few pairs in the back. Nowadays, it's like a social club, all exhibitionists in their tights. I go running around the Central Park Reservoir. You can see Madonna out there. And David Letterman and Tom Brokaw. I run because it's a really great legal high. I get a real good buzz. And I run really, really hard. I don't enjoy jogging or trotting. I keep getting injured. I like to torture myself.

13.

PLAYBOY: A manufacturer gave you athletic shoes. Are you considering a product endorsement?

CARVEY: They sent me some shoes to pump it up. But Hans and Franz wear Austrian-army-issue boots from 1954. Those are the only shoes they'll wear, and they weigh seventeen pounds apiece. They think that Air Jordans and all those other shoes are for [*in accent*] looser girly men. A looser girly man is like a man, but he's a little looser. His buttocks are like marshmallows. He should thank his lucky stars there's not a campfire around, because I'll roast his marshmallows as sure as I am Hans.

14.

PLAYBOY: Was it tough growing up as a boy named Dana?

CARVEY: Everyone said, "I know a girl named Dana." And I used to say, "What about Dana Andrews?" But no one had ever heard of him. That was when I was eight years old. So for about two weeks, I went by the name Tom. Tom Carvey. Then I got a telegram from the nine-year-old Tom Hanks that said he was going to be a movie star and that I might want to switch back to Dana. So I switched back. I like it now. But Dana Delany bugs me, because for a while, I was the only working Dana I

knew of. She's a lot more famous than I am, so I'm a kind of secondary Dana. Maybe we'll star in a movie someday. It could be called *The Two Danas*.

15.

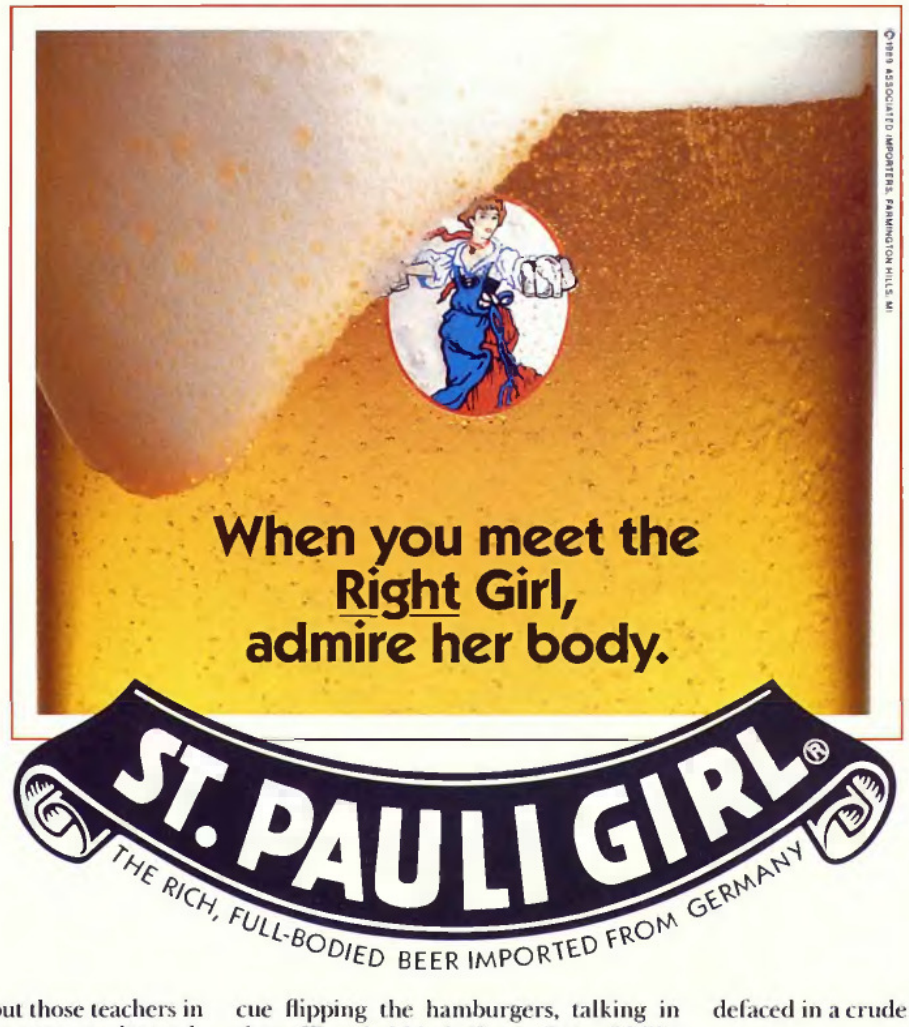
PLAYBOY: You've admitted to never dating in high school. Are you now living the revenge of the nerd?

CARVEY: I didn't feel like one, but looking back, I surely was one. If you're a nerd, you don't know it. I hope I still am a nerd in a way, or a geek. There's nothing more uncool than someone trying hard to be cool, so it's probably good to keep some nerdiness about you. Wear it on your sleeve proudly. I have a weirder side to me than what I present. It will come out someday. When Steve Martin saw me doing Church Lady, he commented to Lorne Michaels, "What kind of a mind comes up with something like that?"

16.

PLAYBOY: Did little Dana Carvey have an attitude problem in school?

CARVEY: I never had an attitude. But my characters do have heavy attitudes. I use the term attitude because I have to call what I do something. I don't really tell jokes. I don't sit down with a yellow pad and think, Hmmm, a woman in a dress. Isn't that special? You plug into any source: another person, a picture or a movie. It gels in your mind and then comes out later. I was on stage in a comedy club and just started talking about those teachers in grade school who were very condescending. The first time I did the Church Lady, it was about making a paper sailboat in class and about how hers always looked perfect and she'd say, "Looks like mine is just a little bit superior to yours. Now, isn't that special?" The superior dance is a product of my sense of humor. It's an "I'm better than you" strut. Church ladies are real competitive. My mom would always be made to feel bad, because she'd go to the church potluck dinner and take a bowl of Fritos and a church lady would take a sixty-quart turkey casserole and be real self-righteous: "I brought a sixty-quart turkey casserole that could feed the Lord's congregation."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17.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll perform at the White House during the Bush Administration?

CARVEY: Bush really makes me laugh. With him, the line between character and impression is blurred. When I do him, it's both. I like to abstract things and really get down to the essence. That's the fun and interesting part. There's a shortness of breath in the Bush character. Whether he laughs the way I make him laugh isn't important to me; it's an abstraction of his attitude. Even if he doesn't laugh like that, he *wants* to laugh like that. He's gloating. He loves to be President so much and he loves politics and he's just the guy at the barbecue flipping the hamburgers, talking in that offhanded kind of way. Geez. *I'd* like to be President right now. The Cold War has ended. The whole Communist bloc is falling apart. It's not as if Bush is instigating these things. Historical events have conspired and it's right in George's lap. And he's really great at summation: "Before Bush, Berlin Wall; with Bush, no wall. Not trying to take credit. Not saying I'm an Abe Lincoln up here." I don't know what's going to happen, but it's a great time to be President.

18.

PLAYBOY: If Jimmy Stewart didn't exist, would you have invented him?

CARVEY: Jimmy Stewart is such a wonderful attitude to play. His rhythm. His gentleness. One of the favorite things I've done is appear as Stewart reading his poems on Mike Myers' Sprockets sketch. The writers came up with the basic idea of taking this all-American guy and giving him this sordid past: "I woke up in a puddle of my own sick after I'd been drinking some cheap crap called cho cho." I laughed so hard when I heard the idea. I thought it was a great way to use the character and there was a lot of detail in the sketch. The character was imbued that night; I *was* Jimmy Stewart. It didn't get huge laughs in the studio and I wasn't sure after I finished it. Maybe people were thrown by it and enjoyed it later. I've gotten letters. I have it on tape and play it for friends when I really want to laugh.

19.

PLAYBOY: You starred in *Opportunity Knocks* and you're currently filming *Beverly Hills Ninja*. How disappointed will you be if your films appear in video stores before completing a decent theatrical run?

CARVEY: I was hoping my first film would *open* on video tape. Or, better yet, as a video game. *Opportunity Knocks* would make a great video game. I'm just an entry-level movie star. Seeing myself on a movie poster was creepy. There's a certain glossiness, a surreal, Stepford-wife quality. Where are the pores? Where are the blemishes? I think it's neat when they get defaced in a crude way. I like that.

20.

PLAYBOY: A thousand points of light are shining out there. What cause have you adopted?

CARVEY: The only thing I would have gotten out on the streets about was the Moral Majority. They were starting to really piss me off. But I had the Church Lady to counter them. Be nice to your neighbors, try to recycle products and don't wear fur and you're pretty good with me. And don't talk when you're near me in a movie theater, because when I'm at the movies, I'm in church.

THINK BIG

(continued from page 112)

"The problem solved by the best large direct-view TVs is the basic one of picture resolution."

or "monitor/receivers" (if there's a built-in station selector and amplifier for sound).

Now that you have the definitions down, stand back and take in the visual spectacle that is TV today. It comes in several forms: direct view, meaning the conventional format of an image seen on a picture tube; rear projection, which uses a scheme of lenses and mirrors to enlarge and display the image; and front projection, which works like a movie setup of screen and opposing projector. Although the two projection formats can deliver much larger pictures—the accepted starting point for serious big-screen viewing is 31 inches—recent breakthroughs in picture-tube design have made possible high-grade direct-view screens as large as 35 inches, measured diagonally.

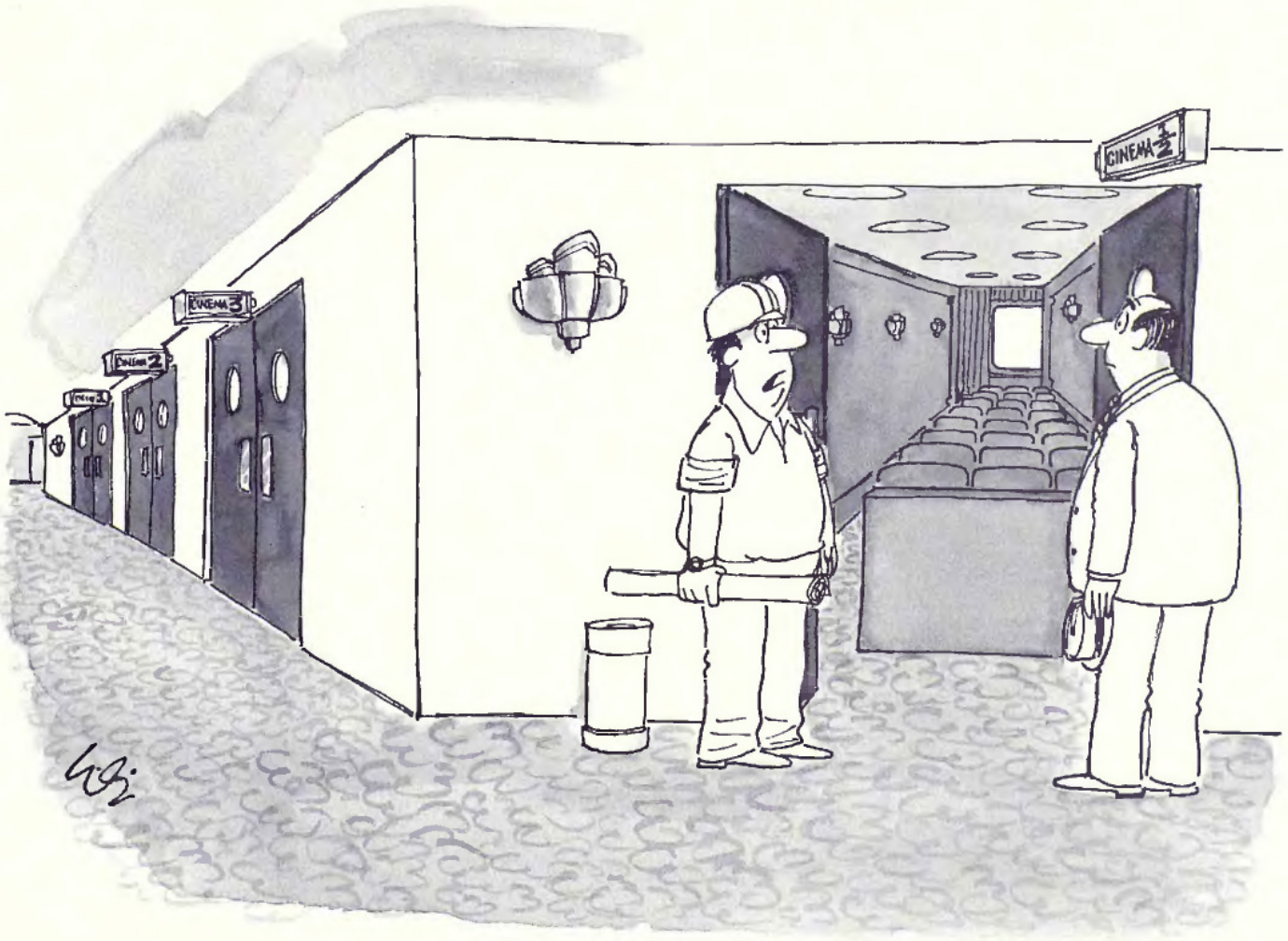
The critical problem solved by the best large direct-view TVs is the basic one of picture resolution. That's the technical name for sharpness and detail, and it's usually evaluated in terms of so many lines of horizontal resolution. The greater the number of lines making up a TV image, the finer the detail. Current TV broadcast maximum is about 325 lines of horizontal resolution, and standard VHS tape has only about 240 lines. So big-screen TVs that can accommodate upwards of 400 lines of resolution are equipped with a technology that far surpasses the quality of TV signals.

Why buy a TV that will accept more lines of resolution than are being broadcast? Because other, superior sources of video entertainment have emerged—including Super-VHS tape, Extended Definition Beta and laser video discs—that boast images that are in the 400-to-500-line range. In fact, the line count on some big-screen TVs can go as high as 800. Owning a TV with that kind of high-resolution capability equips you for the just-around-the-corner advancements that are sure to come in video-tape and laser-disc technology.

If 31 inches marks the starting point of big-screen TV, the magic number for really big projection TV is 46 inches. Magnavox' rear-projection RL 8548AK ($3695), for example, offers a 46-inch screen complemented by six amplifiers, eight speakers and Dolby Pro-Logic processing and a cluster of audio/video connectors that includes the *sine qua non* of high-performance monitors, S-video inputs.

Also known as Y/C inputs, these four-prong connectors accept special cables that keep the luminance (black and white) and chrominance (color) elements of the video signal separated as they travel from any high-resolution source (an S-VHS tape deck or a laser-disc player) to your monitor. If the luminance and chrominance components are not permitted to bleed into each other, there is less interference.

But no other single aspect of the new rear-projection TVs makes a more striking



"As it turned out, it came to a triplex and a half!"

impression than their brightness. Sony claims that its 46-inch KPR-46CX10 ($4000) rivals direct-view televisions in picture quality. And it doesn't matter where you sit, either. Thanks to reflector screens, the image remains sharp from almost any angle. Pioneer's 50-inch Pro-93 ($4400), for example, lets you sit anywhere in a 140-degree arc.

Although most big-screen models fall in the 46-inch-to-52-inch range, viewers with grander vision can choose from a handful of larger rear-projection designs, most bearing the Mitsubishi insignia. In late 1989, Mitsubishi began shipping the high-performance 70-inch rear-projection TV. The new model for the 70-inch is the VS-7004R ($6399). (They also make the 60-inch VS-6021R that sells for about $4600.) But now Mitsubishi has redefined big with its 120-inch VS-12001. If you're thinking Holy cow! or words to that effect, you have the idea. A screen 120 inches on the diagonal measures eight feet across and six feet high. Not only could you get an entire squadron of *Top Gun* hot dogs into a picture that size, you could frame the combined screens of most of the televisions in your neighborhood.

That may sound like it will occupy most of a wall, but it will also take up a good chunk of a room: The TV's screen-and-mirror system requires six and a half feet of depth for installation. That and about $20,000. Mitsubishi doesn't expect to sell a lot of them. They're a statement.

Projection television—most of which is the freestanding, all-in-one type of rear-projection unit—accounts for just over one percent of total TV sales now. Front-projection systems, however, have some solid points in their favor. Since the projector stands opposite the screen, there is no massive television housing to deal with. All sources are plugged into the projector, which may be mounted on a table or affixed to the ceiling. Only the viewing screen takes up wall space, and it can be rolled up.

Front-projection systems, such as the tube-type Vidikron TGS-1 DP100 ($4995), typically deliver a picture in the 100-inch-diagonal range. The Vidikron uses three-beam projection to create a bright picture with 470 lines of horizontal resolution and it retains a sharp image through a viewing range of 140 degrees. The big picture from an LCD projector—Sharp's XV-100 sells for $5200, complete with a 100-inch screen—can be made as small as 20 inches at the twist of a lens without refocusing. The drawbacks? You do have to park the projector somewhere, and walking between the projector and the screen disrupts the picture.

Beyond the boundaries of such high-resolution television lies another big-screen breed: improved-definition TV, or IDTV. Not to be confused with HDTV, IDTV applies digital technology to remove the visible scanning lines created when a conventional TV reproduces an image from any source. Using hefty computer resources and infinitesimal time delay, IDTV fills the scan-line "blanks." While IDTV has met with mixed critical reaction (notably, complaints of a jumpy image), NEC's 52-inch ID³ ($6499) is worth a serious look.

But the very look, sound, shape and feel of television are about to undergo changes more profound than IDTV. The name given to this coming technology, as you may already know, is high-definition television (HDTV). It promises nothing less than a picture approaching 35mm movies, with digital sound, to boot. What's more, the HDTV picture will also look more like a theater screen; that is, its proportions (or aspect ratio) will be adjusted from the 4:3 width–height ratio of today's TV to a more panoramic 16:9. But all of this implies a virtual rebuilding of broadcast facilities and, of course, new televisions capable of receiving that restructured signal.

By most estimates, HDTV is a good decade down the road. But a simplified version is much nearer at hand. Earlier this year, a consortium of U.S. electronics interests announced plans to develop an advanced form of television that may be implemented as early as 1993. The four companies involved—Thomson Consumer Electronics, Philips Consumer Electronics, NBC and the David Sarnoff Research Center—say this advanced compatible television (ACTV) would be only an interim step toward their ultimate goal: an HDTV system that would be compatible with existing TV technology, like the compatibility between color and black-and-white, or stereo sound and mono.

ACTV, its advocates say, would bring broadcast picture quality up to the level of laser discs and S-VHS tape, while adding digital sound and introducing the 16:9 image screen. The starting price for the new TVs is expected to be $1200 to $1500.

Current big-screen models, no matter how large, would continue to display a 4:3 image, not only because of their shape but because of their lack of electronics needed to receive a 16:9 picture. To avoid rendering all present TVs instantly obsolete, however, ACTV broadcasts would incorporate a fully compatible signal.

The convergence in our living rooms of high, wide and handsome TV and digital surround sound also excites big-screen buffs. Jim Davies of Barco, whose Barcovision 600C front-projector ($7995) is said to be HDTV-ready, claims, "Now you can get sound at home that equals or surpasses anything you hear at a local theater. Add projection and you can just stay home. With high-definition TV on the horizon, I would not want to own a movie theater." That's something to think about, Bunky.

BIG SIGHTS, BIG SOUNDS

When it comes to big-screen TVs, improved sound is part of the picture. Proton's 31-inch direct-view VT-331 (about $2500) features a sound-enhancement circuit called the Aural Exciter. Its purpose is to heighten clarity and presence, thus making the sound as vibrant as the image, which boasts a horizontal resolution of 600 lines.

Sony offers another approach to sharper sound in its 32-inch KV-32HSR10 ($2299), with the Sound Retrieval System developed by Hughes Aircraft Company. Its goal is to give the listener a wider and more detailed field of stereo excellence.

Mitsubishi's 35-inch CS-3521R ($2799) offers an exceptionally potent sound system. The set's stereo amplifier is rated at a comparatively hefty ten watts per channel. Visually, it delivers about 650 lines of horizontal resolution. JVC's 800-line 35-inch AV-3589S ($3299) incorporates not only a surround-sound decoder but also a four-channel amplifier. The rear speakers, however, must be supplied by the purchaser.

You may not be prepared for the sonic fireworks that accompany rear-projection TV. Zenith's 46-inch ZB4685T ($3295) touts a built-in Bose Acoustimass sound system, while Toshiba's 52-inch TP5288J ($3800) combines Carver's Sonic Holography with Precognition Matrix, which "improves the ambience spread and stereo imaging while improving dialog voices." Of course, you can bypass any built-in sound and connect the monitor's audio outputs to the auxiliary inputs on your preamplifier or receiver for full stereo sound.

You can even run the audio portion through a digital signal processor to revel in the electric charge of surround sound, which is ideal for viewing an action movie such as *Top Gun*, where the jets peel off and swoop in low. When you have surround sound and a 50-inch picture, you're in the front row of fighter school.

Like a middle linebacker with a dancer's grace, Panasonic's broad-shouldered PTK-5196S ($3599) carries its imposing frame with trim ease. To preserve a lean line for this 51-inch rear-projection TV, Panasonic has dropped the main speaker system into the support pedestal. But the sound doesn't end there. A Dolby Surround processor lets you listen in 360-degree stereo. The television's big picture is touted for its sharpness, brightness and natural tint.

 (continued from page 117)

"Talk about special treatment! She served me griddlecakes and back bacon followed by a striptease."

What exactly makes Canadian women so darned attractive to guys in the know? Is it simply their willingness to endure televised hockey? Or, worse, Canadian football? Perhaps it's their tolerance of Canadian men. After all, this is the country that gave us Rich Little. Imagine the level of patience required to get through a long winter of Henry Kissinger impressions. Clearly, these women are capable of putting up with more than their share of insufferable boredom, pomposity and icy road conditions.

Which brings us to frigidity, a common condition in Canada. No need to panic. If, after a glass of Pouilly-Fuissé (or a couple of Moosehead tallboys), a Canadian lady tells you she's frigid, it's likely that all she needs is an extra Hudson's Bay blanket. At such moments, it's not a bad idea to throw another log on the fire. Rule of thumb number one: *When in Canada, forget roses. Say it with kindling.*

But don't think Canadian women can be pacified with the kind of mindless gifts you've been giving your mom and sister for so many years. Canadian women are discriminating consumers. Simple, practical items and thoughtful gestures are all the rage. For instance, the perfect keepsake might be a duplex condo in Cancún, while a month in Bermuda is exactly the type of gesture that leads to a deeper relationship.

"I never knew one could do the lambada in a car!"

Perhaps it's even more useful to understand what Canadian women *don't* want. They don't want to spend weekend nights watching their men chase after the puck in an unheated arena equipped with splintered benches and glacial toilet seats. They don't want to have anything to do with curling—Canada's inexplicably popular version of shuffleboard. They don't want to watch it, they don't want to talk about it and they certainly don't want to play it. Canadian women are tired of browsing in stores that sell anything made out of birch bark, tree sap or beaver pelt. And fair warning: They're growing weary of weekends at the cottage with ten cases of Molson's, his fishing buddies and a sun deck from which to piss.

Which brings us to rule of thumb number two: *Even the least ambitious weekend plans will be successful as long as beer caps do not become hazardous obstacles.*

"But what's in it for me?" you ask. How do brains, beauty and talent sound? Consider some of those Canadian females who have recently distinguished themselves in the world arena: classical guitarist Liona Boyd, tennis star Carling Bassett-Seguso and cover girl Linda Evangelista, not to mention perennials Catherine O'Hara and Margot Kidder. Such a woman can reduce the average male to a gelatinous pool in less time than it takes to figure out who's on the two-dollar bill. But she won't! And therein lies the secret allure of every Canadian woman. She knows just how insecure and frail her man really is, and she will go out of her way to spare him all those cruel, hurtful remarks that are sure to spoil his curling score.

I'll never forget my own first Canadian girl. Talk about special treatment! She served me griddlecakes and back bacon followed by a striptease. I savored all 160 centimeters of that gorgeous 92-60-89 body. The noon sun peeked over the tundra horizon, shone through the window and glistened off her lithe 49-kilogram frame. She was the kind of girl who came along about as often as a Stanley Cup in Toronto. She gave me a kiss and my temperature jumped to 40 degrees Celsius. The next thing I remember, I was complaining about free trade, the lumber shortage and that damned acid rain.

I suppose life is full of squandered opportunities. Sometimes I dream of returning to that frosty province to track down my little snow angel. I just wish Canada weren't so expensive. Somebody told me the Canadian dollar might take another nose dive soon and, who knows, if this global-warming thing works out . . . well, I'll keep my fingers crossed.

UP TO HERE *(continued from page 50)*

"She should gut-check the fellows with the coins to play and pay fair. It's time to act straight, guys."

preoccupations. And consider the bottom line: The net result of rich nations' "charity" is that developing countries now pay the industrialized countries 30 billion dollars a year more in interest on loans than they receive in assistance. They are helping carry us—not vice versa. If we had paid them a fair price for their raw materials in the first place, of course, they wouldn't have required loans.

This ugly state of affairs is masked by an insufferable self-righteousness that targets the world's poorer countries as the main culprits in the planet's despoliation. Take note of the Brazilian Amazon rain forest. "Save the rain forests" is chanted as a pagan rite of passage in Earth Day celebrations exorcising the demons of pollution. Not to take anything from stars such as Sting and Tom Cruise, who have journeyed down to the Amazon to call attention to what is, indeed, a serious and accelerating loss. But the emphasis is all wrong. And that fault lies less with the entertainers, generally a savvy bunch eager to avoid the sins of ethnocentrism, and more with the media and the commercial advertisers who have exploited the artists' concerns.

Yes, the rain forest must be saved. But don't blame the poor farmers who clear a few acres each year or the gold miners eager to climb from the depths of Brazilian poverty. Once again, the problem is a result of the immense differences in income between the world's rich and poor, leaving the poor in such dire straits that they must pit their children's immediate survival against that of the forest.

These contradictions are summarized brilliantly in *The Fate of the Forest*, by Susanna Hecht and Alexander Cockburn, by far the best study of the rain-forest problem. Planning to save the rain forest must proceed from a recognition of the survival needs of the people who live in the area, argue the authors. "Any program for the Amazon begins with basic human rights; an end to the debt bondage, violence, enslavement and killings practiced by those who would seize the lands these forest people have occupied for generations. . . . If there is one word that is the keystone to [these people's] demands and hopes for the future, it is the single word on which all hopes for the Amazon rest: justice."

There it is, the key to the environmental problem, whether you're on the freeway or in the rain forest. We all want to do what is right for the planet if there are serious alternatives. Even Californians will use mass transit if it exists. The peasants will nurture the forest given a realistic means of earning a livelihood. But the alternatives must be real and just.

So what to do? Bette Midler must rise up out of that hospital bed and give up that doleful mother-earth shtick. In that sassy, demanding way of hers, she should gut-check the fellows with the coins to play and pay fair. It's time to act straight, guys. Stop pushing sugar water on the natives. What they and we need are sensible means of moving people, growing and packaging food and educating the young in harmony with the limits of our environment. It will cost, but so has the military budget for the past 50 years, and this war is necessary.

Let's not be cheap, Midler might trumpet on the next Earth Day special. If there are billions of dollars for one Mike Milken and 500 billion dollars from taxpayers to pay for his junk-bond hustles, then we can find the means to build a world infrastructure—transportation, agriculture and industry—that will permit the dispossessed and the rest of us to live and breathe.

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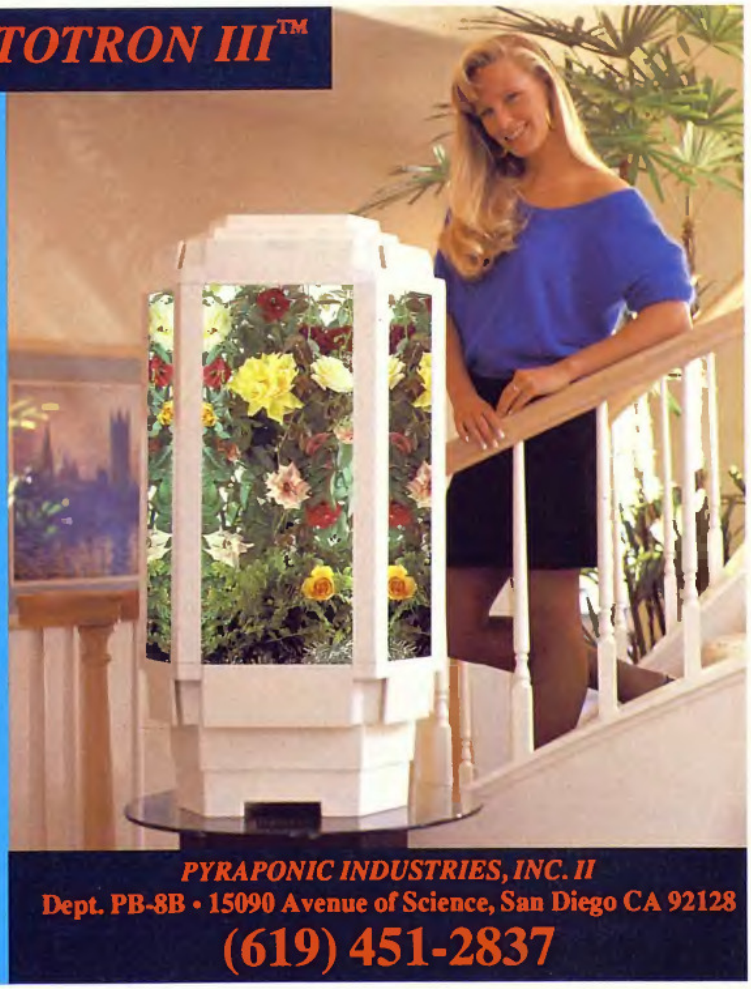

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JERRY SEINFELD *(continued from page 132)*

"I enjoy all these trappings—the airports, the smoke in my face, the humiliating dressing rooms. I like it."

has great imagery, he *is* funny, but after a few minutes, you want more. It's like eating cotton candy. There's nothing very nutritious."

As the days drift by, the review fades into memory. The NBC negotiations were unharmed, and Seinfeld now has a shot at doing a show for the network. He'll create it, he'll write it and he'll star in it, playing the one character he knows he can play—himself. "I'm no big-deal actor," he admits. And the subject, of course, couldn't be nearer nor dearer to his heart. "Hopefully, it's not a typical sitcom," he says of *The Seinfeld Chronicles*. "It's kind of a look into the day-to-day life of a comedian and how he translates life into comedy." The show features Seinfeld being a civilian, with wacky neighbors and weird encounters, then cuts to him as a comic, turning what we've all seen into a stand-up routine in front of a live audience. "The only reason I would consider committing to it is that I'd be doing stand-up on the show."

For reasons that not even Seinfeld fully understands, he's wedded to the idea of doing live, stand-up comedy. "It's a life mission for me," he says. "I don't know what the hell I'm trying to accomplish, but I can't stop." There are a few logical reasons, of course. Money is one. Control is another. Most of show business is a collaborative art. Only the stand-up gets to be his own writer, producer, director and star. And Seinfeld loves being in control. That's why he refolds towels. That's why he leaves his $50,000 Porsche Carrera at the airport when he travels rather than take a cab or ask a friend for a ride. "I hate depending on anyone," he says. He lives what for the average person would be a grueling existence. He logs nearly 300,000 frequent-flier miles in an average year of travel (his mom cashed in some of those miles recently and took a free trip to Europe). He spends 300 nights a year in hotel rooms, by himself, away from his friends, away from his girlfriends, away from any of the normal structure that makes up a life.

Shapiro, his manager, keeps telling him he can stay home for a while. "I said, 'If your suitcases get too heavy, just let me know.' So far, they've never gotten heavy for him."

"Well, let's envision the situation," says Seinfeld. "I'm sitting in my apartment. My agent calls. He says there's someone who would like to pay me a tremendous amount of money to come and talk to these people. Can I do it? I can't imagine myself saying, 'No, there's no possible way I can go and talk to these people.'"

"That one's ten dollars—he's been genetically enhanced."

"But what about less hardy souls, people who might say, 'Listen, I've already taken three planes this week, I need a break'?" I ask.

"What am I doing on these flights? I'm reading a magazine. I'm saying, 'Yes, I think I will have lemon with that club soda.' Does this really wear people down? You refuse to accept the fact that I enjoy all these trappings—the airports, the smoke in my face, the humiliating dressing rooms. I like it. It means I'm a comic. People don't like the idea that comedians are happy. It doesn't seem fair that you could make a living like that and be happy off stage. If there are laughs on stage, they want tears on the pillow. I'm just a lucky fucker. I like what I do."

Seinfeld took a vacation once. He and a girlfriend went to Barbados for a week, drinking pineapple juice with a little umbrella in it. He hated it. "I guess it's great if you have a job you can't stand and you live in a place you don't like. For me, that kind of relaxation is a hairsbreadth away from stultifying boredom.

"I'll tell you something. I'd rather say something that people would quote as a great line that I said, that I *thought* of, than win an Oscar. Andy Warhol's line, about everyone's becoming famous for fifteen minutes, is really just a joke, but it was such a great line it became part of the culture. I was in a car going from Philadelphia to New York, at one o'clock in the morning, listening to the radio. It was the postgame show for the Dodgers game when Kirk Gibson hit that homer. And the guy quoted me as he described what a great day in sports it had been. He said, 'It's like Jerry Seinfeld says, How are we ever going to impress our kids? What stories will we have? How can the world change that much again that we can blow kids away with stories like the ones our parents told us, about the war and the Depression, when milk was a nickel and cars were a quarter? What will we say? *When I was a boy, dogs didn't have the vote. They had no say in the world at all. In fact, we kept them on leashes.*' When I heard that on the radio, that was the biggest boost I'd ever had. That, to me, is the coolest thing you could do on this planet."

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Seinfeld sits quietly at the bar at Laffs, a comedy club in Tucson. In ten minutes, he'll do the first of his two shows, but right now, Roseanne Barr is being interviewed on the TV set hanging overhead. A camera is panning across her cluttered living room, with its antiques and bric-a-brac. "You wouldn't get a shot like that in my house," says Seinfeld with a laugh. Barr is reciting the litany of her bizarre childhood woes—being Jewish in Utah, getting hit by a car, ending up

in the loony bin, being baptized as a Mormon—it's enough to fill a book.

Seinfeld's childhood is enough to fill a paragraph. His was a Long Island life, a quiet suburban existence with happy parents and happy children. The only unusual aspect of it was the fact that both parents had been raised without parents of their own, which gave them an independence they passed on to their two kids. Early on, Seinfeld became addicted to comics on TV—and to TV in general, for that matter. "Jerry was *chained* to the television," complains his mother, Betty. "At one point, I had to get rid of it. I couldn't stand it." It didn't work. He simply went next door to the neighbors' to get his fix. Looking back, one realizes that it wasn't wasted time. He talks in TV metaphors, makes jokes about both old and new TV shows and commercials and still harbors a desire to grow up to be Bud on *Flipper*.

"I swear to God, I've learned most of what I know about life from TV," he says as the club manager taps him on the shoulder. It's time for Seinfeld to go from watching a comedian at work to being one.

His first show goes well. He has fans in Tucson—many from nearby University of Arizona—and they're an enthusiastic group. In fact, too many of them want to linger and chat, so Seinfeld has to take refuge in a dark, windowless cube that serves as an office. Dinner is brought to him while the staff readies the club for the next show. Seinfeld is perfectly at home eating a salad at a desk in semidarkness while employees dash in and out, sticking cash into one of the desk drawers. Very little seems to bother him, except, perhaps, the review in the *Times*.

"You know," he says, "there are things in that review that I aspire to. Christon talked about revealing deeper truths and having social impact, and, yeah, I would love to say great things. Who wouldn't? I mean, these are my thoughts out there. So if they're shallow, I'm shallow. But I don't think they're shallow. They may be light, but I don't think that they're shallow. I find that life is interesting on every level. I read a thing that Sam Kinison said the other day, about how it's tough to live his life so that he has something to talk about. The way I live, it's not a raw life. I have ambitions and disappointments, but I don't want to live a ragged, desperate existence just so I can talk about that. I don't want to necessarily make heavier observations, just better ones. I just want to be good."

It has been a long day, beginning with a seven-A.M. trip to a local radio station to plug the club. It didn't do Seinfeld any good—his two shows were already sold out—but it helps give the smaller clubs visibility when the big names do promotion. He was on the air for a quick five minutes. When the disc jockey said, "Thanks for coming in," Seinfeld responded with an enthusiastic, if slightly sarcastic, "It was *worth* it." Then it was back to the hotel room to write. Toward noon, he went for a walk—"In the tall grass along the highway," he said—and ended up in a Jack in the Box, where he ordered a Chicken Supreme. Now he's a prisoner in a makeshift office as the second-show crowd files in and orders its drinks.

That's a comic's life. One week, it's designer suits and *The Tonight Show*. The next, it's walking all alone in the tall grass in search of fast food.

"I really feel the key to having a successful career in comedy is never taking the bait of stardom per se. If you think you're a star, you're not a comedian anymore, because a comedian is one of us. Anyway, being a stand-up is a grimy gig. A big star—well, short of an Eddie Murphy—you get up there and the audience will give you a free ride for five, maybe ten minutes. That's it. If you're not funny that night, I don't care how famous you are. It doesn't matter. As long as I'm doing my stand-up, the audience will keep me in my place. It keeps me from being a show-business asshole. Stardom can exist on its own, but laughs do not.

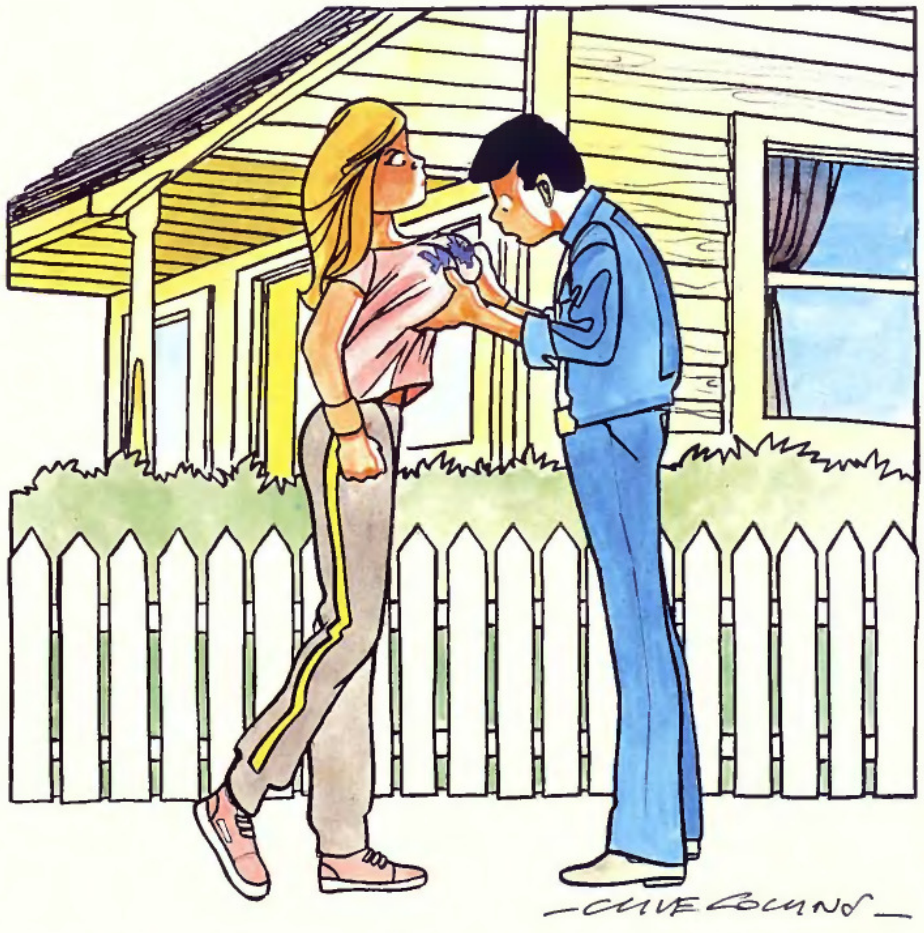
"Now that my career is moving up, I'm enjoying the perks, the hotel with the little extra sitting room, flying first class. But I still don't look like I belong in first class. People always eye me suspiciously. That's fine. I like that."

There's a knock on the door for the second show. "Well, back to the office," he says, putting on his jacket.

The next morning, the booker from the club shows up to give Seinfeld a ride to the airport. At the airport snack shop, Seinfeld shovels in two small boxes of Rice Krispies and one of shredded wheat and, like a seasoned traveler, is the last to board the Delta jet headed for L.A. He takes his place in the first-class section—always a window in first class, an aisle in coach—looking out the window, reading *USA Today*, playing with his Sharp Wizard, as the flight attendant works her way down the aisle, offering champagne and orange juice and checking her manifest.

She gives me a drink and, true to his prediction, she's clearly puzzled by Seinfeld's presence. "Do you belong in coach?" she asks, glancing down her list. "I don't seem to have your name here."

These are the moments that comedians live for, of course, when the joke is so obvious that nothing more need be said. While Seinfeld produces his ticket to mollify the flight attendant, he turns to me with a gigantic grin. He is, after all, one happy stand-up comic.



"I hope you don't mind . . . I'm a compulsive T-shirt reader. . . ."

AUTOCRAT OF ASTROTURF *(continued from page 126)*

"Herzog's tolerance snapped when he discovered that he had about seven heavy cocaine users."

How does Herzog get away with such a laid-back style? For one thing, he's as tough on the inside as his coal-mining and farming ancestors. He may look like a big old kindly bear these days, but nobody has forgotten the Garry Templeton incident in 1981. The shortstop, then considered a future Hall-of-Famer, gave the finger to the hometown fans who were booing him for jaking. Herzog grabbed him with both hands, dragged him into the dugout and had to be pried off him by other players.

"Templeton doesn't want to play in St. Louis. He doesn't want to play on turf. He doesn't want to play when we go into Montreal. He doesn't want to play in the Astrodome. He doesn't want to play in the rain," Herzog said the day after the fight. "The other eighty games, he's all right."

Templeton was lucky that Herzog traded him to San Diego instead of Tokyo. Everybody said the Rat's anger had gotten the better of his judgment when he dealt Templeton for Ozzie Smith. Funny thing: Templeton's career withered immediately and it's Smith who'll go to the Hall of Fame. Herzog's mystique grew.

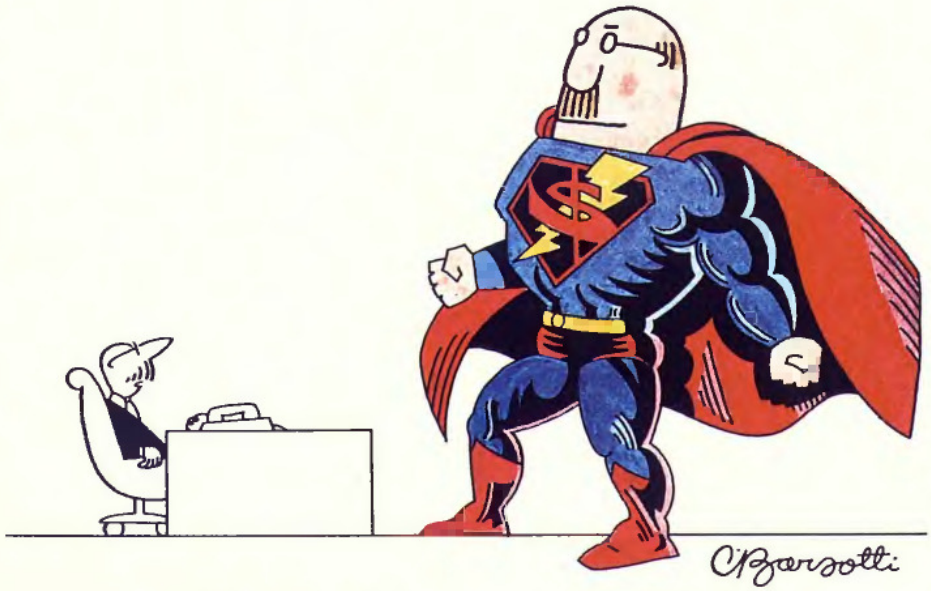
The manager has only four rules: Be on time. Bust your butt. Play smart. And have some fun while you're at it, for Chrissakes. Transgress the big four, and you'll hear about it plenty. "People say you've never had your ass chewed out until you've been chewed out by me," he says flatly. "I let 'em have it with both barrels. Then it's done. I don't have a doghouse.

"My door is always open. But a lot of guys come in thinking they're gonna tell me off and leave wishing they'd never come in."

Herzog has a way with a harsh word. Asked if Willie McGee reminded him of a young Mickey Rivers, he answered, "Yeah, except Willie doesn't play the horses, he shows up on time and he can throw." At his first press conference in Texas—never having managed a pro team anywhere—Herzog said, "This is the worst excuse for a big-league ball club I ever saw."

On the other hand, when the players earn Herzog's respect, he reciprocates. He always arrives at the ball park four hours early so he can post the line-up *before* his players arrive. Then they know where they stand and can prepare properly from the moment they arrive. (Sometimes, Billy Martin, when hung over, wouldn't post his line-up until *after* batting practice. His players had to guess who should hit with the regulars.)

As usual, Herzog has sensible ulterior motives for arriving so early. Casey Stengel taught him "to bullshit with the writers" every day. He got the message: They can dig up their own stories or you can write their stories for them.



"You're hired. You'll start reviewing employee expense accounts in the morning."

Patting backs and taping ankles, Whitey fills every notebook every day and doles out off-the-record quotes and background info like a master White House propagandist. Thus, his version of reality dominates the coverage of his team as completely as any other recent manager's. Herzog is one of the few who understand that either the manager controls his team through the media or the media sense a vacuum and gradually take control from the manager.

Herzog even invites reporters into his dugout in spring training. What's to hide?

"You see why I let him hit," crows Herzog when one of his pitchers hits a home run. "I had to talk that man into goin' up there." Next time the pitcher is due up, he snaps, "Sit down. I can't stand to watch you hit another one. It's embarrassing to my other players."

The stars he cajoles and instructs, nagging about technique. "Release that split-finger right from the ear, like a catcher. Don't reach back." The humpty dumpties, the guys who make a living by sitting, are his buddies. "Whitey handles role players especially well," says Duke Wathan, now the Royals' manager but a role player for Herzog in the Seventies. "He keeps making small talk, finding out about your family, doing his Casey Stengel imitations, making sure you understand how he plans to use you and where you fit. He's very honest. He never sugar-coats to pacify a guy."

Once, Herzog shocked a scrub, Tito Landrum, by walking up to him in mid-game and apologizing for not having him in the line-up. "The last time we faced this [pitcher], you hit the ball hard three out of four times up," Herzog explained.

"That was two years before," said Landrum. "Even *I* didn't remember."

Herzog, like Earl Weaver in his day, can stay with one team indefinitely, because every clubhouse grievance is aired and then usually forgotten. Very few managers have been smart enough or glib enough to flourish in such an atmosphere of candor. It works only as long as the manager, in a pinch, has the personality to intimidate any of his players.

Also like Weaver, Herzog has little fear of eccentrics or hard-to-manage players. Herzog didn't care if Amos Otis wouldn't talk or Hal McRae dressed like a Third World insurgent. He traded for Darrell Porter *after* his cocaine problems became public and won a world title with him as series M.V.P. Herzog's tolerance finally snapped when he discovered that he had about seven heavy cocaine users. Even then, he didn't get rid of them all and didn't trade Keith Hernandez and Lonnie Smith until he was convinced their play was being hurt.

In trades, he sought out Joaquin

Andujar, Jack Clark and Pedro Guerrero, supposedly the head-case trifecta. To Herzog, they were invigorating. What better way to spend an off day than to have a star player slam on the brakes, pull into a Porsche dealership, point to a $92,000 item and say, "I'll take two of those. One for me. One for my wife."

"That guy had at least ten cars. Couldn't get out of his own driveway," says Herzog. "He went broke. But a great guy."

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Only direct, no-bullshit dealings appeal to Herzog. He once proposed a trade to Harry Dalton by saying, "How'd you like to win the pennant this year?" When they finished swapping players, both the Cards and the Brewers were so vastly improved that they met each other in the next World Series.

"Whitey's one of the few guys who know how to make a trade," says Frank Cashen. "He's very frank, not trying to be sinister like some [executives] who think they're in the CIA. You ask Whitey, he tells you. And you can believe what he says, including what he says about his own players. He's a bright, inventive guy who doesn't waste time beating around the bush."

Perhaps the nickname White Rat—given to Herzog in the Fifties because he resembled a former player with the same moniker—is unintentionally appropriate. Perhaps it is synonymous, in a baseball sense, with benevolent dictator. In other words, a rat, yes, but a *white* rat. Sharp teeth and a mean bite? Sure. But this rat, who never pretends to be anything else, is one you laugh with when he steals the cheese—even when he steals it from you.

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Put it all together and you have The Autocrat of Astroturf—the man who may be the prototype of a 21st Century manager. Herzog's success has been predicated on a central guiding idea of a new way to build a modern team. The Eighties Cardinals were a concept with several parts—none of them entirely new, all of them the culmination of trends that had been building since the Sixties. First came the notion that speed and raw athletic ability are preferred at every position over any other virtue, even at the expense of power or baseball savvy. Herzog didn't invent the bunt, the steal, the hit and run or taking the extra base at every chance. Ty Cobb did all of that. Also, Herzog didn't conceive the all-out running attack, with six or seven thieves who steal at any time. Chuck Tanner did that in Oakland in 1976. And the Dodgers had five switch hitters in one line-up long before Herzog put six slap-hitting switchers in the same batting order.

But Herzog put it into one formula:

If you'd like more information on our Tennessee Whiskey, drop us a line.

THE TENNESSEE HILLS are a wonderful place for making Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey.

Barrel trucks rumbling through the morning mist are a familiar sight about now. For this is Jack Daniel's country, home of America's oldest registered distillery. And here, in aging houses set deep in the hills, our whiskey gains the rareness our friends expect. Is Jack Daniel's truly America's smoothest? Well, we say that it is. And, we believe, you'll share our opinion once you've taken a sip.

SMOOTH SIPPIN' TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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the Runnin' Redbirds—a team that could lead the major leagues in scoring while being dead last in home runs. He realized that players who aim at the middle to top of the ball, instead of at the middle to bottom like power hitters, have the advantage of turning modern pitching theory on its head. Keep the ball low is an adage that has been chiseled in stone since the home-run age began. However, a knee-high strike only fuels the Cards' game.

Herzog also realized how team speed in a big park can turn a mediocre starting pitching staff into a good one. His starters allow lots of hits but few walks or home runs. They may not strike out many hitters or pitch complete games, but they get lots of double-play grounders.

Herzog claims only one true radical idea as his own: "Start with the closer. Build your bull pen first, then worry about your rotation. . . . I was the first to look at it that way. My job is to put us in a position to win come nut-cuttin' time."

The old sport of baseball is so afraid of new ideas that few teams have followed any of Herzog's principles. One, however, did—the hopelessly desperate Baltimore Orioles, after they lost 107 games in 1988. "No question about it. I'm a great admirer of Whitey," says Os' G.M. Roland Hemond, who put his fastest and best defensive players at every position, sacrificed power and put the franchise's best young arm (Gregg Olson) in the bull pen, not in the rotation. The Orioles broke the major-league record for fielding percentage. Great defense rekindled team morale. Hapless pitchers suddenly became mysteriously decent. Olson was Rookie of the Year. And the Orioles showed the third-greatest one-season improvement in the history of baseball (32½ games).

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When a manager has such a looming personality, when he is the public focus of the franchise, it tends to diminish the stature of the team's potential charismatic leaders. In crises, the top dog is in the dugout, not on the field. That can be a slight disadvantage in a play-off or in the series and may be part of the reason that Weaver and Herzog each have only one world title to their credit. Sparky Anderson and Tommy Lasorda may not be as tactically acute, and their teams do not exceed expectations as consistently. But Anderson and Lasorda teams are not psychologically dominated by good old Sparky and Tommy.

If Herzog has a weakness as a manager, it is that his moods become his players' moods and his fears become theirs, too: Call it The Gene Mauch Syndrome. Last season and right into last winter, he seemed fixated on his club's inability to sign either Bruce Hurst or Mike Moore as a free agent in the 1988–1989 off season. As the Nineties begin, Herzog has his doubts and, as with everything, does not bother to hide them. True, he was hailed for extracting 86 wins from the Cards last season and keeping them in the pennant race until Labor Day, when injuries to relief ace Todd Worrell and center fielder Willie McGee caught the team right at the kneecaps.

Still, Herzog has big-picture worries about the shape of his team. The Cards' over-all speed isn't what it used to be. "The league is catching up with us. Defense against the running game is better," he says. "Our club doesn't manufacture runs like it used to." Will the Cards be shuffled again?

The White Rat will think of something. He always has. And even if he doesn't, so what? He's already a man who has left more than a mark on his game; he has left a truly personal signature. "I'll retire when it's not fun anymore. Right now, I couldn't be happier. If I get fired here, that'll be the end of it, anyway."

All fates await Herzog with equal promise. He has made his life the way he made that first house—one brick at a time. And that is why it is so solid. He is almost entirely self-created.

When, in his autobiography, *White Rat*, Herzog writes about his own children—smart, educated, normal—he winces, because they remind him of kids in general. "I think we had it better then," he writes of a time when he had nothing. "For kids today, everything is organized. Everybody tells them where to be, what to do.

"One time, we built an airplane on the roof of the shed behind my cousin's house. We modeled it after one of those balsawood jobs with the rubber-band motor, only we used an inner tube from a truck tire as a motor. We wound that sucker up, and I jumped in and hollered to let it go. Went right off the shed and landed on my head. I was lucky I didn't break every bone in my body."

Herzog has been making crazy airplanes ever since, making them his own way, flying them himself as he damn well pleases and never worrying whether he lands on his head. He takes the chance, he takes the ride, he takes the credit and he has the laughs.

For all of that, Herzog has never maintained that his dream occupation is baseball manager. "Perfect job?" he says. "Ski instructor." His only avowed goal on snow is to go in a straight line as fast as possible.

Maybe.

Or maybe Whitey Herzog just wants to see if he can break every bone in his body.

 (continued from page 80)

"One American journalist sent into this precinct to absorb local color returned drenched in spit."

best hotels and restaurants, and American journalists, known to the locals as "gringo scavengers." But they contribute nothing to the quality of life. "Colombia has become the freak show of the world," lamented Jorge Ortiz, director of Colombia's New York tourist office.

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Deprived of their usual diversions, Colombians spend a lot of their free time apportioning blame for the current crisis. And whether they're doling it out in derelict cantinas or in ministry anterooms, two names head their demonology: the *narcotraficantes*, for obvious reasons, and *Los Estados Unidos*, for reasons less obvious but more compelling.

"Cocaine has become America's villain," explained UN ambassador Enrique Peñalosa. "That's understandable. And it's been established that Colombia is the primary source of cocaine, the source of the villainy. But Americans have started to think of Colombia itself—and Colombians—as the villain. And that's unfair."

Colombians tend to view themselves differently. "Colombians are not corrupting Americans," declared former president Julio César Turbay Ayala. "You are corrupting us. If you abandon illegal drugs, the traffic will disappear."

Just how strong anti-American sentiment runs depends on which part of town you're in. In the slums, the so-called barrios of misery, the walls scream *MUERTE AL YANQUI*. One American journalist sent into this precinct to absorb local color returned drenched in spit. The merchant classes are more reserved in their invective but have more to gripe about. It is they who've felt America's economic wrath.

"We give you everything," lamented Tulio Veranes, a Cartagena exporter. "We send you our best coffee and we drink garbage . . . our best fruit. What do we get in return? Shit on!"

Veranes has reason to be bitter. In the past year, he has lost several thousand dollars' worth of cut flowers to "the malice of the U.S. Customs Service." "Agents take their time about making an inspection. Flowers are perishable. One shipment was impounded for four days. By the time they got around to inspecting it, it was rotten."

Other exporters have suffered similar losses; one trade group estimates that $1,000,000 worth of cargo has been lost to delayed inspections. Travelers, too, have suffered at the hands of U.S. Customs. Colombians were frequently subjected to humiliating searches at American docks and airports—which the ministry of state formally protested as unreasonable, bordering on harassment.

Of course, U.S. Customs does have some cause for suspicion. Often, cocaine seized from passengers at American airports is smuggled in by Colombian mules; they exhibit remarkable ingenuity. Officials at Miami's airport stopped a Colombian couple who purported to be the parents of a suspiciously quiet baby. Upon inspection, Customs determined that the child was, in fact, a cocaine-stuffed corpse. And medical workers responding to the Avianca crash on Long Island last winter reported that two survivors were carrying cocaine pellets in their digestive tracts, to be expelled and sold in New York City.

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With the Colombian people largely demoralized, their cities destroyed and their industry jeopardized, it's not surprising that a majority of their congressional representatives have begun pushing for an end to the drug war. Usually, the proponents of a "dignified resolution" advocate a quick and dirty compromise with the cocaine traffickers.

The stumbling block is Virgilio Barco Vargas, an elderly, spectacled academician who is Colombia's president. His position on compromise is simple: "There are no safe havens from *narco* terror. Now there must be no safe haven for the *narco* terrorists."

Barco is tenacious enough to get his policies implemented, but his rhetoric and inflexibility invariably draw ridicule, not least because he advises a nation that has already sacrificed almost everything to sacrifice more.

He was recruited to the drug war late in life. Twenty years ago, as mayor of Bogotá, his biggest drug-related concerns were keeping the Mafia from executing its victims within city limits and keeping the locals off cocaine. In 1985, he campaigned for the presidency on an antipoverty platform, only to find, upon winning, that his government was all but paralyzed.

The poverty crusade was set aside and a war on drugs launched in its place. In December 1986, four months after taking office, Barco revived an extradition treaty with the U.S. and froze the assets of known traffickers. He also empowered the secret police to conduct a series of strikes on cocaine conversion laboratories, one of which netted celebrated kingpin Carlos Lehder. The reprisals that followed Lehder's extradition—anticipated by his confederates' battle cry "Better a grave in Colombia than a jail in the U.S.!"—were exceptionally severe. The list of the dead came to resemble the Colombian social register: newspaper publishers, judges, attorney generals and presidential candidates.

But in spite of the enormous toll, or perhaps because of it, Barco pressed on. Alternately encouraged and pressured by the U.S. (a White House drug-policy advisor confessed, "We sticked him more than we carroted him"), he maintained his offensive for two years in the face of mounting domestic opposition. And still the supply of cocaine on American streets continued to increase.

"We recognized early on that we lacked the resources to make a dent in cocaine production," said a high-ranking Colombian official. "But we also thought that if we held out long enough and got enough support, we might be able at least to stop the terrorism. From October 1989 on, then, all our resources have been concentrated on a campaign to end the *narco* terror. Beyond that, we had no expectations."

With their own resources taxed to the limit, Colombia's leaders have had to depend increasingly upon the charity of the United States. In recent years, U.S. financial aid to all Latin-American antinarcotics initiatives has averaged $60,000,000 a year. Split among Bolivia, Peru and Colombia, that aid has been described as laughable. The plight of the Colombians, however, moved President Bush late last August to increase U.S. assistance to "whatever is necessary"—a figure of speech the Office of Management and Budget has interpreted as $423,000,000. It was a welcome increase but still inadequate. *The New York Times* estimated that it would cost one billion dollars to relieve Peru alone of its economic dependency on coca.

Overseeing the cash outlays in Colombia is an increasingly beleaguered band of American representatives. With the closing of the U.S. embassy in Beirut, the embassy in Bogotá has the distinction of being the State Department's most dangerous posting. The foreign-service staff, particularly those members assigned to intelligence or narcotics areas, works under a variety of threats. Lehder declared in 1985 that he'd pay as much as $350,000 for the murder of any DEA agent, the amount to be determined by the victim's rank. Consequently, most senior DEA, CIA, Defense Department and State Department personnel have been placed under 24-hour protection. Life for the DEA country attaché is little more than an early ride to the embassy in an armored van (the route varies daily), 12 to 15 hours of strategizing, consulting and paperwork and a ride back home. On those rare occasions that an agent does venture out, he's accompanied by no fewer than four Uzi-toting guards, often more. Any encounter or site that may be dangerous is avoided.

"The best way, maybe the only way, of getting the drug kingpins is by penetrating their organizations," said DEA agent Mike Vigil, recently transferred from Colombia. "But the moment you're under

protection, your cover is blown—your usefulness ends."

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It is a bourgeois (perhaps American) conceit that corruption is a form of evil. To the majority of Colombians, especially to those living in poverty, it's viewed differently. A bribe is considered a means of survival. Salaries are so low that a soldier is tacitly encouraged to find opportunities to supplement his income.

In one raid, narcotics agents discovered a pay scale for informants. Soldiers and policemen receive an average of $150 each month; lieutenants, $500; colonels, $1000; generals, upwards of $5000. New recruits frequently request assignments in frontier towns in hope of securing a position as a lookout to the local *coquero* (grower). Entire platoons have been spotted guarding cartel warehouses and airstrips and loading cocaine onto planes bound for America.

The Colombian national police force has lately taken some modest steps toward enhancing its integrity. Periodically, the high command orders a purge and "suspected collaborators" are discharged by the thousands; last year, 7000 troops qualified—out of a total force of 82,000. In any case, it could be considered a promotion of sorts: Many of the worst offenders immediately found work as cartel security guards.

For antinarcotics missions that demand a high degree of security, General Miguel Maza Márquez, director of the Departamento Administrativo de Seguridad (DAS), the Colombian secret police, relies solely upon his private army, a battalion of untouchables. Known officially as the Elite Corps, these 500 men are said to be among the most scrupulously honest in Colombia, and great pains are taken to keep them that way. They are better paid than their regular-army counterparts, and to reduce the risk of boredom—which, the general has observed, leads good men astray as surely as cash—they are rotated frequently and receive meteoric promotions. Most importantly, they do what they were meant to, sometimes with spectacular results. Following the bombing of the DAS headquarters last December, it was the Elite Corps that tracked down and killed José Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha, the *extraditable*—so called for his vulnerability to prosecution in the U.S.—responsible for much of the terrorism taking place in Bogotá.

Still, the Elite Corps is not infallible. In mid-January, a blue Mercedes loaded with 500 kilos of explosives was discovered in an upscale residential district. The bomb was defused and the car and explosives were put on display for the international press in a makeshift studio. Under the camera lights, several soldiers muttered that the Mercedes had been rigged by the troops themselves, to boost public confidence in the government's initiative.

"Their techniques probably won't sit well with Americans," an appellate-court judge told me. "They get results however they can: by reconnaissance, by courting informants, by interrogating and threatening prisoners, sometimes by applying pressure. [The judge meant torture but wouldn't use the word.] It's necessary. We have no illusions about human rights or the sanctity of life. We treat them like they've been treating us."

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The Economist described cocaine as the most profitable article of trade in the world. It costs roughly $400 to produce a kilo of cocaine and $2000 to transport and deliver it to the New York dealer, who purchases it for approximately $12,000. That leaves the trafficker a profit of $9600 per kilo. How many kilos are produced each year? The U.S. Government places the figure at 700 tons, or about 635,000 kilos.

No one knows just how large the cocaine trade has become, but the best guess is that annual revenues are somewhere between four and eight billion dollars. Traffickers have savings accounts reaching into the tens of billions. In 1984, Pablo Escobar and Jorge Ochoa offered enough money to repay Colombia's International Monetary Fund debt—15 billion dollars—in exchange for amnesty.

The lion's share of the profits goes toward maintaining the lifestyle to which a trafficker grows accustomed; favorite luxuries include Florida real estate, blue-chip stocks, Thoroughbred livestock and *discothèques*. But a substantial amount also trickles down into the local economy. The DEA estimates that 25 percent of all cocaine profits are repatriated to Colombia. Anywhere from $600,000,000 to two billion dollars is invested in the province of Antioquia alone in a typical year. In a country where 40 percent of the population lives in abject poverty, that's a much needed source of capital. One Medellín restaurateur described it as manna: "I wouldn't be in business without them—I don't think anyone would."

Roughly 200,000 Colombians work directly in cocaine as growers, pickers, chemists, processors, pilots, accountants, bodyguards and drivers. Another 400,000 people work part-time or offer some kind of support service. So prized is a job with the cartels that the successful completion of a teenager's first assignment, say as a runner or a mule, is celebrated with an enthusiasm usually reserved for weddings or *bar mitzvahs*.

Among the most obvious beneficiaries are Latin America's peasants. *Coqueros* and *pisadores* (coca-paste stompers) earn

"You're starting very slowly this morning."

five to ten times what they could in the legal sector. So desperate are the *Latino* peasants that they've started to settle what were formerly considered barren regions. It's another example of how America exports the pioneer spirit. Indeed, when you are put on hold during a phone call to the Medellín town hall, the music that plays is *Home on the Range.*

As a rule, the farther from Bogotá you go, the weaker the state becomes, and the more willingly the natives submit to an alternate authority. Depending on whether you head for the jungles or the river valleys, you end up in territories ruled by leftist guerrillas, typically the extremist Colombian Revolutionary Armed Forces (FARC), or in areas dominated by neofascist *mafiosi*. Much of the countryside is run on feudal principles: There is a lord, a kingpin or a revolutionary whose word is law and whose judgment, however despotic, is final; a covey of knights and other armed enforcers; and a class of serfs. But while the guerrillas tend to rule with iron fist in iron glove, and do little more than tax and terrorize, the *traficantes* are agreeably munificent—more so than the state can afford to be. Indeed, one reason the cocaine cartels have flourished is that in addition to the order they've imposed on notoriously anarchic provinces, they consistently dole out heaping portions of bread and circuses. Rodríguez Gacha gave Pacho, his home town and base of operations, electricity, plumbing and a bull ring. In Medellín, Pablo Escobar built modest hillside homes for 3000 slum dwellers, sponsored operations for the destitute and installed electric lights in neighborhood soccer stadiums. Just in case anyone missed those acts of munificence, they were reported in the local newspaper, published by Escobar.

Such civic-mindedness is repaid with a loyalty that borders on fanaticism. Kingpins are usually referred to as "Don," a form of address customarily reserved for dignitaries, industrialists and saints. Every third car in Medellín sports an anti-extradition bumper sticker: COLOMBIAN JUSTICE FOR COLOMBIANS. Skycaps, cabdrivers, hotel clerks, bartenders, policemen, soldiers, telephone installers and judicial clerks double as cartel watchdogs and are tied into a vast underground surveillance network worthy of Interpol. Any strangers appearing among them, Americans in particular, are subjected to intensive and occasionally hostile interrogations at the airport, in cantinas and on the street. Shortly after I arrived, a pair of hoods trailed me for two blocks through the prosperous neighborhood of El Poblado—a favorite of the criminal element—before closing in and advising me to get the hell out.

The police captain who took down my complaint was as distressed as I. "There's been a surge in pro-*narco* sentiment in the last six months," he explained. "People have become very protective of the dons and their families. Word's gone out, too, that all useful information will be generously rewarded, so everyone's on the alert. We've had reports of air-traffic controllers passing along flight-path data and hotel clerks searching guests' rooms."

•

While their disciples have grown more and more combative, the traffickers themselves have begun showing their conciliatory side. Four months after vowing "to burn and destroy all the industries, properties and mansions of the oligarchies" (and coming close to doing so), they suspended their attacks and began advocating, through spokesmen and communiqués, more humanitarian ideals.

"We accept the triumph of the state," read a January communiqué. "We submit to the existing legal establishment in the hope of obtaining from the government and from society respect for our rights."

"Respect for our rights" has come to serve as a portmanteau for unconditional amnesty, the release of all frozen assets and, above all, an end to extradition. But beggars, even billionaire beggars, can't be choosers, and a cartel mediator with whom I spoke thought harsher terms might be acceptable: "If it comes to it, I think they'd be willing to give up some assets or even stand trial—in Colombia—provided certain teeth are extracted from the laws under which they'd be prosecuted."

It goes without saying that these are signs more of the traffickers' desperation than of their redemption. Since December, the military and national police have driven most of the Medellín kingpins and their colleagues into hiding. Life for Pablo Escobar and the Ochoa brothers, the most flamboyant of the Medellín traffickers, has become little more than a succession of safe houses and midnight runs to frontier towns.

"The longer we search, the more often the *narcos* have to expose themselves," said the DEA Special Agent in Charge in Colombia. "That's risky. They wind up in towns where people owe them no loyalty and would rather earn the reward than harbor fugitives." It was a boat hand and a pig farmer who informed on Rodríguez Gacha when he surfaced near Tŭlo last December. They split almost half a million dollars. "We're relying as much on the poverty of the Colombian peasant," the agent said, "as on their national police to run them down."

Deprived of key military and logistical support, the *extraditables* have attempted to win over the same folks they'd been terrorizing for two years with demonstrations of their good intentions; and the war on drugs has evolved into a war of publicity. They have released hostages and given up

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Where and How to Buy

To buy the apparel and accessories shown on pages 78–79, 107–109 and 157, check listings below to locate the stores nearest you. You may also contact the manufacturers directly for information on where to purchase merchandise in your area using the telephone numbers provided.

The Fine Print
Pages 78–79: Shirts from left to right, Acorn by Bob Goldfeder, 212-319-4420. Frank Stello Clothiers, N.Y.C.; Butch Blum, Seattle; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. a.b.s Men, 212-398-0330. Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; Dayton Hudson, Midwest locations; a.b.s Men's Store, Santa Monica. Farm & Fireside, 212-765-5720. Nuovo, N.Y.C.; Emporio Uomo, Houston. Susan Horton, 212-989-1010. Tyrone, Cedarhurst, New York; Dimensions, Philadelphia. Elasia, 212-245-4015. Street, Boston; Roppongi, Los Angeles; Wesley, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Calling Dick Tracy
Page 107: Left, three-piece suit and tie by Volentino Uomo. Dress shirt by Alexander Julian, 212-840-0888. Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Alexander Julian Shops, Charlotte, North Carolina, Phoenix, Atlanta. Fedora by Bollman Hats, 212-564-6480. Scott Hatters, N.Y.C.; J.J. Hat Center, N.Y.C.; Parrot Hat Shop, Lowell, Massachusetts. Dick Tracy watch by Global Trading, 800-825-8228. Available at fine department stores.

Page 108: Left, trench coat by Drizzle, 212-944-7777. Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., Chicago and Washington, D.C.; Boyd's, Philadelphia. Three-piece suit and dress shirt by Lazo, 212-371-2040. Stuart, Chicago; Gerard Soulaine Paris, Dallas; Mario's, Seattle. Silk tie by XMI, 212-989-5055. Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Knickerbockers Haberdashers, Beachwood, Ohio; Leslie & Co., Houston; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Loring, Southampton, New York. Fur felt hat by Worth & Worth Ltd., 212-867-6058.

Page 109: Right, three-piece suit and silk tie by Freedberg of Boston, 212-246-4400. Louis, Boston, N.Y.C.; Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago. Dress shirt by Cezani, 212-541-5200. Robinson's, Los Angeles; Dayton Hudson, Midwest locations. Linen pocket square by Ferrell Reed, 800-421-6119. Available at fine men's specialty stores. Trench coat from Firma by Andrew Fezza, 212-247-8621. Lawrence Covell, Denver; Boyd's, Philadelphia; Marshall Field's, Chicago; Hitchin' Post, Lincoln and Omaha, Nebraska. Fur felt hat by Stetson from J.J. Hat Center, N.Y.C.

Playboy on the Scene
Page 157: Warm-up suits from top to bottom. Tail for Men, 800-678-8245. Basics USA, Plainview, New York; The Sports Express, Atlanta; Cohen Sportswear, Cincinnati; The Gentry, Phoenix. Bad Guys, 212-768-0690. Boogies Diner, Chicago; Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; Mark Pasch Ltd., Bayside, Wisconsin; Ultima Moda by Hals, Encino, California. Prince, 800-2Tennis at sporting-goods stores and pro shops nationwide.

To buy the men's accessories, gifts and gadgets shown on pages 128–131, check listings to locate the stores nearest you. You may also contact the manufacturers directly for information on where to purchase merchandise in your area using the telephone numbers provided.

Playboy Collection
Page 128: Martini pitcher, glass and stirrer by Georg Jensen, 312-642-9160. Georg Jensen, Chicago, N.Y.C., Costa Meso, California.

Page 129: From top to bottom, DAC 145 five-disc CD changer and turntable by Sanyo Fisher Corp. For outlets near you, call: in the West, 818-998-7322, x428; in the Midwest, 708-297-0269, x508; in the East, 201-641-2333, x461. Vespa PK 50XL from Vespo of Chicago, 312-338-5511. Antique binoculars from Rosenthal-Truitt, 213-659-5470. Century City Shopping Mall, Costa Mesa, California; South Coast Plaza, Costa Mesa, California.

Page 130: From top to bottom, The Expert by Mr. Coffee, available near you at outlets of Service Merchandise, Target and Walmart. Velo-Trak bicycle computer by Timex, call 800-367-8463 for a location near you. Cigar humidor, table lighter and ashtray by Itog, Inc., 212-730-8330. Michael Perrenoud International, Inc., N.Y.C.

Page 131: Technics SST-1 speakers by Technics. For a location near you, call Consumer Affairs, 201-348-9090.

chunks of their empire. On the eve of last February's drug summit in Cartagena, they surrendered a processing complex capable of turning out 20 tons of cocaine monthly—a gesture that led to an outpouring of pro-negotiation sentiment from the streets of Bogotá and the legislature.

And, not surprisingly, from the homes of the traffickers themselves. Perhaps the most pathetic appeals come from Fabio Ochoa Restrepo, father to three leaders of the Medellín cartel. Since last August, Ochoa has embarked on a haphazard media campaign aimed at "keeping my sons alive and out of American prisons," inviting reporters to his Las Lomas horse farm on the outskirts of Medellín, where they are subjected to grandiloquent lectures on the importance of family and reminded that in Colombia, gentlemen have traditionally been open to negotiation, no matter what the circumstances.

"Let there be dialog," says the clan's patriarch. "Let there be peace, let there be amnesty. No more drug trafficking. No more war. No more assassinations. Let us not be proud. Let us not be stubborn. Let's sit down together."

The Colombian government *has* taken some tentative steps toward negotiating with the traffickers. Early this year, President Barco and several cabinet ministers met secretly with associates of Escobar, ostensibly to arrange the release of a kidnaping victim but chiefly, as a senior DEA official put it, "to see if they couldn't find some common ground." A few months later, however, the *extraditables* threatened to revive their offensive after a senior trafficker was extradited to Arizona.

The possibility of another wave of bombings was enough to give Bogotanos the shakes. Unlike Americans, whose drug policy is deeply rooted in quixotic soil, the *guerra de las drogas* has made Colombians decidedly pragmatic. Although they appreciate the importance of eradicating the cocaine crop and defeating the traffickers, they also understand the impossibility of doing so. Many pine for the good old days when traffickers ran their business quietly and left the government to manage those few institutions it could.

There are, in fact, indications that so-called normalcy may be returning. Independent cocaine traffickers have thrived during the crackdown, largely because they've kept to themselves and avoided violent disputes. A distributor for the Group of Bogotá, one of the more enterprising of the independent cocaine-trafficking groups, claimed that his organization was able to double in size in the past two years for precisely those reasons. "The police are out to stop violence and avenge the politicians," he explained. "They couldn't care less about us."

When I asked him why he was so sure, he replied, "Because we haven't done anything criminal."

LARRY KING

(continued from page 62)

and I had to put butter on *his* plate. I kept missing the plate, spilling the soup. I thought he knew.

PLAYBOY: Ever have sex with anybody in an airplane bathroom?

KING: No. On a seat, but not sex. Seat fondling. Never sex. Sex on a train once, when I was first going to Miami. What an introduction to Miami that was. Twenty-two, going down to Miami to try to break into radio. Had eleven dollars in my pocket. Met this lady on the train. I guess she was about ten years older than me. I didn't have a sleeper, just a coach ticket. She had a sleeper, and I went there.

PLAYBOY: How about on the radio?

KING: Never. The closest was Marilyn Chambers, when she took off her clothes and wanted to do it. Have heard stories about it; *good* stories about girls and late-night disc jockeys, but I never saw it or did it. I feel a responsibility toward my job. I take risks on the air, but not that kind.

PLAYBOY: Are all of your friends men?

KING: All guys. For me, it's always been boy plus girl equals pain. I do have some nonsexual friendships with women now. Tammy Haddad, my TV-show producer; Angie Dickinson is now a friend. The list is growing. I've matured. I was always a feminist, in the sense that I never minded working for a woman. I wanted women to get ahead and supported women's causes.

PLAYBOY: Do you really like women?

KING: I've heard that all my life: Do you like women? I don't know what that means. I have biases about political things, about food: I hate broccoli. Hate it. Bush is on the money. But I don't hate people: black people or yellow people or green people. And I don't dislike women, in general.

PLAYBOY: Disc jockey Howard Stern once marveled at how a guy who looks like you has managed to score with so many women. Care to tell us how you do it?

KING: It's kind of funny for Howard to say that. He's quarterback of the all-ugly team. [*Laughs*] Having lost weight and thought about health and gotten rosier cheeks, I probably look better than I used to. I don't have jowls anymore and I don't have a rubber tube running around my waist. I stay in shape. I've always thought of myself as Arthur Miller–ish looking. But looks are probably number six or seven on the list of things women find important. The best thing I have going with women is a sense of humor. And voice. Never discount voice. [*Deepens voice*] Voice is a major turn-on. Also, I listen. I'm interested in what she has to say, and what she does.

PLAYBOY: Is it any surprise to you that you've just mentioned a list of qualities startlingly similar to the ones that seduce your interview subjects?

KING: Must be.

PLAYBOY: How did the press handle your relationship with Angie Dickinson?

KING: Made too much of it. We just dated. I lived in Washington, she lived in California. We went out to restaurants. That's what people do. We didn't do anything wrong. I wasn't married, she wasn't married, we never talked about *getting* married.

I met Angie on the air. We liked each other right away. We kissed on the air—she's the only person I've ever kissed on the air. It was a nice kiss. In fact, CNN has it. They made a picture of it. I had a lot of attraction for Angie, and I thought she had a lot for me. We just really hit it off. She's a terrific lady.

PLAYBOY: Was it love?

KING: No. It was nice, but it wasn't fireworks. There's a big difference.

PLAYBOY: How much does your new wife, Julie, care about your past?

KING: Unbothered by it. Julie has an extraordinary attitude. Anything that happened before July 1989, when we met, doesn't mean a thing.

PLAYBOY: Julie knows that you've written about your past wives. If the two of you were ever to divorce, would you write about her, too?

KING: I'd write about her. She knows that I'm a pretty open person.

[As *Playboy* went to press, King and Julie were separating. King told us: "I don't know where it's going, or that it's over. I still have strong ties to Julie. I'm confused. I just don't know if I'm the kind of guy who should be married."]

PLAYBOY: Are you happy with the level of success you've reached?

KING: I don't know. I'm regarded as successful. It's like Mario Cuomo says, "Governor of New York ain't bad." If you had come to me ten years ago and said, "Here's your life: You'll have four books published; you'll have won a Peabody Award, five Aces, been the commencement speaker at the Columbia University College of Physicians & Surgeons, been Broadcaster of the Year twice and had early radio tapes put in the Museum of Broadcasting; you'll be married to a forty-two-year-old, attractive blonde woman who's crazy in love with you and is very successful in her own right; you'll have a twenty-two-year-old daughter who's a senior in college; you'll work at CNN; you'll have a projected NBC show, a nightly radio show and a *USA Today*

column. And that's it. Would you take that?" The answer: absolutely yes.

PLAYBOY: But you still want more.

KING: Yes. And it's not about money, because I could pick up the phone this second and make more money—I have an out in the CNN contract. No, I want to do the Goodwill Games. I'd like to take the whole summer off and do baseball. I'd like to do *Person to Person* again, the way Edward R. Murrow used to do it, except with modern technology. And I don't talk about those things much. I don't go around saying I'd like to do those other things.

PLAYBOY: You fear appearing dissatisfied?

KING: Yeah. Would someone read this and say, "Jesus, he wants a lot"? I don't want eighty billion dollars. I don't want to own the world. I just like doing what I do. I like being the transmitter. I would have liked to have been the guy who said, "Paul Revere! Where you riding? No kidding!" I wouldn't have wanted to *be* Revere.

PLAYBOY: Would you feel comfortable if a show were called *Larry King: Person to Person?*

KING: Yep. It would be a snap. If you watch old tapes of *Person to Person*, you'll see that it wasn't a very good show. Murrow was mostly bored, didn't like doing it. All the questions were prepared. Every question on that show the subject knew he was going to be asked. Murrow did that show just to satisfy CBS, so they'd let him do *See It Now*. He had no interest in interviewing Roy Campanella. That show, done right, would be right up my alley.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it just a little arrogant to presume you could redo the show? After all, Murrow is a media saint.

KING: I'm a better interviewer than he was. He's the best newscaster I ever heard in my life, an absolute, flat-out hero to me, one of the great Americans of this century. I couldn't have done *This Is Larry King in London*. I might have described the blitzkrieg, but I couldn't have pictured it in words like Murrow did.

But I'm a better interviewer than he was. That's all. And I'm a better interviewer than Ed Sullivan was. I *ask* better questions. That doesn't mean anything. Ed Sullivan was a much better gossip columnist. I used to hear Ed Murrow do the noon news when he came back at the end of World War Two—*The News at Noon*, on CBS. His voice rivets through me still. But he was an ordinary interviewer, at best. And he didn't have great curiosity beyond news. I would fit *Person to Person* better.

And, of course, I'd change the rules. No prepared questions. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: Your life seems as if it's only getting better. Is there a scene from your past that you regret?

KING: I've never told this story. It happened when I was dating Alene, Chaia's mother. I was twenty-seven and she was twenty-one. She was a Playboy Bunny and outstandingly pretty. We're on our second date and we're driving down the street. There's a car obviously following us. I make a right turn, the car makes a right; I make a left turn, the car makes a left. I say, "That car is following us." And she says, "I know." I say, "What's the story?" And she says, "That's the former governor of the state of Florida, Fuller Warren." He would have had to be forty years older than she was. Famous governor. White hair. He'd been on my show a couple of times. I say, "Fuller Warren?" She says, "Yeah. I used to work in a restaurant. I met Fuller and we started going out. I just broke up with him." I say, "You're twenty-one and you went out with Fuller Warren? Are you telling me the former governor of the state of Florida is following me in a car?"

Well, I took him on a wild-goose chase. We drove everywhere. I drove up hills, down hills, beyond hills, around borders. I had him going, and I was enjoying it. And I pulled up in front of a police station, jumped out of that car and ran into the station, yelling, "I've got a maniac following me!" And he sped off. I thoroughly enjoyed myself. But that was a pompous-assed, stupid thing to do to a poor old guy who had a crush on this young girl. And here's this whippersnapper young broadcaster taking him on a chase through town, stopping at a police station. That was an asshole thing to do.

PLAYBOY: How do you picture yourself as an old guy? How do you want to go out?

KING: I want to go when I'm ninety, the way Malcolm Forbes went: lie down and take a nap. I don't want to be carried off a radio broadcast; I don't want to embarrass myself and fall down. I don't ever want to be infirm, I don't ever want to be in a wheelchair and dependent on someone else controlling my movement.

And, by the way, I'm sure that when I'm ninety, I'll say, "Please make it ninety-five."

PLAYBOY: Let's wrap this up with the kind of question you might ask: Describe yourself in five words.

KING: [*Long pause*] Husband. [*Long pause*] Father. Broadcaster. Friend. [*Long pause*] Give me some words.

PLAYBOY: Nope. You give them to us.

KING: [*Long pause*] Uh, fantasizer.

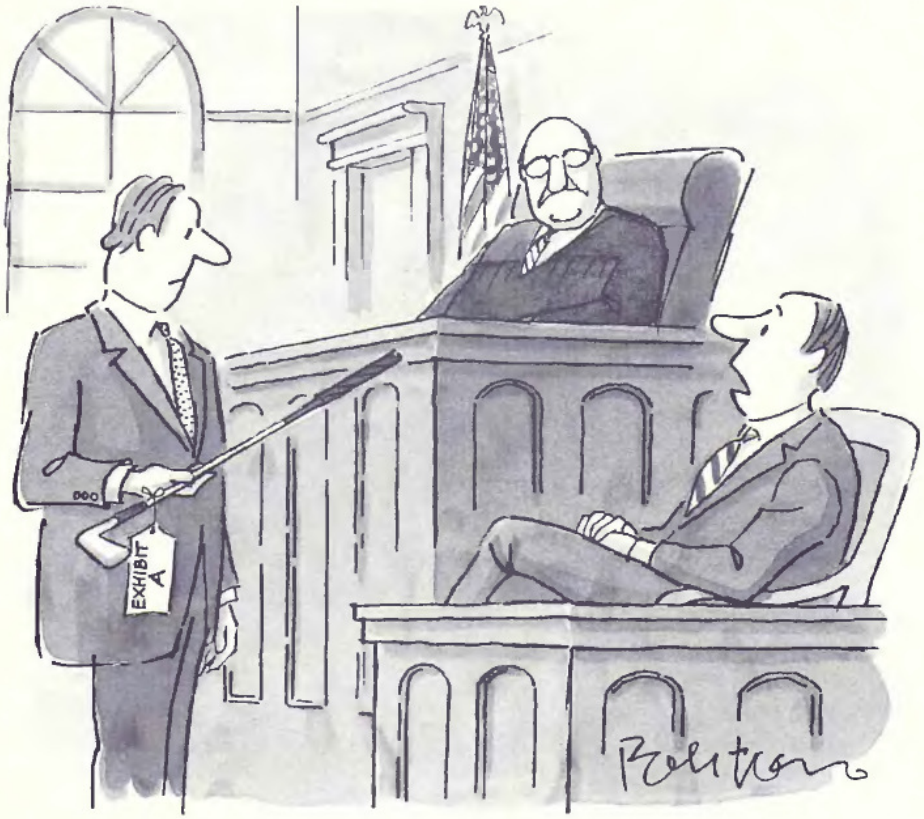
PLAYBOY: Interesting. About what?

KING: Everything. I fantasize my life. When I was eight, I fantasized that I was already on the air. I was the Dodgers' announcer when I was twelve. Jeanne Crain wanted to sleep with me when I was eighteen. Joan Leslie was in love with me. But now, most of the time, I go to sleep hitting a home run.

PLAYBOY: Wearing a Brooklyn Dodgers uniform?

KING: Yeah. Sometimes an Orioles uniform. I used to be other people. Duke Snider, Jackie Robinson, Billy Cox. But now I'm Larry King. He's wearing number two, Leo Durocher's number. Hits a home run. Might make a great fielding play. *And he's my age.*

He'll probably be a designated hitter this year. Maybe he can't play the field anymore, but he can hit. He can *always* hit.



"I'm really sorry I did it. Also, it wasn't what I'd call a good swing."

BODY

(continued from page 88)

print housecoat, keenly aware of her nakedness underneath and aware, too, of The Bat's knoblike cock pointing toward her from under his little panties, standing there like that had caused her to speak without breathing. "But I ain't showing the manners my momma raised me to have," she said when she had her breath back. "Why don't you step in and visit a minute? That is, Mr. Bat, if you a mind to and got the time."

"I ain't got a thing if I ain't got time," said Bill Bateman.

And so quickly did he spring into the room that he would have surely run directly into her if she had not been light on her feet, side-stepping his charge, turning and bouncing back into the room, the unrestrained flesh of her hips undulating in wonderful waves under her robe.

"But you don't 'Mr. Bat' me," he said in a little gasp that he had meant to be a sort of witty chuckle. "You just call me The Bat or Billy Bat or Bill the Bat or Batey Batman just like everyone else."

He kept coming straight for her as he spoke and she twisted and turned before him in a kind of dance around the room. Her robe fluttered and her flesh flounced and she had unaccountably fallen into a soft, giggling little laugh that she couldn't stop and that she thought would surely make Billy Bat think her afflicted.

Earline stopped moving and watched him, her soft, inexplicable laughter turned gaspy in her throat from the exertion of outmaneuvering Billy Bat, by which name he was now firmly fixed in her mind. Billy Bat had a nice sound, one that she immediately realized reminded her of bonbons. She loved the sound of bonbons and she loved the sound of Billy Bat and already the two were linked and singing in her head: Billy Bonbon Bat Bon Billy Bat Bat Bon, becoming a little song because bonbons were at the center of her life.

"You light on you feet, Miss Earline," said Billy Bat, "light as the wind a-blowin'."

"Why, that's the sweetest thing," she said, and meant it. "That's potry, 'light as the wind a-blowin'' is."

"Nothing but the truth, Miss Earline."

"Now, you just call me Earline. You don't have to 'Miss' me."

Billy Bat's quick, savage little feet pawed the rug. "I hope I don't have to miss you, Miss Earline. I don't want to miss you."

"Now, Godamighty, that's potry," she said, "and I told you to leave off 'Miss Earlining' me. Earline is good enough."

"Don't know if I can do that, sweet girl like you. My ol' momma raised me to respect sweet young girls like yourself. Never mind what all went on down there by the pool—I respect you and I want you to know it, sweet young girl like you."

She felt the hot swoon grab at her heart again and the blood seemed to leave her brain and she was lightheaded with the last "sweet young girl" ringing somewhere just behind her hot and throbbing pelvis. Billy Bat had called her a sweet young girl more times in four minutes than she had heard out of everybody else's mouth put together the whole rest of her life.

And when her eyes cut this time to the suitcase, where she could clearly see the bulge of a box of bonbons under the top layer of clothes, when her eyes cut there this time, they stayed. Sweet baby Jesus, her whole body was a-ringing and a-singing and a-throbbing and a-pounding and if she didn't have a good big handful of bonbons to quiet her blood right soon, she couldn't be responsible for her actions, and she knew it, knew she was more than capable of flinging herself on Billy Bat and eating him like a bonbon if she didn't get a good big handful of the real things.

"You care for one of these?" she said, holding the box out toward him with both hands. She would have offered him anything, including a cup of her blood, which seemed to have gone crazy in her veins.

"Bonbons, Billy Bat!" she croaked in a voice unlike any she had ever heard come out of her throat.

"How's 'at?" he said in a startled voice.

"In the box," she said. "You care for one? They real good."

Billy Bat said, "Wouldn't know about that, you sweet girl. I never eat one of them bonbons."

"They real good," she said, unable to take her eyes off him.

"Cain't go eating candy and stuff like that," said Billy Bat. "I got the best back in the world."

But Billy Bat had first told a lie and then told the truth. It was the single biggest lie and the single biggest truth in his entire life. And putting them side by side like that made him go loose and weak all along his fantastic muscles. Billy Bat's enormous truth was that he did have the best back in the world. But his lie, equally enormous, was that he did go eating candy and stuff like that. He could eat ten pounds of bonbons in ten minutes. But he could also bring it back up in ten seconds in a spectacular display of puking.

He did not have the freedom to eat and hold down what people like Earline had the freedom to eat and hold. And for that reason, their fat-layered bodies had come to represent a kind of ultimate freedom to him, a freedom he would never have. And he looked upon Earline in that way now where she stood holding her box of bonbons in both hands, while the rolls and piles of her wonderful fat seemed to undulate in the most beautiful and inviting way, though she was standing utterly still.

"Go ahead on," he said. "Eat you one."

"Don't seem right to eat here in front of you, Billy Bat," she said, keenly aware of his cute little name, and aware, too, of the way it dropped sweetly from her lips. "Not

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if you cain't eat none you own self."

"You got your life, I got mine," he said. "You go ahead on and eat yourself one of them bonbons, you sweet girl."

"Well, I do think I might have one, on account of I ain't had nothing much to eat and I need a little snack of something to hold me over."

Without taking her eyes off him as she talked, she ripped the top off the box, jammed one hand inside, causing little empty brown-paper bonbon cups to flutter to the floor, found not one but two bonbons and popped them into her mouth. She closed her eyes and chewed slowly, feeling the syrupy sugar of the candy flood not only her mouth but her whole being with sweetness.

"Yes, you darling," she heard him say from behind her closed eyes. "Eat it. Eat it, you sweet honey."

She did.

"Suck on it," groaned Billy Bat. "Roll it around on your tongue and suck on it."

She did.

"More," he said in a voice gone strange. "Take more in your mouth."

She did, lost entirely now in the sweetness of the moment and his sweet voice talking to her sweetly. She sucked and chewed, her mouth full, the candy deep in her throat.

She heard a soft moan start in Billy Bat's throat and it was some time—whether short or long, she could not tell and did not care—before she realized the same moan was in her own throat, hers answering his. She felt herself suddenly start to rise, rise up and seem to open like a flower, and at the same time that she rose, she started to spin, turning and turning, until she was spent and dizzy and breathing hard. She opened her eyes and saw that Billy Bat had taken her up in his arms, simply scooped her up with one of his massive arms under her legs and the other under her shoulders, and was turning slowly round and round and round there in the Bridal Bower. Her face was close to his, so close she could see herself reflected in his aviator glasses. It was the first time she had been off her feet in a man's arms since she was ten, when her daddy had last lifted her.

"You light as a feather, you sweet girl," said Billy Bat. And she felt light, lighter than she had ever remembered feeling. She closed her eyes again and Billy Bat turned slowly and slowly turned.

•

"My largest organ?" Earline said, sitting very still, keeping her eyes averted but remembering the way the little knob of cock, somehow sweetly melancholic and terribly vulnerable, had looked behind the thin fabric of his posing briefs.

"Didn't know that, did you?"

"What?" she said, lost in the memory of the sweet melancholy and vulnerability.

"That you skin is you biggest organ."

"No," she said. "I didn't know that."

"Is, though," he said. "And the foundation to everything. Think about trying to live without you skin."

He waited, giving her time to think about it. But she did not think about her skin. She thought about his. Thought about how smooth and utterly hairless it was. Thought about the huge, leaping muscles under it.

"Cain't, can you?"

"What?" she said.

"Living without you skin," he said.

She felt indeterminate and weak, as though she had lost all the bones in her body. What was he talking about? Whatever it was, she had entirely lost it. All she knew was that she was prepared to believe anything he told her, do anything he told her to do, follow him anywhere.

"And you in luck," he said.

"I know I am," she said, and meant it. She felt like the luckiest person alive.

"What it is," he said, "is I'm a skin mechanic."

"Skin," she said, not following him.

"Mechanic," he said.

"Mechanic," she said.

"Skin mechanic," he said, "is what I am."

Once he said it, it sounded pretty wonderful, he said it again, "Skin mechanic."

"I don't believe I ever known one," she said.

"It ain't many of us around," he said.

"What does, uh, what does a skin mechanic do?"

"Tunes and tones."

"And me . . . ? What would you do . . . ?" She did not know how to finish, or rather was afraid of where finishing would take her.

He spread his thick, powerful hands, palm up, and looked at them. "Them hands hold the power."

"The power to . . . to do what?"

"Tone and tune. Take you to the other side."

She watched him shyly, finally averting her eyes. His voice had taken the tone of a fundamentalist preacher. It was the voice of ultimate persuasion, filled as it was with equal measures of terror and love.

"You don't know what's on the other side, do you, child?"

"No, I don't."

"On the other side, you will know that you are a dear, sweet girl. And you will know that you are beautiful. And you will love the only body you ever have to love before you can love all other bodies. It is all body, you sweet girl, and body is all. Body. Think about it, you sweet girl. Body."

"Body?" she said, confused now, eyes still averted.

"Body," he said, and put his hand on her thick shoulder, thrilling at the depth of her fat. "What it is"—and he dropped naturally into the cadence of a preacher—"is I spent my life in search of body; no sacrifice was too gret to find body, to know body, to be touched by the gretness of body and. . . ."

"Porry," she breathed.

"It's on account of my life spent in the search of the body that I am today a skin mechanic."

Earline almost said "Praise God" but caught herself in time, realizing that would not be appropriate, and said in a small, gasping voice, "You can take me on to the other side."

"Then you need to be buffed up, have you biggest organ stimulated."

For him to talk about her biggest organ made her feel faint but also filled her with a hot pleasure.

"Yes," she said.

"Yes?" he said, astonished at his luck.

"Oh, yes. And fax a 'Happy Anniversary' to my wife."

"We both professionals," she said.

"We that, all right," he said, "you and me." She had told him at some length about her degree in Problems in Living. "For proper buffing up, stimulation of you biggest organ, we need wet heat."

"Wet heat," she said, the words impossibly erotic in her ears as well as on her tongue.

"We need that big ol' bathtub full of water hot as you can stand it, and you in it," he said. And then, as an afterthought, "You sweet girl."

"Let's do it," she said. "It ain't every day a girl meets a skin mechanic and gits a chance to be tuned and toned."

Billy Bat felt the whole inside of his chest lift. Not only was she buying it, she had bought it.

"Let me go on in there and fill me up that tub and git in," she said. "When I'm good and ready, I'll holler for you to come on and do it."

The thought of him coming on and doing it struck Billy Bat dumb. He stretched his mouth and smiled at her.

"That's fine," he said. "That's real fine. You gone feel like a different girl after you toned and tuned."

•

Billy Bat sat listening to the water running into the deep honeymoon tub, his mind filled to overflowing with food he could eat but never keep: strawberry pancakes swimming in butter and maple syrup, half a bushel of chocolate, grease-dripping sausages laid over with a six-egg omelet filled with lethal cholesterol and covered with salt. His swollen hands ticked in his lap with such urgency that he could almost hear them.

A kind of lilting cry came finally from behind the closed bathroom door, which—if he had not been so distracted by images of food that floated not only in his eyes but in his blood stream—he would have recognized as a desperate cry filled with resignation. "Billlly Baaaaat! Oh, Billy! Come on if you comin'!"

"I'm coming, you sweet girl," he said, rising from the love seat on his champion, world-beating legs, gone now, turned entirely into a sickly weakness.

He could not feel his feet as he walked across the deep carpet, opened the bathroom door and walked into a solid sheet of steam that beaded on his naked arms and shoulders as he leaned toward the sound of water in violent motion slapping the sides of the tub. He moved closer and his gaze traveled down her wide creamy neck and shoulders to . . . to what? Billy Bat strained to see through the thick, swirling steam and what he gradually saw and came to understand was that she was wearing her fucking bathing suit.

"See you got you one-piece on," Billy Bat said. And then, "You sweet girl."

"Well, Billllly!" she said, her voice still full of desperate resignation. "I couldn't . . . we couldn't . . . you wouldn't, not nekked."

His voice harsher than he meant it to be: "I'm a skin mechanic. And a skin mechanic is got to have skin. You wouldn't want me to work on the engine of you car without being able to git under the hood, would you?"

Her round, bright eyes disappeared under her long lashes and in the smallest of voices, she said, "No, I wouldn't." She submerged, even her head disappearing, and when she surfaced, her eyes still closed, her voice even smaller, she said, "You can git under anything you want to git under." And then, in a deep, grateful sigh, "Because we both professionals."

And so he knelt beside the tub with both hands draped by thick white washcloths with blue flamingos standing on one leg stitched into each of the corners and Earline in her one-piece, which squeezed her like the skin of a sausage. She had said he could get under it, but Billy Bat did not know exactly how to proceed. Billy Bat was by choice a virgin. He thought if a prize fighter could leave his fight in bed, surely a bodybuilder could leave his championship in the same place. He was not about to lose even an ounce of his world-beating back through the head of his dick.

He put both washcloth-covered hands on the wet smooth hump of her shoulders and rubbed in slow, easy circles.

"Mmmmm," she said. "Mmmmm."

Then he closed his fists, taking handfuls of fat off her back up into his cloth-covered hands, pulling ever so gently and finally twisting the fat more tightly. Earline gave a deep moan that had the edge of pain in it and turned her head to look up at him, her eyes open now.

"Billy," she said.

"Relax," he said. "Drift and go with it. You in good hands."

"That do smart some."

"No pain, no gain," he said.

"No pain, no gain," she repeated.

"It's the code we live by," he said. "Accept it. Go with it."

"You wouldn't hurt me," she said, her head still turned looking at him.

"I mean to take you where you need to go," he said, and thought, Where I need to go.

"I want you to relax. Roll your head on your neck. Breathe deep. You don't need to ask if I'd hurt you. You know the answer to that or my name's not Billy Bat."

"Billy Bat," she said, her eyes closed now, her head lolling on her neck, not breathing deeply, though—panting, rather. Her skin was growing hotter than the hot water she sat in.

"Breathe from the bottom of you lungs. Think about all that is beautiful and safe and natural."

His hands had gone lower on her back, gripping, lifting, probing deeply into her until she could feel the hard, brutally blunt tips of his fingers tracing her ribs under

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her shoulder blade. He had gone beneath her one-piece and, God, did it feel good and right. But it also hurt.

"I don't believe I know how to think about beautiful and safe and natural and hurt at the same time."

"I'm buffing you up now. It's only a matter of time."

He did not say what was only a matter of time, and she did not ask. The rough cloths over her skin were unlike anything she had ever felt. But it was not the washcloths she was feeling now. Billy Bat had long since dropped them. What she felt on her skin that was coming alive with the surfacing of tingling blood was ridges of calluses in Billy Bat's hands. She felt his hands come over her shoulders and slide beneath the gathered top of her one-piece, palm her breasts and lift them free. She allowed her sight to sift through her lashes and saw her breasts floating there in front of her, long and round and utterly white and, she thought, beautiful. Billy Bat's naked hands were rolling and squeezing them, using long strokes to milk the blood down toward her nipples. And her nipples amazed her. She had never seen them this way before, rigid, darkly engorged with blood, and more than the sight of them was a feeling—again, one she never had before known—as though mildly charged electric wire had been connected to both nipples and ran directly to the place between her legs. All she could see was his hands on her, the one-piece shoved down to her navel, his square beautiful hands lifting and holding her beet-red flesh.

Billy Bat's head lifted, his nostrils flared and caught scent of all that his life as a bodybuilder had denied him: pastry, pork chops, fried chicken, thick flaky biscuits awash in butter. Something in him knew that he could not possibly smell what he smelled, but another, deeper part of him knew the steaming air was filled with what he longed to smell most. And he hefted the slabs of her and gazed upon what was in his hands with love and longing.

She looked down and watched his hands on her rounded, deeply naveled belly—a belly she had hated since childhood—and found herself loving her belly, her belly now was beautiful because of the gentle, crooning sounds coming from Billy Bat. Without thinking, without knowing she was going to do it, she reached back and caught Billy Bat behind the neck, and with surprising strength—or perhaps the surprising movement had simply caught him off balance, leaning as he was over the bathtub behind her—jerked him over her shoulder and into the tub with her. He went entirely under in the deep tub and came up spitting water. They watched each other, he with the startled look of an awakened sleepwalker and she with the new, deeply felt confidence his painfully gentle hands and the crooning noises out of his mouth had given her.

"A skin mechanic don't, as a regular thing, work in the tub with the client," he said.

"Client, Billy Bat? Client?" Her eyebrows were arched and she caught the wet pink tip of her tongue between her teeth. She released the caught tongue and it ran out long and narrow at such length as to startle and amaze Billy Bat. "This one-piece is binding," she said. "You can go ahead and pull it off."

"Pull it off," said Billy Bat.

"You said a skin mechanic needed skin," she said. "A Turnipseed don't do nothing half measure."

He took hold of the suit and pulled. It was tight and it was a struggle, but he got it off and tossed it over on the floor. Her belly and thighs rounding and mounding above the surface of the water there in front of him made it difficult for Billy Bat to breathe.

Earline closed her eyes and said, "You can buff me up now. Tone me and tune me as you will."

He went at her with a vengeance, probing, lifting, squeezing, palming the slabs of her heft above the water, staring at it, his face drawing closer and closer to it until he finally touched a dimpled piece of it with his tongue. What he touched with his tongue was so low on her belly that his chin was into the deep V-nest of her pubic hair.

"Oh, goddamn," she said, but the curse sounded like she was crooning to a baby. And she lifted her hips to help him and felt his hard hands slide under her and bury themselves in the young, firm amplitude of her wide cheeks. She felt one of his fingers probing and she spread herself gratefully. But to her surprise and delight, the finger sank between her cheeks and pressed gently, then firmly, against the quilted winking eye of her asshole. She thought it the most loving caress she had ever known, easy and natural and full of caring, and finally without shame or ugliness. In her wildest dreams alone in her bed, she had never imagined it could be so.

She reached down and took his head in both hands and raised it from the place it was buried to the ears where no man had ever been. When he looked up over the wide expanse of her, her magnificent breasts floating on either side of her now, his eyes were glazed and unseeing, but his expression was beatific, as though he had just been told by Jesus himself that he was going to heaven after all.

She sat up, and as she did, she pushed him upright, too, so that he ended up sitting between her straddling legs. With his unfocused eyes, but with his blood focused and pounding to the point of bursting, he watched her hook her thumbs in his silk posing briefs and draw them down. And there was the tiny knob of his cock, the only one she had ever seen except for accidental glimpses of her brother's, its sweet and beautifully pink little head bobbing in the water in front of her. She took it in her open hand and it lay there, reaching not quite across the width of her palm. The two of them, their expressions like those of children examining a toy, looked down upon it.

She started to speak, started to tell him that maybe he could teach her to be a skin mechanic, but did not, because they were both watching, transfixed by the miracle happening in her hand. So slowly as to be barely perceptible, Billy Bat's sweet, beautiful pink little knob was growing, a great blue vein rising in the top of it, growing and still growing until Earline's eyes were wide and hot with moisture that felt like tears but was not, was rather the wonder that what she always heard would happen was happening before her amazed and gladdened heart. Billy Bat, his eyes fixed on his cock like a hunter's eyes fixed on game he meant to shoot, could only think over and over, A goddamn world beater! A goddamn world beater!

She drew him to her and in a skillful, delicate little movement, a movement that, when she made it, she felt as if she had been born knowing, she flared where he could find her and he dropped into her saddle. And the moment he lay upon her, he knew that this was the finest thing he had ever done, the finest moment he had ever had.

He would never have known when he entered her if her hands had not gripped his shoulders with surprising strength and urgency and a little shy cry had not burst from her lips, lips now swollen and the color of a bruised peach.

Billy Bat hesitated, but her hands moved from his shoulders to the small of his back and pressed with the same urgency they had on his shoulders, and she whispered, "Please."

And sometime while water was lapping violently, bright shards of it flying over the tiled bathroom, Billy Bat quieted and held her and said, "We fit like two spoons, you sweet girl."

She only smiled and concentrated on the moment she had dreamed of since she was a young girl but had finally come to believe would never happen.

And then, later, as she felt the tension building in him just as it was building in her, she said, "We married now."

He did not answer, but he knew it was true, and he knew that she knew it was true. He had always been married to bodybuilding, but when he had entered her, he had gotten a divorce. And when he stiffened, howling like a dog, with Earline's secret face buried in his shoulder and smiling, the thought occurred to him in that single moment as serious and mysterious as death that he had just given Earline a few ounces of his world-beating back. And right behind that came the thought that she could have all of his world-beating back, because she did, in fact, truly have all of him.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

COOL IT, FELLA

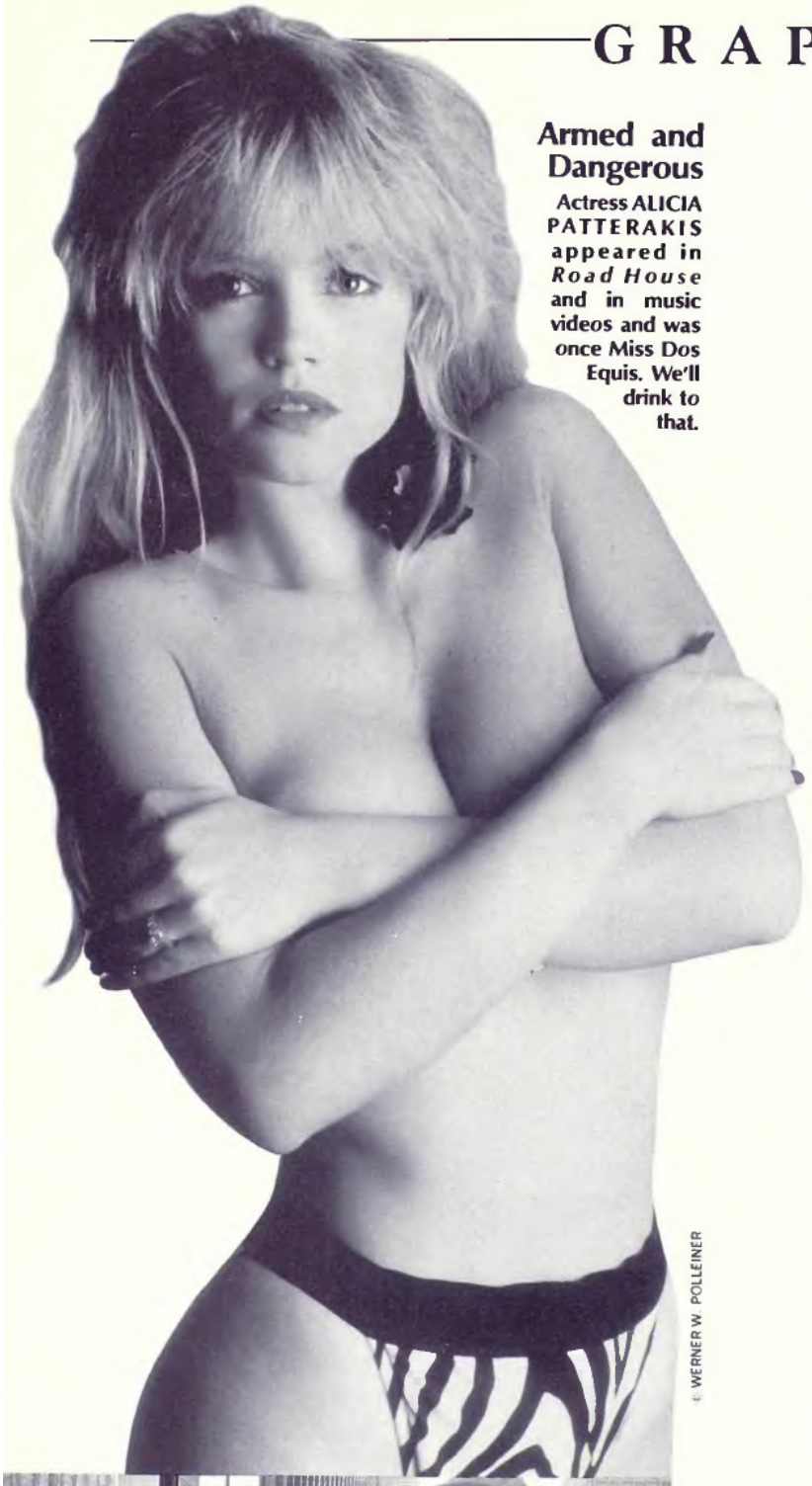
CHRIS VANDEGUCHTE

We're all familiar with the warm-up suit—that perfect outfit for a Sunday-morning jog to the corner to get the newspaper. It's athletic yet flattering, trim yet comfy. How could designers possibly improve on such a good thing? Easy. They've come up with the cool-down suit, the warm-up suit's flashy cousin. The cool-down-suit look is lighter and brighter and just a little dressier, with water-repellent Microft and soft crinkled nylon the two top choices for taking it slow after a tough workout or picking up speed on the way to a weekend brunch. Color accents are in bold graphics and exciting pattern combinations. Either way, cool-down suits are red-hot. How cooled down can you get? Join the team and find out.

Right: A black-and-blue crinkled-nylon suit featuring a zip-front top with a graphic-print chest block and appliquéd color accents, plus pants with drawstring waist and zippered leg bottoms, by Tail for Men, about $200.

Left: A cotton/nylon cool-down suit that includes a top with a zip front and a stand-up collar with a hidden drawstring hood, plus coordinated pants with a silk-screened print and drawstring waist, by Bad Guys, $240.

Right: A black polyester/Microft cool-down suit with washed-neon color blocks on the front, back and sleeves, plus matching pants with on-seam pockets, zippered leg bottoms and a cotton-blend lining, by Prince, $200.



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Armed and Dangerous

Actress ALICIA PATTERAKIS appeared in *Road House* and in music videos and was once Miss Dos Equis. We'll drink to that.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Paige and Verse

KEVIN PAIGE's self-titled debut album hit the charts last year and he recently wrapped up his first U.S. concert tour. His taste is heavy on funk seasoned with a touch of Kiss. Kevin wrote nine of the ten songs on the album; there's no writer's block on this Paige.

This Curry Is Very Spicy

If you missed JENNIFER CURRY's voluptuous curves on the big screen in *Dangerous Curves* and *Dragnet*, you won't want to miss her in a sexy 1991 swimsuit calendar shot on location in Hawaii. We think you'll agree that this lady is one hot dish.

© MARK LEIVDAL

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Loud Cries from the Jungle

The JUNGLE BROTHERS were quoted in a major news magazine this past spring, which is only fitting for the rap group whose first independent LP sold big underground and whose first major-label debut, *Done by the Forces of Nature*, got widespread critical attention. Rappers for the Nineties.

© SCOTT DOWNIE / CELEBRITY PHOTO

Tracey's Lacy

Summer finds Emmy-award-winning actress TRACEY ULLMAN taking a break from TV and stretching her talent by doing some Shakespeare in New York's Central Park with actor Morgan Freeman. Tracey's busting out all over!

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Bust a Move

MARVIN "YOUNG MC" YOUNG is a Grammy winner, a university graduate, the co-writer of both *Wild Thing* and *Funky Cold Medina* for Tone-Lōc and the writer/performer of the million seller *Stone Cold Rhymin'*, his debut LP. Not too shabby for a guy just starting out.

© 1990 MARK LEIVDAL

Sitting Pretty

This beauty is actress VERNA LYNN RICHLAND. You may have seen her in *The Blob* or *Night Killing* at the movies or you may be getting a first look at her in *Grapevine*. Can we pick them, or what?

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

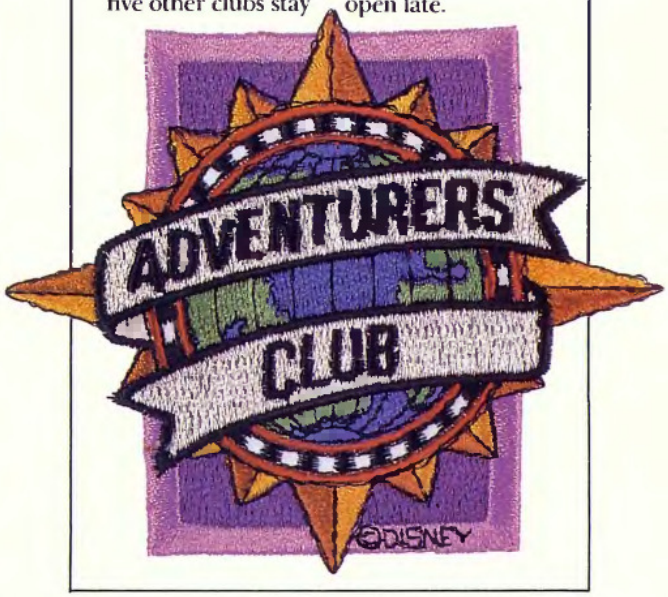
The next time you're settled in for a lonely Saturday night, reach for The Singles Map. Here are the crucial stats: the number of single men for every 100 single women in the 20–39 age group in each of 150 metropolitan areas of the United States. The place you don't want to live is the Salinas-Monterey area below San Francisco, where there are 166 single men to every 100 single women. The best pickings? Try the McAllen-Edinburg-Mission area on the border of Texas and Mexico, which boasts only 78 single men to 100 single women. The 18" x 24" Singles Map sells for $9.95, postpaid, sent to Map Makers, P.O. Box 97, Kenmore, New York 14217. If you're over 39, there's the company's other map, The Ancestry of the American People, which shows areas of concentration for 22 ethnic groups.

STAR-CROSSED HANGOUT

Now, we're not going to guarantee that Mikhail Baryshnikov, Julian Lennon, Peter Max, Regis Philbin, Neil Sedaka or Christopher Walken is going to show up when you check out Columbus on Broadway, "Broadway's newest, sumptuous, sensational and scintillating eatery," at 224 West 49th Street, in the heart of the theater district. Then again, you never know. They and a dozen other investors are the owners of the new restaurant that recently opened for lunch, dinner and after-theater dining. The menu is an eclectic mix ranging from pasta *primavera* to blackened red snapper with roasted-pepper *salsa*, plus burgers, salads, etc. The wine list is reasonable and the atmosphere's easy. Just don't forget your autograph book.

WELCOME TO THE CLUB

The next time you visit Walt Disney World Resort in Orlando and want to escape the madding crowds, drop by the Adventurers Club in Disney's adult playland, Pleasure Island. Masks that talk, eccentric globe-trotters eager to share a farfetched yarn and even a pith-helmeted British officer who suddenly springs to life are just some of the weird goings on. It's a trip that's decidedly un–Mickey Mouse. Later, you can go on a real adventure: Pleasure Island's five other clubs stay open late.

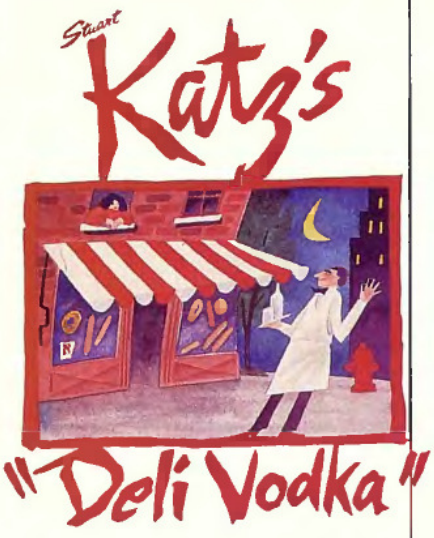


SOUTHPAW PITCH

All you southpaws will be pleased to learn that August 13 is national Left-Hander's Day. It's the perfect time to check out Lefty's Corner, a mail-order company owned by Dale Hersch that specializes in—you guessed it—left-handed paraphernalia. Whether it's left-handed kitchen equipment, desk gizmos or even a Swiss Army knife, Lefty's Corner has it. A call to 717-586-LEFT will get you a two-dollar catalog, so why be left out?

BORSCHT BELT

Stuart Katz's Deli Vodka is just like your favorite neighborhood deli. There's a little taste of caraway in it like you'd get in a nice rye bread and a hint of dill like you'd get in a good kosher pickle. You can drink it on the rocks or mix it in a Kosher Mary. It also goes down well with a corned-beef sandwich and a little potato salad. The price for an 80-proof bottle is about $12, and Hiram Walker, the producer, guarantees that "to the best of our knowledge, this premium vodka has never been served to a Russian czar." *Mazel tov!*



SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

From the tiny bows and arrows of the pre-Colonial Plains Indian children to modern Go-Bots, Richard O'Brien's *The Story of American Toys* (Abbeville Press) captures in words and pictures (more than 200 of them in color) the magical material possessions of childhood. Toy soldiers, cast-iron cars, Lincoln Logs, Tootsie-toys—all for only $49.95. Our favorites? Barbie and Ken, who else?

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

"Wrap your Knight in shining armor" is how Custom Condoms of Somerville, Massachusetts, advertises its Knight Light glow-in-the-dark condoms, which "will add spice, humor and a brand-new dimension to the night life of many American couples." Oh, yaaaaasssss! The condoms are said to glow for as long as 15 minutes, with an afterglow lasting as long as five hours after a few seconds' exposure to bright light. Single packs go for about $2.50 at your neighborhood pharmacy. Rise and shine!

HOT CHICK

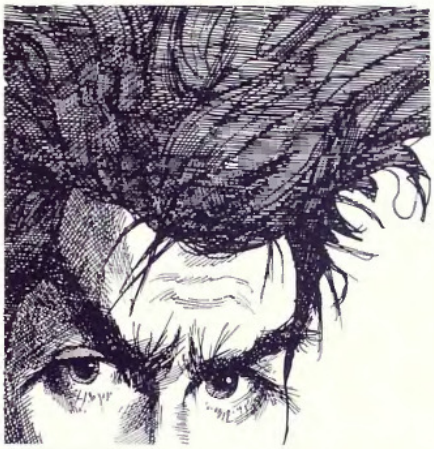
Lola, a popular Caribbean restaurant at 30 West 22nd Street, New York 10010, is famous for its "100-spice" fried chicken and fun-filled atmosphere. But now the co-owner, Yvonne "Lola" Bell, has gone showbiz and created "the world's first recipe music video," a four-minute VHS tape in which Lola (accompanied by a host of happy customers) reveals to an island beat how to cook fried chicken Lola style. The tape is $16.50, postpaid. Lola, you are one hot chick-en.

THE JERSEYS OF SUMMER

Baseball jerseys, like baseball teams, weave their own magic. But to a true believer, all the synthetic replicas sold today are about as exciting as a Styrofoam bat. So Mitchell & Ness Inc. in Philadelphia has created the Cooperstown "Authentic" Collection, authentic jerseys that are identical to those worn in the majors by various teams as far back as 1899. Prices range from $150 to $235. A call to 215-592-6512 will get you a list.

NEXT MONTH

INTERNATIONAL BEAUTIES



MOVIE WARRIOR

HUMAN YO-YO

VIETNAM VALOR

"RABBIT AT REST"—OUR HERO, HARRY ANGSTROM, WAXES NOSTALGIC OVER 18 HOLES OF GOLF AND, AT 55, ASSESSES SEX, LIFE AND DEATH—EXCERPTED FROM THE FOURTH AND LAST OF THE RABBIT NOVELS BY **JOHN UPDIKE**

"CAPTIVE HONOR"—FOR AMERICAN OFFICERS HELD PRISONER IN NORTH VIETNAM, THE WAR BECAME A GRIM BATTLE FOR DIGNITY, HOPE AND REVENGE—A GRIPPING EXCERPT FROM A NEW BOOK BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

MAURY POVICH, THE MOST POPULAR SYNDICATED NEWS HOST, EXPLAINS HIS CURRENT AFFAIR WITH UNDERWEAR, INSISTS THAT **DAVID LETTERMAN**—AND EVERYONE ELSE—IS IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE, **CONNIE CHUNG,** AND RECALLS HIS MOST MEMORABLE AND MOST REGRETTABLE BROADCASTS IN AN INFOTAINING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"WORLD-CUP GIRLS"—ELEVEN INTERNATIONAL PLAYMATES COMPETE IN *PLAYBOY*'S FOOSBALL WORLD-CUP EVENT. JOIN US IN THE WINNER'S CIRCLE FOR CHAMPAGNE AND FUN

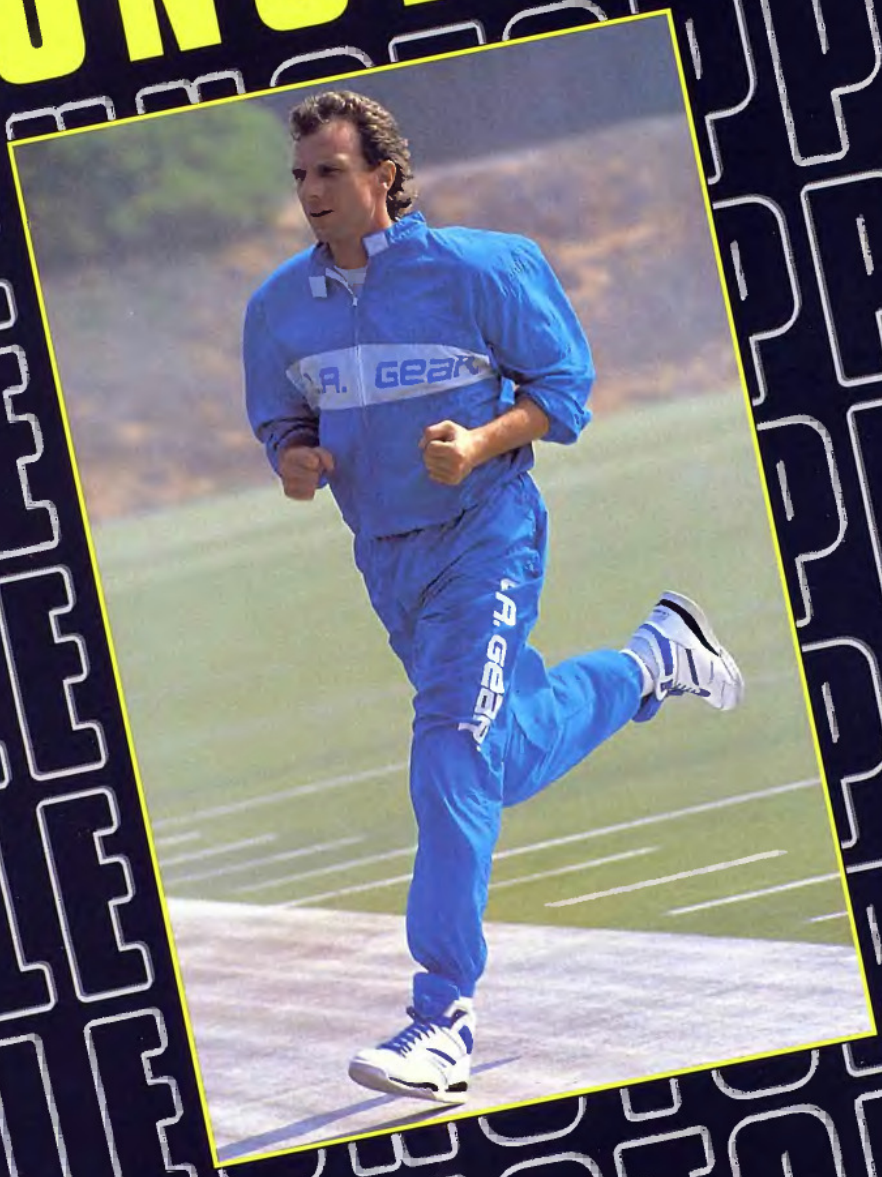
"RUBBER JUMP"—IT'S HIGH ADVENTURE IN THE SIERRAS WHEN OUR INTREPID REPORTER TAKES A FLYING LEAP FROM A 110-FOOT BRIDGE AND BECOMES A HUMAN YO-YO—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

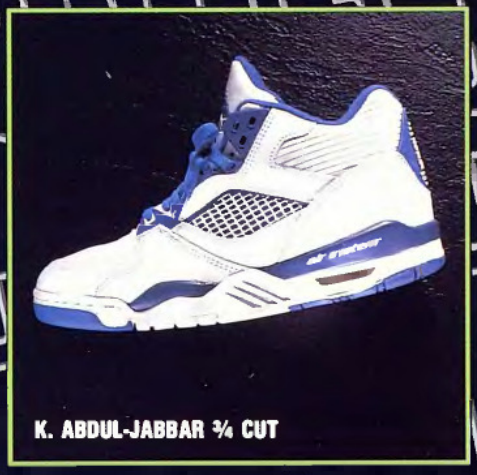
RICKEY HENDERSON OF THE OAKLAND A'S TALKS ABOUT STEALING THE ALL-TIME STOLEN-BASE RECORD FROM **LOU BROCK,** PAYS A TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO THE LATE **BILLY MARTIN** AND TELLS US WHY HE'S HAPPY TO BE A HOT DOG IN A SPORTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"CHARLIE SHEEN GOES TO WAR"—THE SENSITIVE TOUGH GUY GETS ALL PUMPED UP ON THE SET OF HIS NEW FILM, *NAVY S.E.A.L.*—BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

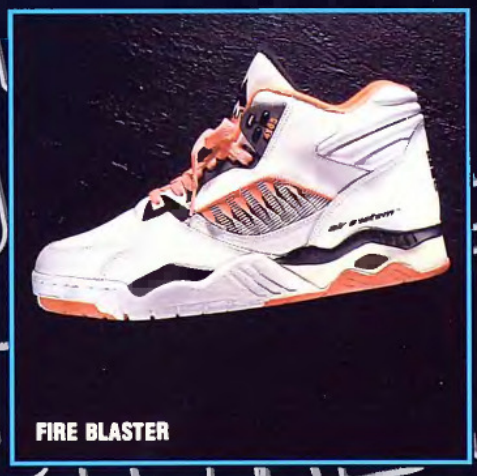
PLUS: FIND OUT WHO GETS THE BALL AND WHO TAKES THE FALL IN **PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST**—BY **GARY COLE; "SOUTHERN EXPOSURE":** A TASTE OF DOWN-HOME FOOD AND A TOAST TO SOUTHERN SPIRITS, BY **KAREN MACNEIL;** OUR FALL FASHION PREVIEW THAT GUARANTEES A HIT ON CAMPUS; AND MUCH MORE

UNSTOPPABLE™ JOE





K. ABDUL-JABBAR ¾ CUT



FIRE BLASTER

MUSCLE ¾ CUT

STREET RANGER

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17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.